THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 41

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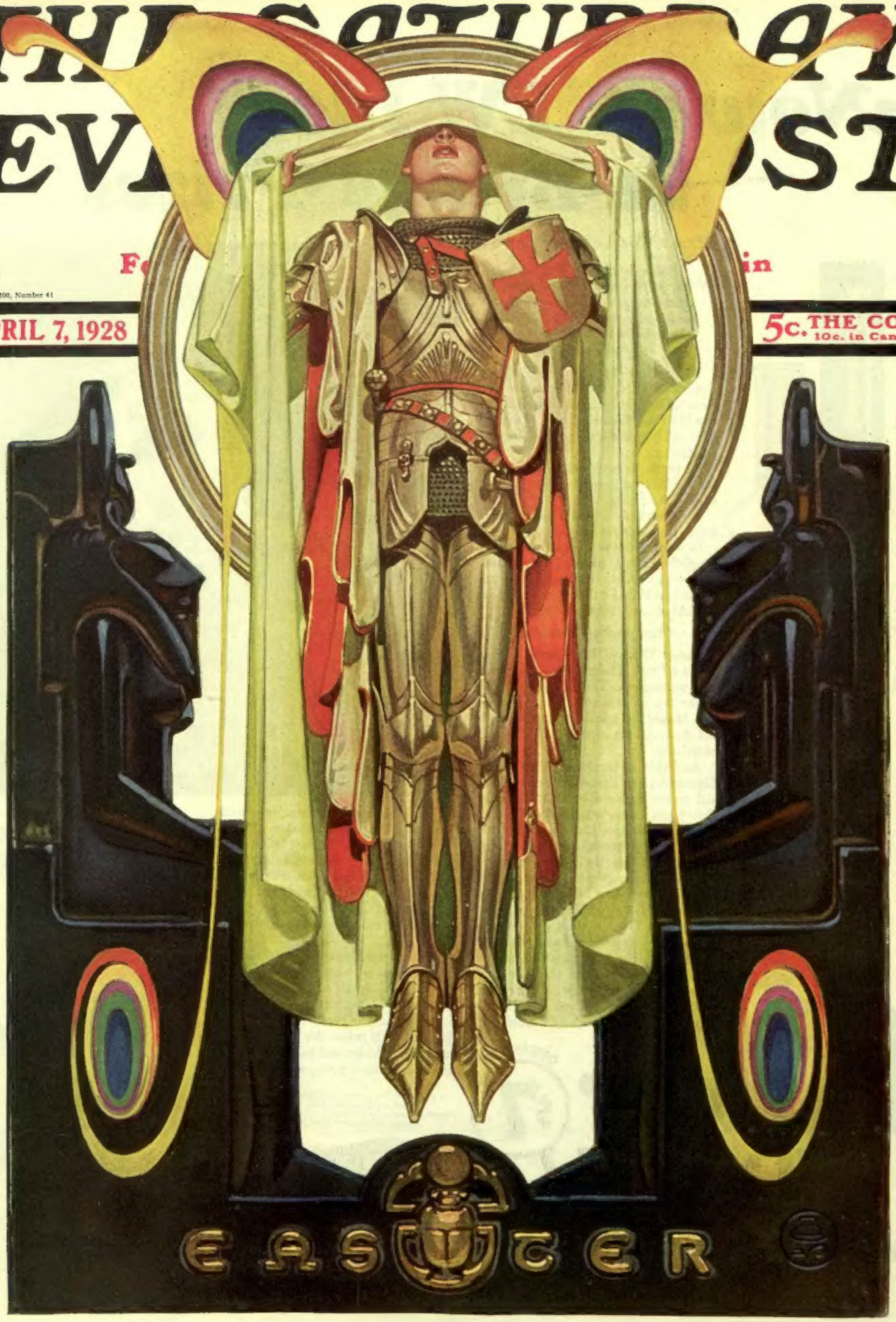

Booth Tarkington—W. A. Starrett—William Hazlett Upson—Nunnally Johnson
Princess Marthe Bibesco—Tristram Tupper—Millard Ward—Alexander Woollcott

Now a NEW Idea in Bridge Prizes

Wins a World of Compliments!

"How delightful—that was WORTH *playing for!"—the comment of the lucky one. "What a clever, practical, refreshing change from the ordinary knick knacks," says one guest to another.*

Yes, a New, Non-Breakable, Parker Precision DUOFOLD Fountain Pen, Pencil, Desk Set, or smart Duofold Duette [Pen and Pencil to match in a pretty gift box] is just the thing to excite their admiration.

At twice the price you could not buy a better Pen and Pencil or set that is more suitable for prizes.

For everybody wants these outstanding writing aids today.

So when you give them, know that you are giving *extreme* pleasure, for you are.

There's a double winning in it—a perfect Bridge Prize for the one who earns it, a world of compliments for you.

Outstanding Features

Parker Duofold Pens provide *Pressureless Touch.* That means a remarkable new writing ease. The extra light weight of the *pen alone* is sufficient to start action immediately and maintain a steady ink-flow. All the effort is thus taken out of writing.

And this is emphasized by Parker Lighter Weight. Parker Permanite Material makes Parker Barrels 28% *lighter* than when rubber was employed.

Better balance, known as "Parker Poise," still further enhances this quality described as, "Hardly knowing that you have a pen in hand at all."

Parker Permanite Material, while extra light, is *Non-Breakable* also—so when you give a Duofold, you give lifelong memory of your judgment and good taste.

If you want several prizes there are five brilliant, flashing colors to make them different—the new Imperial Mandarin Yellow, Lacquer-red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Green Jade, and Black and Gold—all strikingly black-tipped. Pencils to match.

3 sizes: The famous Parker Duofold Over-Size, Duofold Junior [for men and women] and slender Lady Duofold. $5 and $7 according to size. Pencils $3, $3.50 and $4. Duettes [with box] $8 to $11. Duofold Desk Sets from $8.75 up.

All are winners that a winner likes to win.

See their winning colors, try their winning ways, at your nearest pen counter.

But don't depend on color to identify the genuine. Look for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker," on the barrel to be sure. Try them for your prizes the next time you entertain at Bridge, and hear the enthusiastic comments of your guests.

Parker Duofold

OVER-SIZE $7

Pens, Pencils, Desk Sets

Money Can't Buy Better
No Matter What You Pay

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN,
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK
BOSTON • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
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Pen and Pencil in a smart gift box form beautiful Duettes to make a special hit.

To Bridge Club Secretaries:

Parker Products offer a fine variety of articles and prices for Bridge Prizes. Tell any Parker dealer how many prizes you require for any entertainment and total amount you have to spend. Let him make suggestions free.

Onyx Desk Base with Lady Duofold Pen $8.75

$8.75

Base of Colored Porcelain with Parker Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold Desk Fountain Pen. Choice of Green, Blue, Yellow, Coral or Black Base.

Red and Black Color Combination
Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

How much do you know about Clothes?

These few pointers have helped many men select their clothes with more confidence. Perhaps you will find them useful in choosing a smart suit for Spring.

You can tell a great deal about a suit from the lapels. There are two kinds—*peak* lapels that come up to a sharp point, and *notch* lapels, the sort shown in the large illustration at the right.

Both kinds may be very good—or very bad. They must lie smooth in the upper part and roll gracefully to the first button. Notch lapels, properly designed, look well on everyone. If you are short, however, you will find a great advantage in peaks. They add inches to a man's stature.

Next watch the collar! Nothing detracts so much from a man's appearance as a bulging or sagging collar. You've probably had one—perhaps several. They're a confounded nuisance. Never consider a suit of clothes unless the collar fits snugly.

* * *

These points are crucial—but it's worth while to remember one or two others. It adds considerably to the luxurious "feel" of a suit, if the fabric is cut with the nap downwards, so that when you brush your hand down any part of the suit it is smooth The trouser should drape well over the calf. Minor excellences, these—but you've a right to expect them in very fine clothes.

As regards particular styles or models—two-button, three-button, and so on—the fact is, all clothes makers design models that are approximately the same. But, mind you, only *approximately.* They vary all the way from exceedingly smart to exceedingly ordinary. And the things that make them smart or ordinary are just these things noted above. When you once discover a kind of clothes that is designed correctly, you can easily decide what model to choose.

* * *

At the bottom of this page you will find a notable sentence:—"It's the cut of your clothes that counts." The cut is the special term clothiers have for all such points as have been mentioned here. That sentence has been the Society Brand watchword for many years. It means, simply, that each Society Brand suit is designed with nothing less than perfection as an aim.

Enthusiastic wearers tell us we have reached that objective—but, be that as it may, we believe you *will* find a Spring suit by Society Brand a new and highly satisfying experience in the enjoyment of clothes.

A somewhat conservative two-button style for Spring—very smart. Broad shoulders, notch lapels, a slight tracing at the waist. NOTE:—*the extraordinary smartness of the collar and shoulders in Society Brand Clothes is due to the Snug-Ease Shoulder—an exclusive Society Brand treatment. It assures a smooth, snug effect about the shoulders and neck.*

Two new Suit Fabrics for Spring

BRIARCLIFFS . . . Worsteds, excellent for service, with a smooth, luxurious finish very rare in this kind of cloth. Unusual new striped effects in grays, tans, browns—wonderfully smart. *Exclusive,* $55.

STURDYMAN . . . You occasionally find a fabric that simply refuses to wear out! Sturdyman's that sort. Rich, close-woven worsteds, in plaids, stripes, or plain colors—rare shades. *Exclusive,* $65.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, *Makers,* CHICAGO. NEW YORK · SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LTD., *Montreal*

Society Brand Clothes

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

ACTUAL VISITS TO
P & G HOMES
No. 12

A little tinker gets just as smudged as a big one –

We didn't see James Jr., right away. In the first place, he was almost invisible. And then, too, we were interested in our conversation with his mother—such a pretty, capable young person as she stood there on her trim front lawn, gardening trowel in hand.

We were talking to her about laundry soap just as we had talked to many other women in that small Ohio town.

"I've been using P and G for the last three years," she was telling us, "because if anyone needs a *good* laundry soap, I do. My small son gets his clothes so ——"

And just *then* James Jr., appeared—from beneath a large yellow automobile we hadn't really noticed before. "Just look at me already, mother," he said apologetically. There on his nose was a great greasy smudge —and on his white blouse, a much bigger, greasier smudge.

"Now you see why I use P and G," said his mother. "Thank goodness, dirt does come out with less trouble with P and G. I'll rub a little soap on that blouse and soak it tonight and by morning it will be practically clean. His colored blouses I just rub out with P and G and lukewarm water and they come out nice and fresh—with almost no rubbing too. P and G *is* such a good soap I never can understand why it costs so little."

Probably you, like James Jr.'s mother, have wondered why you actually pay *less* for this fine white laundry soap than you pay for even ordinary soaps of the same size and weight!

The reason really is: P and G's nation-wide popularity. So many millions of cakes of P and G are sold every month all over America that Procter & Gamble, its makers, buy its fine materials in enormous quantities at great advantage. And they manufacture this fine soap at a smaller cost for a much larger cake than if they made less of it.

If P and G were *not* the largest-selling soap in the world, it would have to cost you much more than it does.

It is the largest-selling soap because it is such a *fine* soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE: *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter (Dept. NE-4), Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

The largest-selling soap in the world

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THE WORLD DOES MOVE

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

THE thin young man who had come East to seek his fortune stood upon the steamer's forward deck with the sea breeze blowing upon his eager face and hastening the combustion of the cigarette he had just lighted at the spark of its predecessor. Before him the immense castellated sky line that amazed the world swam to meet him as the steamer rushed toward it over the flat water; and, stirred by the wonder of this great sight, he exultantly whispered to himself, "New York! New York! New York!"

There was nothing else like it in the universe; and that startling invention, the skyscraper, gave it the air of being not real, but a prophetic vision of what cities might strangely come to be in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. Yet there the new Cosmopolis was actually before him; and already he knew something of its miracles, learned in holiday visits during his New England school days and in week-ends away from Princeton. These week-ends were not of the long ago, having concluded only a year or so earlier; but at his age a year or so appeared to be a tremendous amount of time; he was returning to the glamorous city after what he felt had been a vast absence.

To him, as to most Westerners, New York meant Fifth Avenue and the park, with long processions of romantically elegant ladies driving behind noble sleek horses glitteringly harnessed; it meant an endless choice of theaters, with brilliant new plays done by superb actors; it meant a splendor of restaurants, with oysters and partridge and Burgundy unknown to the cafés of the great flat land behind the Alleghanies. It meant the Metropolitan Museum, the opera, the new Waldorf, the Holland House, Delmonico's, Wall Street, Richard Harding Davis, John Drew, Weber and Fields', Tiffany's, the Sun editorials and the New York World Building. For that supreme skyscraper floated its dome upon the very clouds, high over all it was the ever-exhilarating, ever-dumfounding symbolic monument that loomed before the passengers from the West as the Cortlandt Street Ferry carried them across the Hudson from the great terminal station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Jersey City; and if there were only seven wonders in all the tumultuous great modern world of the *fin de siècle*, here was surely one of them.

He Exultantly Whispered to Himself, "New York! New York! New York!"

But to the thin young man upon the ferryboat's forward deck, New York now meant something special that had not concerned him during his school and college adventurings there. Somewhere in the great hazy buildings north of Cortlandt Street there were fateful thresholds inaccessible to him; yet he must try to cross them, for they led to formidable desks where sat men of unlimited power dealing out destiny as coolly as a whist player deals cards. The thin young man's future was somewhere obscurely shuffled into the pile of destinies at the disposal of these potentates—they were managers who produced plays, editors who produced magazines, and publishers who produced books; and in the young man's trunk there were the manuscripts of two plays, of an unfinished novel and of a now-forgotten number of short stories. The arrival in New York of that Cortlandt Street ferryboat, moreover, took place upon the bright morning of an autumn day a little more than thirty years ago; and the thin young man's name coincided with my own.

II

I GO back to that day now not because I am engaging in an autobiographical writing—for this is not a personal memoir—but because the end of the last century was the beginning of the end of an epoch not coinciding precisely with the calendar years of the nineteenth century; it is of the change into the present new epoch that I am writing, and I can but picture the change as it has been visible to the person most familiar to me. That day of his landing at Cortlandt Street with a luggage of hopes and manuscripts was well back into the older age, with its life and thought so different from our lives and thoughts now; and I choose—as they sometimes say in Vermont—to begin there.

We did not know, in those days, that we were approaching a new epoch; we could not possibly have imagined then the change that has come in what is relatively so short a time. In fact, we who have lived in both periods—that of the *fin de siècle* and that of the twentieth century—do not ourselves yet fully realize how profound is the alteration that has taken place. It has been going on from day to day, even from hour to hour, like the growth of a child to manhood; those who live with the child thus growing do not find him startling when, at thirty, he weighs one hundred and sixty pounds instead of the seven that was his weight at their first acquaintance with him. But the Massachusetts life convict who went to prison in 1896 and was pardoned in 1927 came back babbling to the penitentiary gates, clamoring piteously for readmission after a week of freedom, dumfounded and panic-stricken. From the very moment of his release he might as well have been thrown out upon the surface of another planet.

Not one person alive in the world when that convict was sentenced, or when the thin young man reached New York with his scratchy manuscripts, could possibly have prophesied what America would be like today. There were a few fanatics who believed that horseless carriages were coming; there were even some ridiculous stargazers who thought men would be seen flying overhead within the next five hundred years—perhaps within a hundred; there were devotees of teetotalism who predicted, in the face of general jocose scoffing, that temperance legislation would some day be enacted in Washington itself; other devotees predicted something of the kind for female suffrage; here and there were persons who foresaw individual advances in science or a coming change in a certain custom or in a certain type of established morality; but there was not on earth a mind that could have foreseen the whole vast change as we are living with it now.

The absence of such a prophet was not a misfortune. A complete view of this future now existing as the present would have staggered the *fin de siècle* mind possibly to its unseating. If by some miracle of prevision the world of today, completely as it is, could have been seen by the people of that day, there were those among them, particularly among the older clergymen, who, like the friar Captain Brazenhead confessed to, would have "died that same night howling like a wolf."

III

YET never did an epoch more placidly believe itself the last word than did the *fin de siècle*—and every country newspaper glibly used that phrase, so sophisticated was our whole nation in those days. The *fin de siècle* was the last word in scientific achievement, in modern inventions, in literature and the fine arts, in good taste, in luxury, in elegance, in extravagance, in dress, in cleverness and in the art of being blasé. Civilization had gone about as far as possible; we had reached the summit of the peak and after us must come the decadence, which was, indeed, already setting in with Oscar Wilde's writings and the strange drawings of Aubrey Beardsley. Thus the *fin de siècle* thought of itself when the thin young midlander walked ashore from the Cortlandt Street ferryboat and went to live on the top floor of a brownstone-front boarding house with three friends who, like himself, were only a year or so out of college.

Of course that brownstone front, which had previously been the ample and pleasant residence of New Yorkers of some quality, no longer exists. Even now the neighborhood is not wholly unfashionable, and a handsome tall apartment house of inhospitable appearance stands upon the site—stands there temporarily, of course, for it will naturally be replaced before long by another one, taller, handsomer and even more inhospitable. To live in an apartment in that street costs many thousands of dollars a year nowadays; but in those other days money was scarcer and more valuable. The first floor front of our boarding house was occupied by a lady who paid forty dollars a week for her pleasant lodging and three excellent meals a day. Startled when we discovered this, we of the top floor thenceforth spoke of her as the Baroness Rothschild. We lived opulently ourselves, upon fifteen dollars a week, and had college friends in New York who made themselves comfortable enough, in agreeable neighborhoods, for half as much.

When we went to the theater we paid a dollar and a half for an orchestra seat; though when Sarah Bernhardt came over that winter the impressive charge for such a seat was three dollars. A silk hat cost seven dollars, and of course we all had silk hats and skirted coats for Sundays, teas and afternoon calls. The best derby hats cost three, four and even five dollars; soft hats were rare east of Kansas, except on farmers and politicians. There were table-d'hôte dinners with wine for thirty-five cents at Italian restaurants; a dollar and a half paid for a Sunday evening table d'hôte, with music, under the great gas chandeliers of the best hotels in the town.

For it was still the age of gaslight, and how dark an American city of that period would appear to us if we could see it now as it was then after nightfall! Paris was the only *Ville Lumière*; but city of light as it was, its famous illumination of the 90's did not light the clouds above it with half the glow of any lively American county seat after dark in 1928. Electric light was on the way, already sputtering white globes hung from long arms at the crossings of many American streets; but the lamplighter with his ladder would still be seen hurrying through the dusk for years to come.

Theaters had begun to use electric lighting. Until then they had always smelled faintly and not unpleasantly of gas, for the footlights released a little before catching the flame, one from the other, and so did the upper lights over the stage and the invariable huge chandelier at the top of the house. The mildness of that light did not increase the eye repairing of oculists; and, moreover, the very craft of the actor did not suffer from it. Electric light made a lamentable change in that.

Of all our excursions from the boarding-house top floor to the theater, none was merrier than that to see Joseph Jefferson in The Rivals. Jefferson was an elderly man, but there was no elderliness in his Bob Acres. A fresh-colored country youth came before us, inimitably the funniest young coward ever seen on the stage, and not until he played that part with increasingly fierce electric light glaring upon him was the illusion of youth dispelled. Maggie Mitchell, at sixty, played Fanchon in The Cricket, and what we saw was an elfish young girl; old men played young parts; there were youthful actors, who were specialists, playing old parts.

But nowadays the manager stares at an actor in the light of an office window and puts him on the stage to look—and usually to act—much as he does in that same illumination. Painters would feel that something had gone badly with art if old men's portraits could be painted by old painters only and young painters were limited to the portraits of young sitters. And if the thing went further, limiting painters to portraits of themselves—which is not so far from what electric light and realism have done to the art of acting—portrait painting might seem to be on the way to become not an art at all.

Most of Our Evenings, Like Our Days, Meant Work; and the Literary Aspirant, Who Was Arriving Nowhere in Spite of His Struggles, Burned Gas Latest of All

IV

BUT the passing of gaslight changed many things besides acting and lighting fixtures. The gas fixtures were not beautiful—heavy chandeliers of bronzed metal, drop lights with long green snakes of flexible tubing feeding gas to them, side lights that were merely iron pipes protruding from the walls—and usually the more ornamental these strove to be the uglier they were. Their passing made matches less a necessity, did away with the vases of spiral paper tapers rolled by frugal housewives, altered the plans of suicides and destroyed the most useful stock joke of the humorous weeklies and newspaper comedians.

This destroyed national joke was founded upon fact. It is not so easy to lay a gas pipe through the ground as to run a wire through the air, so there wasn't much light on the farms and in the villages; all over the country the farmers and villagers used oil lamps and candles. Some collector of antiques may already possess an oblong of cardboard whereon, in heavy black letters, is printed, Don't Blow Out the Gas; and it is curious to remember now that hotel keepers usually displayed such a warning in every bedroom. For years the weekly and daily press humorists and draftsmen profited by a vast continuous burlesquing of bucolic mishaps with city gas; and asphyxiation made into comedy was staple ware, too, for the vaudeville joker.

For the rustic sufferer himself, asphyxiation was as truly tragedy as was a fractured skull to the victim of a bicycle speeder; but the farmer had become too fixedly a stencil of urban humor to receive much sympathy. He was a bewhiskered backwoodsman and cheered another Roman holiday when all his savings were exchanged for a satchel confided to him by a well-dressed city stranger; our *fin de siècle* sophistication had only derision for him. It was otherwise with the unfortunates run down by the ruthless bicyclists; we became indignant for their sakes and sympathized with the constant editorials in the newspapers denouncing the speeders. For among other madness of the *fin de siècle* was the new speed mania.

But the bicycle craze was not quite yet at its maniacal maddest; all the world was not yet awheel, though most of the cities were passing ordinances forbidding the sidewalks to the wheelmen. School children were warned not to cross the streets without first looking carefully to see if bicycles were approaching from either direction; and out in the country the farmers were indignant because their chickens were in frequent danger on the roads, and because horses became hysterical and ran away at sight of the miraculous new vehicles.

What was most *fin de siècle* of all, however, scandalizing some communities, sending some into furies of argument and others into uproarious public laughter, was a sporadic revolutionary daring in bicycle costume. Here and there a violently modern woman or girl wore divided skirts for the new sport; these were to the ankles, though brazen enough, at that; but this was not the peak defiance of all the old conventionalities. In one or two cities women riders had been seen wearing no skirts at all. Instead, they wore heavy bloomers and gaiters; but of course they did not dare to appear in the more populous streets, and they rode rapidly. When such a rider whizzed by little children they were sometimes so dazed that she would be almost out of hearing before they began to yell.

Our boarding house in New York discussed these outbreaks of the New Woman as it discussed everything, and on the top floor our decision was that we were glad our sisters and the girls we knew felt as little sympathy as we did with such immodesties. We held long and vehement debates upon the question of Ruskin's value to art; but we had no argument over the wearers of bloomers and gaiters, for there we were unanimous.

It was the only subject upon which we were unanimous, I think; especially as the youngest of us was a law student and a willing debater, precociously adroit. The medical student and the young engineer, the other inhabitants of our heights, suffered themselves to be made into a plaintive and sometimes profane audience, while the law student for hour after hour used me roughly as a feebly opposing counsel. We fought over free trade, of course, and could not have imagined a time when that and free silver would not be the most vital of public questions; we fought interminably the battle between realism and romanticism, we wrangled long over young Stephen Crane's indebtedness to Zola's Debacle for analysis of a soldier's perceptions and feelings during battle, and we were increasingly in opposition concerning the beauty and value of classical music. But here the law student always became intolerantly authoritative; he was a patron of the opera, never missed a concert of the new Polish genius, Paderewski, and was so ardently and openly in love with Madame Melba, though he had not the pleasure of her acquaintance, that he caught a dangerous cold by standing for an hour in a blizzard to see her descend from her carriage at the door

of her hotel. After that, the rest of us never dared challenge his opinion upon anything musical.

V

ONE evening we had our own gaslight accident on the top floor. An Irish housemaid used a spiral paper taper to light the gas in the hall bedroom; then she dropped it to the floor and put her foot over it to extinguish it. But there was still a flame from the taper, and the girl's skirt and petticoats, which of course were so long that they touched the floor, caught fire, and instantly she blazed from foot to head. The medical student and I heard her making strange moans of protest; but she was already in flight, a wild torch with her long thick hair aflame high over her head. We chased her down two flights of stairs before we caught her, and the medical student wrapped her tightly in a heavy curtain he had torn from a doorway as we ran.

She recovered, after a painful siege in the hospital; but the kind of accident she suffered was not infrequent and sometimes was fatal. Nowadays she would not use a taper to light the gas; she would not light the gas. She would not light the gas and drop the taper on the floor; but if she did, her skirt would not catch fire. And if her skirt did catch fire, her petticoats wouldn't, because she wouldn't have any; but if she did wear them, and if her skirt and petticoats did catch fire, her hair wouldn't. No matter how they may look, girls are at least safer from fire today than they were then.

On the other hand, we all have diseases now that we didn't have then; or at least we didn't know the right names for them in those days, and that was half the battle, giving us a much better chance to get well. But the right names were being developed and almost every evening the medical student told us a new one. Appendicitis had not really arrived; but the medical student gave us advance information about it, and so thoroughly made us understand the symptoms that we were uncomfortable all the rest of that winter. Nevertheless, his lessons were of the greatest use to me when I had a series of violent and unmistakable attacks. During the last one a physician was summoned to examine me and he dug his thumb into me precisely upon the point at which the medical student had taught us the appendix had its unpleasant situation.

"Does that hurt?" the doctor inquired.

It did. It hurt so unbearably that only the complete horror of operations I had developed by listening to the medical student enabled me not to shriek.

"No," I said. "The trouble seems to be more on the other side and higher up. It seems to be more in the left upper chest, as it were, doctor."

So he prescribed calomel and poultices, and I got well and began to be grateful to the medical student; and yet he had been enthusiastic about the new operation and maintained that under the best surgery a patient had almost an even chance for recovery.

For the medical student told us of all the new and strange doings in his branch of science, and one evening he arrived upon the top floor with a startling bit of scientific news.

"There's been a machine invented," he said—"a machine that will let people see spang through solid matter. They can use it to look right through a wall, or a door or a person's clothes, or anything."

We couldn't believe anything so fantastic as this, but he insisted that he was serious.

"It's the absolute truth. What's more, they can look through your skin with it. They can see all around in your insides with it as much as they please."

"Not in mine!" the law student said sharply. "Not in mine!"

"Why not?"

"In the first place, because I got, anyhow, enough out of the physics course I took in college to know that such a thing isn't possible; and in the second place, because I wouldn't let anybody look at me through an instrument like that, even if he had one. Why, there'd be laws against manufacturing those things! Nobody's got a right to be looking through the walls of other people's houses or through their clothes or into their insides. What'd be the good of such an instrument, anyway?"

"Well, suppose you'd been playing marbles and swallowed one and ——"

"Who?" the law student asked quickly. He had been graduated from college the preceding June, the youngest of his class, and since he had fallen in love with Madame Melba he had become sensitive about his age and suspicious of insult. "Suppose who'd been playing marbles?"

"I don't mean you personally; I mean anybody—a little boy, for instance. If he'd swallowed a marble, or a dime, maybe, or a collar button or tacks, they could turn this X ray on him and find out just where to operate. Why, this invention is going to lead to more operations"—the medical student's eyes brightened with his enthusiasm—"it's going to lead to more operations than all the accidents and diseases people have ever had in the whole history of the world! Because now, with this X ray, a surgeon can show his patient an actual photograph of what's the matter with him.

"'Look here!' he'll say. 'Here's a picture of what you look like inside. Heavens and earth! You don't want to go on looking like that, do you?'"

But we thought that his eagerness had made him credulous, that he had been gulled by a fairy tale; and we refused to believe in the magic ray until he produced an article clipped from a scientific journal and overwhelmed our skepticism by the power of print. We were awed by this culminating wonder of the age of necromancies we were living in, and we felt that the human mind had reached the limit of its powers. Within the lifetime of an elderly man, the age of invention had touched the ultimate, so fast had been its development!

For it had begun, really, with the railroad and the telegraph. My grandfather, who lived under every President until McKinley, beginning with Washington, had told me of his first railway journey. The train worked up to a speed of sixteen miles an hour and he got off at the first stop and hired a horse; he was appalled, unable to endure such a hurtling through space. And my father had told me how Governor Ray, of Indiana, was defeated for a reëlection to Congress because he had voted for a reckless governmental appropriation of several thousand dollars to stretch an experimental wire between Washington and Baltimore for the purpose of making little clicking sounds at each end of it. The voters were indignant that their representative could believe in such nonsense and waste public money upon it.

Since then the world had become a New World, indeed. We of the top floor were in our early twenties, yet we had seen the first electric light, the first telephones, the first phonographs, the first cable cars, the first trolley cars, the first rubber tires, the passing of the universal household bootjack and winter high boots with the better paving of city streets; we had read the first cabled news of Pasteur. Telephones and electric light were not yet in common household use, but were coming more and more to be so; rubber tires were still a luxury, though all bicycles were now made with them; but as for the phonograph, many people felt that Edison had rather wasted his time. The machine was too squeaky to be long endured and the

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Ourselves Being of Clay, We Could Only Try to Atone to Her by the Utter Respect We Paid Her

SKY-HIGH—By Col. W. A. Starrett

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The Sky Line of Lower Manhattan in 1876, When Trinity Spire (Left) Was its Zenith and Sailing-Ship Masts Ringed the Island

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THOMPSON, STARRETT CO., N. Y. C.

Trinity Church Spire Dwarfed by Skyscrapers. The Building in the Background is the Equitable

FOR fifty-two years Trinity Church steeple was the zenith of the New York sky line, 284 feet above Broadway.

Visitors to New York paid their shilling each to climb the 308 steps, "with suitable resting places provided," to a point thirty-four feet below the peak, and from there looked down on a city limited, as from ancient times, by the feeble power of the unassisted human leg, to a height of six stories; a city hemmed about and bullied by the towering masts of hundreds of sailing ships.

Trinity Church was built in 1841 and was unchallenged until 1893, when, across the street, the Manhattan Life Insurance Building, seventeen stories and tower, thrust its pinnacle sixty feet above Trinity spire. In another fifteen years the steeple had sunk almost without trace beneath the soaring sky line.

The skyscraper is the most distinctively and characteristically American thing in the world. Once possessed of only the beauty of power, it has acquired the beauty of line and form as well. The man who can look unmoved on the New York sky line in sunshine or shadow either has no pulse or he is a vulgar nil-admiratist. Nations and civilizations will rise and fall and historians of the distant future may decree that we were not many of the things we now think we are, but certainly they will say of us that we were a nation of builders, the greatest the world had known until then. They will say it if we never build another structure, if we never draw another design. We have created a great new architecture that has taken its place with the classics.

A New Age in Builders

YET if you are forty-three years or more old your eyes have seen it all. The skyscraper was conceived and demonstrated by a little group of architects, engineers and builders in one American city, some of them still active in the great calling which they themselves created. That city was not New York, with which the world usually identifies it, but Chicago. Had it been left to New York, there would have been no new architecture by America, of America, for America.

When I sought to confirm and to supplement my own memory of the history of the skyscraper, I found that no book ever had been written on its history, nor so much as a chapter—not even a magazine article. So far as I can learn, the only attempt ever made to trace its origins and development was done by Robins Fleming, a veteran and scholarly structural engineer of the American Bridge Company, who put his findings in a paper read before a civil-engineering society in Pittsburgh in 1926, later published in the proceedings of the Engineers Society of Western Pennsylvania. I am indebted to Mr. Fleming's researches for many of the facts in this examination of the neglected family tree of an American institution.

I was a child in Chicago when the first skyscrapers rose. I knew most of the architects and engineers who devised and erected them. I served as a cub under some of them. I come of a family of builders, one of five brothers who have designed and built more structural steel buildings certainly than any other one family. Three of the five were pupils of Daniel H. Burnham—Uncle Dan to his pupils—one of the fathers of the skyscraper and Master Builders of America. One brother was president of the George A. Fuller Company in succession to Mr. Fuller. Another brother founded Thompson, Starrett. These two competitive firms pioneered the new profession of builder and between them have constructed more skyscrapers, probably, than any other half dozen organizations. A third brother, with Ernest A. Van Vleck, founded the architectural firm of Starrett & Van Vleck. All three continue to be leaders in the industry, though no Starrett remains in any. My brother Paul, former head of the Fuller Company, and I now form a fourth company—Starrett Brothers, builders. And as if to preserve an unbroken family tradition, both our sisters married builders.

The great pioneers of the skyscraper were William LeBaron Jenney, Daniel Hudson Burnham, John W. Root and William Holabird, pretty much in the order named. Other Chicagoans contributed, but these four were chiefs. Jenney alone was classically educated in architecture and he arrived by a roundabout route. He was born in New Bedford, his father head of Jenney & Gibbs, a great whale-oil house when the world still read by the light of the sperm whale's fat. He left Andover at seventeen and in one of his father's whalers sailed around the Horn to join the rush of '49 to California. Later, in the Philippines, he was so struck with the possibilities of railroad building in the islands that he resolved to return home and study engineering.

After three years at Lawrence Scientific School, he went to Paris and there was an intimate of Whistler and Du Maurier, denied that he was the original of Little Billee of Trilby, but boasted that he had been first to introduce pumpkin pie to France. In the 50's he was the engineer in charge of building the Panama Railroad. When the Civil War broke out he was associated with William Tecumseh Sherman in the Illinois Central Railroad and became Sherman's chief of engineers on the march from Atlanta to the sea. In 1868 he returned to Chicago and took up the practice of architecture.

A year or so later Daniel H. Burnham alighted in that city from a cattle train from the West. Born at Henderson, New York, in 1846, he had failed to pass the entrance examinations at both Harvard and Yale, had gone to Nevada on a mad French colonization scheme, remained as a miner and a contemporary of Mark Twain in the grand days of Virginia City, had run for state senator, been defeated and eventually had made his way to Chicago as best he could. There he played around in architecture, sold plate glass in the boom market that followed the great fire and became finally a draftsman for Carter, Drake & Wight. The head draftsman there was John W. Root, who was to become his partner in the firm of Burnham & Root.

To the Giant of the West

ROOT was a Georgian, his father a dry-goods merchant of frustrated longings to be an architect who had made a fortune in blockade running during the Civil War. In the midst of the war the boy was smuggled out of Wilmington, North Carolina, on a cotton ship that slipped past the guns of the Federal fleet and was put in school in England. Later he was studying engineering in the College of the City of New York and headed for the École des Beaux Arts, when the family fortune was lost as quickly as it had been gained and the student went to work in a Chicago architect's office. He died in 1891 in the first promise of a great career.

William Holabird was the son of Gen. Samuel B. Holabird, quartermaster general of the Army. Too young to fight, he finished high school at St. Paul, spent two years at West Point, then, like so many of his generation, cast in his lot with Chicago, the young giant of the West, where he studied in various architects' offices between 1875 and 1880.

The family tradition has it that my father's father was a builder, and his father before him, in the country around Pittsburgh. They were farming and preaching folk of Scotch origin, skilled carpenters and perhaps masons, who

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF STARRETT BROTHERS, INC.

The New York Life Building on the Site of Madison Square Garden

farmed in season, preached and taught school. My father, whose name I bear, entered the ministry and was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lawrence, Kansas, when Quantrell and his men sacked the town and massacred most of its male populace. There, just after the war, he brought his school-teacher bride, Helen Martin Ekin, and there all seven children were born in a Presbyterian manse on the frontier.

Among my father's first acts was to start building a church; he had to do with the building of the first structures of the University of Kansas and the home he built of native stone still stands. I saw it last, vacant and neglected, just after the World War. The windows were broken, but the glass in the transom over the front door was intact and bore the inscription, lettered by my father's hand:

Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say
Peace be unto this house.

One of my brothers remembered having seen him coat the glass with beeswax, cut the inscription in the wax and burn it in the glass with acid. The glass now is a part of my own home at Madison, New Jersey, a worthy blessing for any household.

Plans That Stir Men's Blood

IN THE early 80's the family moved to Chicago, where our father and mother founded and edited a literary magazine. Later my mother established and conducted for many years a girls' school. Somehow they managed to rear and educate a family of seven—how, I cannot imagine; but had ours been a modern budgeted home, I do know that none of us ever would have reached college. The oldest boy, Theodore, was forced by family necessities to leave Lake Forest University before he was graduated. A talent for drawing, his builder's inheritance and a family atmosphere of creative imagination and constructive effort sent him into an architect's office, then into another—that of Burnham & Root. The second boy, Paul, went to New Mexico to ward off incipient tuberculosis. Improving, Theodore sent for him and found him a place with Burnham & Root. Ralph, the third boy, worked for a time in a hardware store; then Theodore, graduating from Burnham & Root's and setting up as a builder, was joined by Ralph, their first job the Chicago Daily News Building. The fourth boy, Goldwin, alone finished college, graduating as a mechanical engineer at the University of Michigan and taking his extraordinary talent for design and drawing directly into Uncle Dan's office. I, the fifth son, had to leave Michigan at the end of my second year, worked for two years in a wholesale grocery house premeditatedly for business experience, on the advice of Theodore, then joined him with the George A. Fuller Company, beginning as an office boy.

Not alone because three of my brothers were his protégés and that I am eternally in his debt do I think that the name of Uncle Dan Burnham led all the rest.

"Make no little plans," he counseled in 1907. "They have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing asserting itself with ever-growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

The big and noble plans he made for Chicago, Washington, San Francisco and Cleveland in particular and these United States in general, true to his prophecy, are living things today, sixteen years after his death, asserting themselves with ever-growing insistency. My brother Goldwin used to carry Uncle Dan's lantern slides as he went about that raw and crude young city preaching

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE THOMPSON-STARRETT CO., N. Y. C.
The New Equitable Trust Tower, on Broad Street, New York City

Chicago Beautiful to any handful in church or schoolroom or lodge hall that would listen to him. Those dreams now are taking form in Wacker Drive, the lake front, the parks and boulevards and a dawning civic center.

In Washington he, more than anyone else, rescued L'Enfant's noble city plan from oblivion and restored it to health. He alone persuaded Alexander Cassatt to relinquish the franchise on the Mall, that essential avenue in L'Enfant's plan stretching from the Capitol to the Monument, that an indifferent people had granted to the Pennsylvania Railroad, and he designed the new Washington Union Station, on which job I was building superintendent.

In San Francisco he built a shanty on Twin Peaks from which he studied out a city plan for the mistress of the Golden Gate. Cleveland called him, and Manila and Bagnio, the summer capital of the Philippines, but it was as constructor-in-chief of the Chicago World's Fair that he left his mark indelibly on the nation at large.

"On the lakeside, a rough unkempt and tangled stretch of dune and swamp became transmuted into a shimmering dream of loveliness under the magic touch of landscape

PHOTO, BY PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.
The New Chicago—Wacker Drive, Looking Toward the Lake, a Partially Fulfilled Dream of Uncle Dan Burnham

PHOTO, BY CHICAGO ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHING CO.
The Original Skyscraper, the Home Insurance Building, Chicago, 1884. Two Stories Were Added Later

gardener and architect and artist," Harry Thurston Peck wrote in 1905. "No felicity of language can bring before the eye that never saw them these harmonies which consummate art, brooding lovingly over Nature, evolved into that spectacle of beauty. Not one of the 12,000,000 human beings who set foot within the Court of Honor, the crowning glory of the whole, could fail to be thrilled with a new and poignant sense of what both art and Nature truly mean. The stately colonnades, the graceful arches, the clustered sculptures, the gleaming domes, the endless labyrinth of snowy columns, all diversified by greenery and interlaced by long lagoons of quiet water—here were blended form and color in a symmetrical and radiant purity such as modern eyes, at least, had never looked upon before."

A Triumph of the Beautiful

"IT WAS the sheer beauty of its ensemble, rather than the wealth of its exhibits, that made this exposition so remarkably significant in its effect upon American civilization. It revealed to millions of Americans whose lives were colorless and narrow the splendid possibilities of art and the compelling power of the beautiful. The far-reaching influence of the demonstration was not one that could be measured by any formal test. But a study of American conditions will certainly reveal an accelerated appreciation of the graces of life and a quickening of the æsthetic sense throughout the whole decade which followed the creation of what Mr. H. C. Bunner most felicitously designated as the White City."

As Mark Sullivan, who quotes these words in his Our Times, points out, it was Main Street that went to the fair. The "best people" had a slight disdain for it. And as Mr. Sullivan adds, "Not merely for a decade but unto this day the Chicago World's Fair left its mark in all the fruits of an immense stimulation of the American mind. It took chromo art from the walls of American parlors; to it more than one city owes the greater beauty of its avenues, parks and ornaments; thousands of American homes the greater beauty of their architecture, furniture and decorations; millions of Americans their greater appreciation of beauty and their greater opportunity to enjoy it."

"It is difficult now to realize," Charles Moore wrote in his life of Burnham, "the change that came over American architecture as the result of the Chicago Fair. Nor is it possible to estimate the relative values of the influences that were at work to bring about this change. From the East came men like Charles Eliot Norton, who had been preaching the gospel of the saving remnant and who saw a vision. If such things were possible in Chicago, there was yet hope for a country steeped in commercialism, crude in manners and brutal in the use of sudden wealth. He rejoiced that he had lived to see the day in his own beloved country when architect, sculptor, painter and landscape architect could be brought together to produce results that recalled, in spirit at least, the triumphs of the Middle Ages."

As such a session of architects, sculptors, painters and landscape men, gathered to create the Columbian

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FOUR BROTHERS

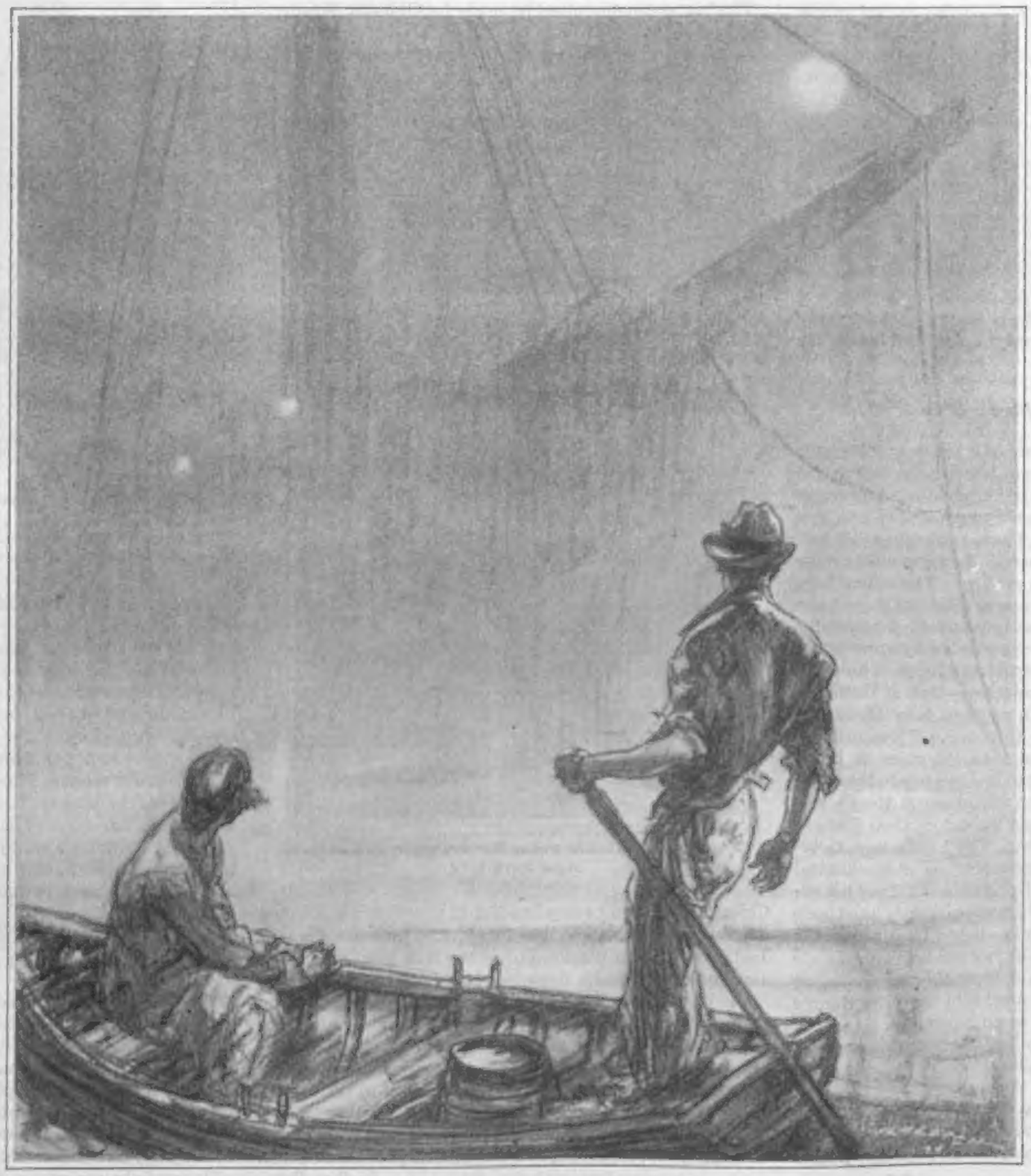
By Tristram Tupper

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE Talbot brothers were born at St. Michaels, on the Eastern Shore, where tidal waters ebb and flow over rich oyster beds. Their father was an oysterman. He boasted descent in a direct line from the Talbot from whom this county derived its name—Talbot County, Maryland. Closer at hand, their maternal grandfather was William Ezra Carroll, of Virginia; and though the boys never laid eyes on their grandfather, still, William—the oldest—was named for him; and so were the twins, Ezra and Carroll.

This, however, failed of its purpose. Grandpap, as he was called, did not so much as acknowledge the compliment. He had disinherited their mother for the very good reason that she had married Pap Talbot, and the stubborn aristocrat gave no sign of ever relenting. Then, when still another son was born, exactly one year after the twins, the hard-pressed mother, feeling intuitively that her boys would never receive a penny of Grandpap's money, retaliated by naming her fourth son for his arch enemy. In a wild hysterical mood, she named the child Mulligan; and she wept as she kissed his fingers and toes, saying over and over, "This little pig went to market."

Mulligan, in a sense, fulfilled this prophecy. Inside the huge shell of a home, where poverty had degenerated into amazing squalor, the fiction arose that he, because of his name, was responsible for Grandpap's continued relentlessness; and as a consequence he was made to perform the office of a drudge—woman's work. Outside, due to this ignominy, he frequently proved his mettle and succeeded in winning the dubious reputation of being the worst of the Talbot brothers. All of them were two-fisted boys, a bad lot; Mulligan was the most belligerent of the four. He would never come to any good end, said the people of St. Michaels—a safe surmise; few people ever come to any good end. But on this day in his fourteenth year a momentous happening gave him poise.



The Sloop He Had Built Loomed Up Above Her Like a Ghostly Thing

With his clumsily shod feet dangling from the wharf at the end of the old shipyard, he determined to be somebody. He had a mind to do great things and he thought of all the somebodies he knew anything about. Maybe he'd be a doctor, like Doctor Roberts; maybe a lawyer, like Lawyer Caulk; maybe even a preacher, like Mr. Starr. Anyway, he wasn't going to be an oysterman, like Pap. And while pondering this novel idea, his hard level gaze fell on a lone black duck moving leisurely over the ripples of the creek toward the Miles River. Beyond the Miles lay the Chesapeake; beyond the Chesapeake, Mulligan had never been. And this gave him another notion—maybe he'd travel. Maybe he'd be a doctor and a lawyer and a preacher, all three, and travel in the bargain. Though ignorant for his age, his imagination was like an ocean without horizons; his ambition, a newly launched ship with white sails but no one to pilot it.

When the lone black duck had vanished, leaving a silver wake, Mulligan decided to investigate the trades he had in mind and to select one or more without delay. He walked slowly through the shipyard, with its rust-eaten machinery and tumble-down sheds. One of the Talbots, years ago, had come to this country a fugitive, and being a giant among men had conquered the forest and built stout ships to conquer the seas. His house still stood at the end of the shipyard—a huge, dilapidated building with rags stuffed in the second-story windows and only three rooms on the ground floor now being used. The kitchen door sagged on its hinges and exhaled the unmistakable odor of squalor. But Mulligan noticed only the unusual silence.

Through the doorway he could see Pap's empty chair, and beyond, in what had once been a dining room, he could see Pap's empty bed; and though the youngest of the four brothers, Mulligan determined to have these things. He was stronger than either of the twins; stronger, he told himself, than both of them put together; and even if less confident of getting the better of William—nearly three years his senior—still he was not afraid to try. Further, he wasn't going to cook and wash and iron ever any more.

Since the death of his mother he had been made to do the cooking, the washing and the ironing.

"If you wasn't named Mulligan," he had been reminded almost daily, "we'd all be rich."

Also, regularly every month, Pap, who had prided himself on his penmanship and spelling, had written to Grandpap saying that William and Ezra and Carroll were a credit to the grandfather for whom they were named and adding pointedly that this had been a lean season. All seasons were lean, only some were leaner than others. And after mailing one of these carefully written letters, Pap would go to the post office each day instead of going to work; and though no answer ever came from Grandpap, not a line during all the years, still, Pap had lived lazily until the last in hope of great riches.

Now this was a momentous day, because Pap was dead—so recently dead that no one, including Mulligan, had had time to forget his sins; in fact, the county named for his ancestor had buried Pap only yesterday.

Turning away, Mulligan followed the oyster-shell road, dazzlingly white in the early afternoon sunshine, and, passing the gas tanks and a few fishermen's cottages with nets drying in the yards, entered a narrow street that led directly to the heart of St. Michaels. Anyone could cover the town easily in half an hour, but on this day Mulligan stopped to talk to four important persons.

The most arresting of these passed just as he turned the corner into the main street. She passed swiftly on roller skates, a form of locomotion which might have been created particularly to reveal her youthful lines. But she did not speak to Mulligan; for, though they lived in the same town, they moved in widely separated spheres. Nor did he so much as follow her with his eyes. Trudging along with one foot in the gutter and one in the roadway, he was wholly occupied by the most bewildering of all situations—for the first time in his life he had been confronted with absolute freedom, and he was so young as to believe he knew what he was going to do with it.

When the girl skated back along the sidewalk they came face to face, and a generous impulse caused her to say "Howdy, Mulligan!"

From the gutter, he looked up. He knew her name and he knew all about her. Her father owned the drug store and a whole block of other stores and made more money than any man in St. Michaels. Also, boys of Mulligan's own age boasted about going with Anna Lee Marshall, and boys as old as William took her to dances, and grown-up men often sat on her steps, next to the drug store, at night.

"I'm sorry about your father," she said.

Mulligan knit his brows. To bring his thoughts back from gilded dreams to his sodden parent required a moment of time. It even flashed through his mind that his father was again in the calaboose, known familiarly at St. Michaels as Pap Talbot's town house. But Mulligan remembered with relief that Pap was dead, then he remembered that the county had buried him and a deep flush worked its way up from his muscular throat under the sunburn of his ears and face.

"I'm glad he's dead," muttered Mulligan, hardly audible. "I got other things to think about."

Anna Lee couldn't believe she had heard him correctly. And yet there was something that kept her from turning away—a kind of grimness with which she had never before come in contact except possibly in connection with her father. For a moment she said nothing. She looked at Mulligan and she looked across the street at the bowling alley where he set up pins Saturday nights, and she tried to recall all the ill-favored things she had heard about him. He was the worst of the Talbot brothers, a bad lot, who lived somewhere down on the creek. Just this spring he had

walked fifteen miles to Easton to fight a gang of boys who had beaten the twins and run them out of town

"What have you got to think about?" she asked

"Lot of things." A novel notion popped into his head. "I got three brothers to look after. I got to have a woman to do the cooking and washing and ironing. Maybe I come up town to get married."

His faded blue jumper had burst open over his broad chest, his breeches bagged and his heavy shoes were laced with strings of rawhide. Who in the world would marry him?

But Anna Lee asked more kindly, "Who are you going to marry?"

"Maybe," said the boy, giving the matter serious thought—"maybe I'll marry you."

"Who?" breathed the girl.

"You," said Mulligan. "Ain't we the same age?"

Early afternoon in early summer, an empty street; and just what happened was never quite clear. He stepped up from the gutter. Years ago, down by the creek, when still an infant, he had reached out his arms one day and caught a white swan and the swan had struggled and beaten him almost into insensibility, yet he had held it because he wanted it, just as now he was holding this girl because suddenly he wanted her. She stopped struggling—it was useless, her body stiffened, and she said something that caused him to release her.

When Mulligan came to his senses Anna Lee was flying on winged feet toward her father's drug store.

Everyone knew a little about Anna Lee's father, a heavy-set, taciturn man; but no one knew a great deal. He was not a native of the Eastern Shore. Some years ago he had come to Talbot County, bringing Anna Lee with him, and it was said that Anna Lee, with her dark daring eyes and bewildering beauty was like her mother, who had left them to go away with someone else. But this was mostly surmise; what people really knew was about Mr. Marshall's temper. When the birthmark on his face turned from red to purple, men got out of his way.

Mulligan followed slowly, as though he were stalking the girl, and upon reaching the drug store stood in the road with his jaw set, waiting. Presently the screen door opened and Anna Lee clattered down the three steps to the sidewalk and skated up the street, then skated back to the shadow of her own house

After a short silence, she asked, "Why don't you go away?"

Mulligan did not take his eyes off the screen door.

"I'm waitin'."

"What you waiting for?"

"Him," said Mulligan.

"What you waiting for him for?" asked Anna Lee interestedly.

"He ain't going to give me a lickin'," said Mulligan grimly—"him or no man."

Anna Lee skated slowly past and, turning, stopped directly in front of the boy.

"He could if he wanted to. But why would he want to?"

"You told him I kissed you."

"I didn't—and you didn't kiss me."

"I did—and you told him."

"I didn't and you didn't," she said positively. "If you did, I didn't know it. If you'll come into the drug store," she added, "I'll buy us a soda water. I don't have to pay for them."

He said he didn't want a soda. Like the swan he had caught in his arms years ago, Anna Lee was the thing he wanted. But the phrase that had caused him to release her reoccurred to his mind. He would like to have boasted that he wasn't poor; that he owned a house and a shipyard and an oyster boat; also, that he wasn't trash—there was Grandpap and there were the Talbots for whom this county had been named. She had used the phrase "Poor white trash." More than anything, Mulligan wanted to tell her he was going to be somebody. But he merely gazed at her with something strange in his eyes.

"I don't have to pay for them," she repeated rather coaxingly.

"I got other things to think about," said Mulligan; and, turning abruptly, left her standing there.

When he again glanced up from the gutter, the churchyard, with elms casting intricate shadows across tumbledown gravestones, stretched out in front of him, and within the tranquil inclosure stood a red brick church with Gothic doorways. The doors, it is true, were closed; but when Mulligan shut his eyes the doors opened and he could see bowed heads and the choir in white robes and a preacher in a high pulpit with long sleeves falling from his raised arms. These things one could easily imagine, the miracle being that in his vision the preacher was Mulligan Talbot himself.

Crossing the churchyard, he rang the bell of the rectory; and as he waited, his attitude was hardly less determined than a little while ago when he had stood in front of the drug store. His fists were clenched.

Mrs. Starr, the rector's wife, invited him inside. No doubt she had thought about these boys. What would become of them? And she told Mulligan, almost in the words of Anna Lee Marshall, she was sorry about his father.

"I ain't sorry," Mulligan managed to say in a monotone. These fine surroundings, particularly the organ in the parlor, overawed him.

The rector's wife smiled. In her heart she couldn't blame him, even though she asked, "But, Mulligan, why aren't you sorry?"

"Dunno." The reasons were innumerable. "Pap never kept his promises," hazarded Mulligan—"never kept his promises to nobody."

"He promised you something?" Perhaps she and Mr. Starr could give it to him. What was it?

"Promised to give us a trade," replied Mulligan. "Pap never kept his promises to nobody." And he ended the interview by telling her he had come to see the parson.

Mr. Starr mistook Mulligan for the oldest of the Talbot boys.

"William," he said, "I'm glad that in your trouble you have come to me. Sit down."

"If You're Dying, You Got to Choose, Quick. Bum or Preacher—Which You Going to Be?"

Mulligan remained standing. "Parson," he said, "I come to find out how to be a preacher—and do it pay?" And during the searching interview that followed he doggedly insisted upon understandable answers to all his questions. Then, without wasting a word of thanks, Mulligan left abruptly, making his next stop two blocks farther up the main street, at the office of Doctor Roberts.

"Doc," he said in his drawling monotone, "I come to find out how to be a doctor—and do it pay?"

And after an hour he crossed the street and called upon Martin Caulk, one of the shrewdest criminal lawyers in Talbot County, and there he opened the inquiry with the same simple directness:

"I come to find out how to be a lawyer—and do it pay?"

This early summer day had turned to late afternoon when Mulligan, wholly absorbed by his thoughts, emerged from the lawyer's office and retraced his footsteps along the main street of the town. It took schooling to be a doctor or a lawyer or a preacher. But Lawyer Caulk once got paid five thousand dollars for a case that didn't take more than five days to try. Thousand dollars a day! And doctors got a dollar a visit when people just dropped in and two dollars when they went to folks' houses, maybe for five minutes. No limit to what they charged for operations—maybe a hundred dollars, when it didn't only take half an hour! Preachers didn't make so much money, but they got a house and a horse and buggy and maybe an organ in the parlor. Mr. Starr's wages were two thousand a year. Wasn't that enough for anybody? And once some rich folks had given him a twenty-dollar gold piece just for marrying them, and it didn't only take ten minutes!

The dreams these jumbled facts engendered were interrupted by a low quavering whistle, like the call of a whippoorwill, and Mulligan glanced across the street, where Anna Lee Marshall was sitting on the steps of her house. She beckoned to him. Anna Lee had changed her dress, and a ribbon held back her dark hair.

"Mulligan," she said when he came slowly up to the steps, "I'm sorry what I called you."

It required a moment to remember what she had called him. "I ain't poor." He stuck his hand into his pocket and the fingers closed over a small wad of bills. He had gone through Pap's clothes, but for some reason he did not exhibit this evidence of riches. He felt as if he owned the whole world, undivided.

"I own a house," he said, forgetting all about his brothers. "And I own a shipyard, and the fastest oyster boat on the Chesapeake. You like to travel?"

She nodded her head.

"Maybe I'll travel," said Mulligan. "And I ain't trash." He tried to recall all the reasons why he was not trash. But the fact that his mother had been a Carroll of Virginia, and that this county had been named for one of the Talbots seemed now of no great importance. "I'm going to be somebody," he informed her; then asked: "You want to go for a sail in my boat?"

"When?"

"Now."

"I can't go now." Anna Lee glanced toward the drug store—a significant gesture. "Did you get married, like you said? I saw you go to the church and I saw you go to the rectory." Mulligan knew she was laughing at him and said nothing. "Maybe I'll go sailing tonight," Anna Lee suggested. "Can you sail a boat at night?"

Mulligan could sail a boat through darkness and fog and all kinds of weather. He knew about boats.

"You'll go sailing in my boat tonight?"

With her hands folded in her lap, she studied Mulligan's face. She felt a little afraid of him, nevertheless he interested her.

"Why did you say you were glad your father was dead?"

"He didn't ever keep his promises."

"Do you keep your promises?"

Mulligan nodded his head, looking at her with his hard level eyes.

"Yes, I keeps my promises." But instances to the contrary popped into his mind. "I'm going to keep 'em from now on. You always keep your promises, Anna Lee?"

"I'll keep my promises to you."

"Will you go sailing in my boat? I got something to ask you. Will you go sailing tonight?"

"Yes," said Anna Lee slowly. "I'll meet you on the oyster wharf—after dark, but before the drug store closes. What have you to ask me?"

"Which you rather marry—a doctor or a lawyer or a preacher?"

She revolved the difficult question in her mind before answering solemnly, "I'll tell you tonight."

Stripped to the waist, Mulligan worked until the sun had set in an attempt to renovate the dilapidated oyster boat. After throwing bits of crab line and rotten rope overboard, he dug broken oyster shells from between the ribs; then, dipping up buckets of salt water, swabbed the cockpit. He entertained no doubt that Anna Lee would meet him here.

The breeze had died, as it often does with the dying sun; but the breeze would spring up again—he felt confident of that too; and he even hauled the gray patched sail to half-mast and regarded it contemplatively as it cast a purple shadow across the sagging wharf.

All this pleased him, filled him with new and nameless emotions. Presently, in order to make his body as clean as the boat, he slipped out of his clothes, climbed the four shaky rungs nailed against the tallest pile and stood poised against the saffron sunset sky, a figure in bronze, splendidly modeled. Looking far out at the open water, he thought of the ocean and with a thrill that ran through him he thought of Anna Lee. After dark she would meet him here. He entertained no doubt, merely wondered which trade she would select—doctor, lawyer or preacher. They would travel too. And he visualized himself at the wheel and Anna Lee on the sloping deck of a schooner far out at sea.

After a clean dive, he swam to the channel marker with hardly more effort than that of the lone black duck he had watched earlier in the afternoon; and upon returning to the wharf, made a bundle of his clothes and picked his way through the shipyard to the dilapidated house that once had been the magnificent home of the Talbots.

Mulligan's wardrobe was small, but he had a clean shirt, and no one, no matter how rich, can wear more than one clean shirt at a time. He put it on and donned his good suit of clothes and slicked back his hair, then went outside and seated himself on the block of wood that formed a step to the kitchen door.

While waiting for twilight to fade into darkness he tried to think only of pleasant things, things of the golden future; but visions of Pap kept rising before his eyes. He had said he was glad Pap was dead, yet he missed him. He had a feeling of standing in sunlight so rare that it cast no shadow. He kept looking around with surprise. The shadow had vanished. Pap was gone. He had taken care of Pap for nearly five years. Also it required an effort of will to sit here idly. The fire had not been made for supper—that was one thing—and he found himself glaring at the washtubs on the bench beside the kitchen door. The clothes had not been put to soak. Curiously, he had a feeling of guilt. He should be doing something; and even when he reminded himself again and again that Pap was gone for good, the feeling of guilt persisted. Where were his brothers? Why didn't they come home? He felt worried.

Though the light had faded, he still could see familiar objects in the kitchen, and he stared into the semidarkness. He had determined to have Pap's chair, and that meant something. It came to him vaguely that if he took Pap's place he would be at the head of the house and he would have to assume Pap's obligations, make good his broken promises. He wanted to be free; and he tried to convince himself that the responsibility of the household rested upon William, the oldest.

When William finally came silently along the road and turned into the unkempt yard, he asked tersely, "Supper ready?"

Mulligan did not answer. He watched his eldest brother without looking up at him. William peered into the house, then at the sky and down at Mulligan.

"Say, kid, you go in there and cook supper and I'll give you a nickel."

Still Mulligan maintained dogged silence. He felt that William was afraid to go into the house. Pap had died in the kitchen.

Presently William went inside, lit the bracket lamp and began to forage for food. Mulligan could hear him open the cupboard, grunt disapprovingly and slam the door. He knew that William would not have come home if he had had any money to buy supper uptown. William usually had money, a little anyway, even though he seldom worked. Since leaving school last year he had tried two jobs, each for a short period—one in the lumber yard at

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But He Could Not Have Heard Her, as the Sail Was Making a Fearful Noise

SECOND MATE OF OCEANS

A Tanker Spends Seven-Eighths of Her Time at Sea

By Millard Ward

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WHEN John Dunham, still in going-ashore clothes, stepped over the raised doorsill into the petty officers' mess room, there was a sudden break in the grumble of conversation and rattle of dishes. From the head of the table, the bos'n, a rawboned, black-haired Irishman, stared at him challengingly.

"Well, did ye git it?"

Dunham was surprised at the tone of the question, but he took a thin white cylinder of paper from his inside pocket and held it up.

"I got it, all right. Second mate of oceans."

The bos'n laughed shortly and leaned forward to let him pass to his place against the outboard bulkhead.

"Sit down, Mr. Dunham."

When he was seated, Dunham looked around the table with aggrieved discomfort. The men had silently gone back to eating, their eyes on their plates. He had been five months in the mess and knew them all except one new oiler.

There was the chief pump man, a tousle-headed Swede with the chest and arms of a gorilla, his cockney assistant, the bos'n, Mike Connor, Dunham's two fellow quartermasters and two oilers, the third being on duty below. He had never been in a mess he liked better; there was not a trouble maker in the crowd and the Carfax was one of the finest tankers afloat. The past five months had been happy.

Presently he noticed that the new oiler was watching him furtively. The oiler was young, rather under average height, but with smooth round muscles and a peculiarly defiant cast of features. His hair was the color of new manila rope, long in front, but clipped close at the back and sides, and already he had answered once or twice to "Whitey." Now, catching his eye, Dunham grinned uneasily. The smile that flashed back was undecipherable, elusive, half mocking. He felt suddenly that the whole room was slipping away from him; he could lay hands definitely upon nothing. Also there was nothing he could say; anything would sound hopelessly forced.

He finished his supper quickly and went below to change to his working clothes. Everything was settled, now that he had his license. He would have to make one more trip to the Texas oil fields as quartermaster, then he would take the place of the Carfax's third mate, who was to go second in another of the company's ships. The pay would be twice as much; he would have a room to himself in the forward house and a handle to his name.

The officers' mess room was in the starboard side of the after house, the petty officers' in the port side, but the gulf between them was deeper than the thirty-foot drop to the engine-room floor plates. It would be something to be a licensed officer in a sixteen-thousand-ton ship at twenty-two. It had meant some hard study and some bad foc'sles, too, before he had his time in. Only the subtle and, it seemed to him, premature change in his messmates worried him.

In some ways he would have preferred to start as an officer in a strange ship, but Captain MacMasters of the Carfax was an easy-going commander, and a newly licensed man doesn't ordinarily have a wide choice of berths anyway.

When Dunham came on deck again, the Carfax was already clear of the shore, her high sharp bow swinging toward the Narrows. The Bayonne water front, gray-brown and dusty beneath the long slant of the July sun, floated past smoothly and fell away astern.

Later, as the tanker ran down the Ambrose Channel, with the clear light of sunset upon her, the bos'n came out on the short stern deck and crossed to where Dunham was standing by the rail. Connor's blue shirt was streaked and blotched with sweat and he held a pair of greasy leather gloves in one hand. His face, with its long square jaw and deep-set eyes, was flushed, while his chest rose and fell sharply. He took off his black mechanic's cap and ran a hand through his lank hair. Dunham regarded him cautiously.

"Hello, Mike. Got you workin'?"

The bos'n grunted violently. "New hawser was full o' kinks. I told the mate what end to open, but he knew better. Then when everything was in a mess he says, 'By gosh, Mike, you were right, after all. Just run that line out along the deck and untwist it.' Mate! Hell!"

"He don't often make breaks like that, though, Mike."

The bos'n started to speak, then checked himself and gave a snort of laughter.

"Excuse me, Mr. Dunham, I wasn't thinkin' about yer promotion."

Dunham felt no answering anger—only a peculiar helplessness. "I'm still myself, ain't I?"

"Ye can't be. The gold stripes ye'll have on yer sleeves might as well be handcuffs. Ye don't belong to yerself no longer; ye belong to the company. Look at me. I know my work. I can tell this mate to go to blazes, and walk ashore and into another ship as bos'n. I will when I get ready to. You—you tell the Old Man to go to blazes and walk ashore. Can you get another officer's job? Huh?"

"But, Mike—damn it, I hardly ever feel like tellin' anybody to go to blazes."

"I'm thinkin' that makes me a better man than you," said the bos'n abruptly. "But a bit of mathematics in yer head and some ink on a paper makes me give ye mister and sir just the same. What's right in that?"

The bos'n turned short away from the rail and disappeared into the port alleyway, paying no attention to Dunham's plaintive call: "Hey, Mike, wait!"

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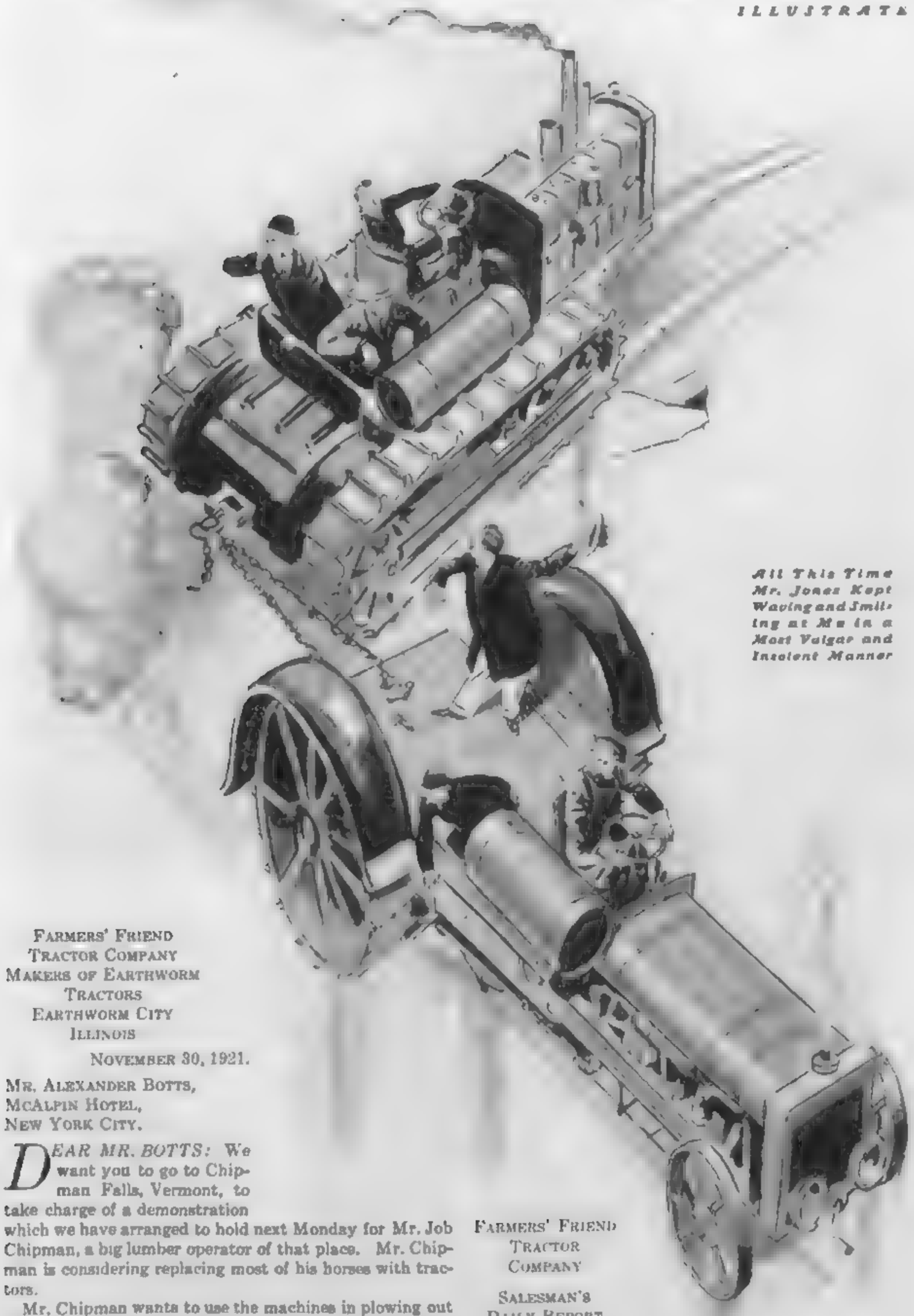
THE BIG SALES TALK

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



All This Time Mr. Jones Kept Waving and Smiling at Me in a Most Vulgar and Insolent Manner

FARMERS' FRIEND
TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM
TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY
ILLINOIS

NOVEMBER 30, 1921.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS,
McALPIN HOTEL,
NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: We want you to go to Chipman Falls, Vermont, to take charge of a demonstration which we have arranged to hold next Monday for Mr. Job Chipman, a big lumber operator of that place. Mr. Chipman is considering replacing most of his horses with tractors.

Mr. Chipman wants to use the machines in plowing out his wood roads following snowstorms, and also in hauling sleds loaded with logs along these roads after they have been sprinkled with water to give them an ice surface.

We have already shipped to Chipman Falls a ten-ton Earthworm tractor equipped with snowplow, winter cab, and ice-spike grousers; and we are sending our service man, Mr. Samuel Simpson, to operate it.

You will have competition; we understand that the Mammoth Tractor Company will be on hand with one of their machines.

But we have every confidence in your ability as a salesman, and we are relying on you to get Mr. Chipman's order for one or more Earthworms.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

FARMERS' FRIEND
TRACTOR
COMPANY

SALESMAN'S
DAILY REPORT

DATE: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1921.
WRITTEN FROM: NEW YORK CITY.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALESMAN.

It was indeed a pleasure to receive your letter of November 30, and you may be sure that you are making no mistake in sending me on this important mission.

As you know, I have always been one of the best natural talkers in your whole organization. But I am never satisfied; I am always trying to improve myself. And realizing the fact that I had never had any experience in selling tractors to northern lumbermen, I have spent the past two days—ever since receiving your letter—at the New York Public Library, studying up on all phases of the lumber business as it is practiced in the northern part of the country.

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I have now acquired all the information and knowledge that are necessary in order to adapt my already splendid sales arguments to the particular conditions which I shall meet with when I begin working on Mr. Job Chipman. It is not exaggerating to say that I will start on this selling campaign with a sales talk that is really big. I can hardly wait to get going.

I have engaged a berth on the sleeper leaving Grand Central tomorrow night and arriving at Chipman Falls early Monday morning. You may rest assured that by Monday night Mr. Chipman's order will be safely in the mails and on its way to your office.

Very sincerely yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1921.
WRITTEN FROM: CHIPMAN FALLS, VERMONT.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALESMAN.

Well, I have arrived, and I have put in a very busy day. But I may as well admit that things are not going as good as I had expected. In fact, I have run into a veritable nightmare of unexpected difficulties and misfortunes which are absolutely unparalleled in my experience as a salesman for the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company. I will relate exactly what has happened so you can see that I have done everything I could, but that fate has been against me.

When I first got off the train at seven o'clock this morning I had no hint of impending misfortune. The weather was dark and cloudy and very cold, but there was no sign of snow on the ground. I was sorry that we would be unable to show Mr. Chipman how well the Earthworm can travel through snow, but I was not worried. A demonstration is always a good thing, but the real heart and soul of any selling campaign is the sales talk, and I was confident in my knowledge that in this department of the game I was supreme.

As I walked up to the hotel I noted that the town of Chipman Falls is in a deep narrow valley in the Green Mountains, and that it consists of the railroad station, a small hotel, several dozen houses and a large sawmill. The steep mountain slopes on both sides of the valley are covered with timber. The hotel clerk informed me that all this timber, as well as the sawmill, is the property of Mr. Job Chipman.

Leaving my baggage at the hotel, I walked over to the mill. Just outside the boiler house I found our ten-ton demonstration Earthworm, equipped with its big snowplow, in charge of Mr. Samuel Simpson.

Sam reported that he had unloaded the machine the day before, and he had kept it overnight in the boiler house so that it was nice and warm and all ready to go. He had not seen Mr. Chipman, but the sawmill foreman had told him to be ready to put on a demonstration that morning.

"I understand," said Sam, "that Mr. Chipman wants a machine for snowplow work and for hauling sleds on ice roads. As there is no snow, and consequently no ice roads, I don't see how we can put on much of a demonstration."

"Never mind about that," I said. "We will just run the machine around on the bare ground so the old man can see how it goes. Then I will give him such a vivid description of the way it rolls through the snowdrifts that he will think he has actually seen it. Just wait till you hear me get going."

"Fine!" said Sam. "In the grouser box here I have a set of the latest type ice-spike grousers; but as there is no snow or ice, I don't suppose there is any use in putting them on."

"No use at all," I said.

At this point there was a sudden clanking and puffing, and out from the boiler house there came a big sixty-horse-power Mammoth tractor in charge of two mechanics and a salesman. I had never before seen this particular model of tractor. But when I looked it over and realized that it was actually attempting to compete with the Earthworm, I will admit that I had to laugh. For the Mammoth

I Noticed That Mr. Chipman Had Picked Up His Silly Little Schoolboy Slate and Was Holding It Out in My Direction

is undoubtedly the most outlandish engineering atrocity which has ever been thrown together and offered for sale to the long-suffering public. It is about ten years behind the times in design, and although it has about the same horse power as the ten-ton Earthworm, it weighs almost twice as much. It is at least twenty feet long, with two small wheels in front and two enormous bull wheels about nine feet in diameter in the rear. The motor consists of one big horizontal cylinder which works on a flywheel of monumental size and weight. All gears seem to be made of high-grade stove iron. The whole works is heavy, slow and clumsy, and it needs the proverbial ten-acre lot to turn around. It is, in short, nothing but a mechanical joke when compared to the Earthworm, with its modern four-cylinder motor, its small-sized steel gears, its light weight, and its ease in steering and turning around.

After I had contemplated the Mammoth for some moments, the salesman in charge stepped up and introduced himself. It appears his name is Jones. As I looked him over I decided that I was not going to like the man. He had a coarse and rather stupid-looking face. He was quite evidently lacking in both ideas and ideals. And he was, I decided, the type of person who makes up for his dearth of intelligence by developing a considerable degree of low cunning, which is totally out of place, of course, in the noble profession of selling tractors.

As I say, I didn't like his looks. But, as I am always polite, I concealed my dislike.

"I suppose," I said affably, "that you have already seen Mr. Chipman and have given him a line of talk designed to prove that the Mammoth is a better machine than the Earthworm."

"I have seen Mr. Chipman," replied Mr. Jones, in a disagreeable, rasping voice, "but I have given him no line of talk. And what is more, I don't intend to."

"No?" I said. "What's the big idea?"

"I intend to put on a demonstration for him," said Mr. Jones. "When a man can give a real good demonstration he does not need any sales talk."

"My boy," I said, "I can see you are new at this selling game; you are young and you have much to learn. If you doubt the value of a good selling argument, you had better stick around when I start in on Mr. Chipman. You will see how a real salesman, by the skillful use of the English language, beats down and completely overcomes the sales resistance that may be present in the mind of any prospect."

"Mr. Chipman is in his office now," said Mr. Jones. "Let's go in right away. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to see you doing your stuff."

"Very well," I said, "come on."

I have repeated my conversation with Mr. Jones so that you can see that I am, as always, frank, kindly, and helpful even to a competitor. When I relate what happened later you will see that Mr. Jones is quite the reverse, being one of the most underhanded, slimy and dishonorable men who ever polluted the tractor business with their presence.

Mr. Jones and I entered the office together. Mr. Chipman turned out to be a tall, bony man, perhaps sixty years of age, with a pleasant, weather-beaten face. He had been sitting at a desk, but when we entered he arose and shook hands.

"Mr. Chipman," I said, "my name is Alexander Botts and I represent the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, makers of Earthworm tractors, Earthworm City, Illinois. As you already know, we have one of our ten-ton machines outside ready to give you a demonstration any time you want to see it. But before we start I would like to bring to your attention a few facts regarding the tractor and the company which makes it—facts which indicate conclusively that the Earthworm is the only feasible machine for a lumbering enterprise similar to the one that you conduct."

At this point I paused an instant, for I noticed that Mr. Chipman was pushing something across the table in my direction. Looking down, I saw that it was a small slate, such as schoolboys used to use in former times. Attached to it by a short string was a slate pencil. Seeing that I was somewhat surprised and mystified by this procedure, Mr. Chipman opened his mouth, presumably to explain to me what it was all about. But as I had got started so good on my sales talk, I didn't wish to be switched off onto the subject of school slates. Consequently I continued talking as if there had been no interruption.

"When you first see this Earthworm tractor, Mr. Chipman," I said, "I wish you particularly to notice the method of propulsion. Instead of running on four wheels like a wagon"—at this point I glanced meaningly at Mr. Jones—"the Earthworm goes along exactly like a wartime tank. It runs on two steel tracks, one on each side. Each track is like an endless belt or chain, composed of twenty-nine separate track shoes, which are made of the highest grade of manganese steel, triple-heat treated. The surfaces of these shoes are made perfectly flat so as not to hurt the roads. These flat shoes will, of course, slip when the machine is used on snow or ice; consequently we supply a set of sharp cleats, or grousers, one of which is to be bolted onto each track shoe when the machine is to be used on snow or ice. Each of these grousers takes hold like the claw of a cat, giving the tractor a splendid grip and enabling it to pull tremendous loads through snow, ice, mud, rocks, sand, gravel, clay, or anything else in the world."

At this point I noticed that Mr. Chipman had picked up his silly little schoolboy slate and was holding it out in my direction.

As I paused momentarily he said, "Kindly write what you have to say on this slate."

At first I failed to grasp the meaning of this procedure. Then I heard Mr. Jones, who stood behind me, chuckling in a very vulgar manner.

"You can save your lungs," remarked Mr. Jones, in a disrespectful tone. "The old bozo is stone-deaf in one ear and can't hear anything out of the other."

At these words a sudden chill of horror settled down on my mind. I gave Mr. Chipman a quick shrewd glance. He was pointing to the slate with one hand and to his ear with the other.

"I cannot hear as well as I used to," he was saying. "You will have to write down what you have to say."

As my perceptions are very quick and accurate, it was not long before I realized that Mr. Jones had in his untutored way spoken the exact truth. And like a flash my mind apprehended all the sickening implications of this discovery. I had come striding into this office with my usual masterful air, confident in the knowledge that I had the one essential, the *sine qua non*, of a successful sales campaign—a swell line of sales talk. And now, with a sickening shock, I realized that it was all useless. For what good is a swell line of sales talk when it falls upon deaf ears? What can it accomplish when it is directed—as Mr. Jones phrased it—at one ear which is deaf and another which cannot be heard out of?

Behind me I could hear Mr. Jones—the big bum—still chuckling to himself. And well he might. Considering his froglike croak of a voice, his almost total lack of brains and his undoubtedly feeble powers of expression, it was actually to his advantage to have Mr. Chipman deaf. But for me, with my pleasing and musical flow of language, with my wealth of imagination and with my masterful command of the English language, it was little short of calamity.

However, I am not the man to lie down and burst into tears when there is work to do. Grasping eagerly at the slate I started to write. But almost at once I realized the futility of this procedure. Using that stubby little pencil and that miserable scratchy slate, it would have taken me hours to put over even an abridged version of my splendid sales argument. Mr. Chipman would doubtless become bored and walk out before I had even half finished. And even if he were willing to wait and read the whole thing, it would be a tremendous let-down from what I had intended giving him. It would lack the breath of life, the musical tones that charm the ear and the splendid ring of manly sincerity which has brought conviction to so many doubtful minds.

No, my wonderful sales talk was completely blowed up, knocked to pieces and sunk without a trace. But I resolved to die fighting.

"My name is Alexander Botts," I wrote on the slate, in bold characters. "I have an Earthworm tractor outside. If you want to see something good, follow me."

Mr. Chipman read what I had written and smiled cheerfully.

"Fine!" he said, reaching for his coat and hat, which hung on a nail on the wall. "I will come right out, and you men can both do a little demonstrating."

As I helped Mr. Chipman on with his coat I could not help feeling that he seemed to be a very decent sort of chap, bearing up very bravely under his infirmity, and I almost wept at the thought of the treat he was missing through not being able to hear my sales talk. As we walked out, Mr. Jones gave an additional proof that his personality is most obnoxious and exactly the opposite of my own pleasant nature and that of Mr. Chipman.

"Thank you," said Mr. Jones, in his disagreeable voice. "You don't know how much I have appreciated observing the effect you made on Mr. Chipman with your wonderful sales ballyhoo. I am very much obliged."

(Continued on Page 105)

"Thank You," Said Mr. Jones, in His Disagreeable Voice

The Quest of a Lost Childhood

The Story of Jascha Heifetz—By Alexander Woollcott

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS MURAY

A Recent Photograph of Heifetz

AMONG those who used to drop in at Efrem Zimbalist's bachelor quarters in the years before he married Alma Gluck, there are some who have since had occasion to remember a night back in 1911 when Fritz Kreisler, just off the boat from Europe, was enthralling the polyglot group around the samovar with the tale of a wonder he had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. It had been a concert in Berlin a few weeks before, a Tschaikovsky concerto with the great Nikisch himself conducting and the violin played most marvelously by an eleven-year-old fiddler, a boy so extraordinary to look upon in his suit of black velvet, with a cascade of fair hair tumbling about his shoulders, that the sentimental Berlin newspapers were calling him an angel dropped out of heaven. They were petting him thus to the intense annoyance of his mother, whose main business in life it was to keep such spoiling, softening words from her boy's ears. For, after all, it was a very little boy who, when the concert was over, slept cradled in her lap on the long train ride back to St. Petersburg.

But how that little boy could play! Already at eleven he had such a technical mastery of the violin as Kreisler had never witnessed and, when he tried to describe it that night at Zimbalist's, could compare only to the mute written memories of Paganini. The boy's name, said Kreisler, was Jascha Heifetz.

"And he's good, is he?" asked some straggler, drifting toward the samovar.

Kreisler smiled a wry smile across the table at his host. "Zimmy," he said, "you and I might just as well take our fiddles now and break them across our knees."

Warm Weather for Violinists

THE memory of that night at Zimbalist's came back to at least one of that circle of an afternoon in the fall of 1917, when, instead of trusting to travelers' tales of spellbound audiences in far Russian cities, the story could be verified in our own New York. For, on the platform of Carnegie Hall, he stood at last, a slim, Byronic youth of seventeen, a prodigiously unruffled lad who played the Twenty-fourth Paganini Caprice with such a cool and effortless precision as no one in our time had heard. Certainly the acclaim which followed was such an instant and unanimous applause as no new-risen master of any instrument had experienced in America in my day.

In the audience that afternoon at Carnegie Hall—it was October 27, 1917—you might have seen most of the illustrious musicians of the world. For instance, you might have seen Mischa Elman sharing one of the crescent of loges with Leopold Godowsky, the pianist.

When the applause after the Caprice had died down Elman mopped his brow, and as he caught Godowsky grinning at him, murmured: "Warm, isn't it?"

To which the mischievous Godowsky made a now historic reply. "Not," he answered, "for pianists."

For, on that autumn afternoon, there was such fiddling at Carnegie Hall as, if you talk in terms of sheer physical dexterity, sheer technical proficiency, the world had not heard before and has not heard since from any other. Here was one whose perfection of intonation, whose almost nonchalant ease in the strength and steadiness of his bowing, whose lightning deftness in fingering had certainly not been experienced by any Stradivarius since Paganini tucked his fiddle under his chin for the last time.

If such virtuosity in another could bring the beads to the brow of an Elman, you can faintly imagine the feeling of discouragement that came to those young students of the violin who had been toiling for many hours a day at their lessons, and now, milling in the mob of standees who filled all the available floor space on the stage and in the auditorium, or listening, perhaps, with their noses pressed to the iron rail of the dizzying top gallery, were looking upon one with whom, no matter how great their gifts, no matter how resolute their ambition, no matter how musical their souls, they could never hope to catch up.

For—and take this on the word of Leopold Auer, whose pupils—Heifetz, Zimbalist, Elman, Kathleen Powell, Eddy Brown, Max Rosen and Toscha Seidel—have carried his fame around the world—take it from him that the boy who begins his violin lessons after he is seven is starting out on a long, long road weighted down by a handicap he will never lose. A Heifetz must be caught and trained while the muscles are still soft and elastic. He must learn the essentials of his craft before the habit-forming years set in, so that when the other would-be fiddlers of the world are patiently learning the difficult ballet of the fingers on the strings, his own fingers will tread those measures automatically.

Heifetz himself does not now remember a time when he could not play the violin any more than you can now remember a time when you could not walk. For Heifetz's fingers were trained for fiddling when he was not yet four years old, and at the age of seven—the age, mind you, when the sternest master of them all thinks a boy should begin his violin lessons—the little Jascha gave his first public concert, even then playing not merely well for a seven-year-old, but beautifully by any standard for any age.

Once long afterward he tried to impress the Marx Brothers by saying casually, "You know, I've been a self-supporting citizen ever since I was seven."

The Marx Brothers, however, are never impressed. It was Harpo who yawned and said, "Before that, I suppose, you were just a bum."

But you can imagine how all the more impressionable violin students in Carnegie Hall that first electric afternoon looked enviously upon this wonder, smoldering inwardly because their own fathers had not given them an equal start with this stripling standing up there, so competent and so collected, on the stage. You can even imagine that, as they scattered to their homes, each secretly resolved, perhaps—even if it were too late in his own case—to do better some day by his own son.

The Price of Fame

BUT for such virtuosity as they were witnessing that day in Carnegie Hall a heavy price has to be paid. A searching critic might venture a guess that a certain lack in Heifetz's music of the warmth and richness of personality, which imparts such a vibrance to a Kreisler concert, is the largest item in that heavy price which Heifetz himself is paying, in installments, every time he steps onto a platform. It may even be a certain sense of this final lack in himself which brings him wondering to any concert Kreisler gives—an enthusiasm which began when he stood in the wings of the Conservatory in St. Petersburg to hear the older maestro play for the students there and was so thrilled when the great man placed a recognizing hand upon his shoulder; an honest, unstinted enthusiasm which has even led him to fly from Edinburgh to London and back just so that he could sandwich in a Kreisler concert between two distant concerts of his own. Thus, from time to time, the two foremost violinists of this age come face to face, each deeply revering the other, each, I fancy, willing to give all his worldly possessions if he could capture the other's secret—that vivid excitement of Kreisler's, that limpid, sunlit serenity of Heifetz's.

A Corner of His New York Apartment

But such comparisons carry this shore-hugging chronicle beyond its depth. Surely the merest layman, however, must realize that when, back in the Vilna ghetto long ago, Ruvin Heifetz swore that this baby son of his should grow up to be the master violinist of his time, he was not only resolving to invest all his own spare hours and strength and money for the next fifteen years, but he was also staking something which only a kind of Olympian ruthlessness would dispose of without a qualm. He was staking his son's childhood.

The story of Jascha Heifetz is the story of a young man who never had any childhood at all. And those who, from time to time, have since had an eye on him must have noticed that ever since he entered into possession of the world fame so dearly bought, he has been looking a little

wistfully in all the distant corners of the earth for the childhood they took away from him and the youth he never knew.

The first time I ever saw him was just after his debut in London, the capital on which he marched with his fiddle under his arm three years after his easy conquest of New York. There had been the same wondering enthralled audience, with everyone in it rising to cheer afterward, with Melba herself flinging roses at his feet and with the English newspapers responding next day in notices that were less critiques than mere exclamations in black and white.

There were to be several such concerts that June, and I am sure the devotees who booked their stalls for each of them assumed that the young master would be spending the intervening days in austere seclusion, shut off from the corroding world for the practice and meditation which could alone nourish such perfection in music. The young master did nothing of the sort. After each concert, in fact, the young master would wriggle loose from the swarm of stage-door hero worshipers and drive at top speed to Croydon, where an aeroplane would be waiting to whisk him, not unaccompanied, over to Paris. That, mind you, was in the days when travel by the air lanes was not the phlegmatic matter of course it has since become. As the departing plane grew smaller and smaller in the sky I could picture in my imagination the hand-wringing group left behind on the solid English earth, his official family of eight—father, mother, sisters, uncle, aunt, manager, accompanist—lifting their voices in tribal lamentations and looking anxiously on while this young man, who was at once the proud work of their patient hands and their chief hope of a luxurious old age, went recklessly skylarking like some feather-brained sophomore.

In the World of Make-Believe

BEING of the tortoise persuasion myself, I crossed by the uneventful Dover-to-Calais boat, and on the Rue de la Paix the next afternoon encountered in the truant Heifetz as faultlessly attired a boulevardier as ever used a natty stick to emphasize a debonair gesture. And I knew then suddenly that, for all his maturity as a violinist, he himself was no different from the eternal sophomore at Hamilton College who, as soon as his midwinter math exam is over, gets into something pretty doggy in the way of a coonskin coat and hies him straightway for the immemorial Busy Corner in Utica.

Even now an onlooker who runs into this arch cosmopolite in any part of the world from Cairo to Denver is likely to witness other outbreaks of that thwarted childhood. It takes all forms. You see it in his passion for playing games, for instance; not merely tennis at Narragansett Pier, nor football in New Zealand, nor baccarat at Deauville, nor *chemin de fer* and croquet at Great Neck, but any game you can think of anywhere in the world.

I remember a motor trip through the Pyrenees that was halted for half an hour because Heifetz could not bear to travel another mile until he had demonstrated that he could come nearer hitting a distant tree with a pebble than anyone else in the party. And, as I write that sentence, there comes back to me the mutinous memory of an out-of-season night in Pau when this party of Americans, drifting vaguely across the mountains, had taken refuge from a rain that was sluicing the roads. It was the slightly disdainful clerk at the hotel who, after dinner, explained with an any-fool-knows-that accent that the movie houses were always closed on Monday night in Pau. We were therefore staring blankly at the prospect of an empty evening in a forlorn hotel, when, with a faintly menacing gleam in his eye, Heifetz led us all to his room. First he cleared the bed of its pillows and of its monstrous magenta comforter. Then he solemnly produced from one pocket a pair of dice and from the other a hundred-franc note.

"Faded!" cried Neysa McMein, whom one does meet in the oddest places. Out onto the bedspread the dice went rolling, to halt at last with a four and a six showing.

"Aha!" cried Heifetz, with really pathetic optimism. "The beeg Deek!"

So, with strange, heathenish imprecations that sounded even stranger in the slight stiffness of a recently acquired English, with groans and cheers from the players and with francs fluttering about as they used to do in the big Casino scene in Camille, the game went on past midnight. I have often wondered what the good French people occupying the adjoining suite thought was going on in the next room that night.

If, at any party, you roll a pair of dice across the rug, the first person down on his knees is always Heifetz. And so long as the game continues, you could get him away from it only by telling him that a masquerade ball was in progress down the street. For Heifetz will forgo anything rather than miss a chance to dress up. When he himself gives a party at his apartment in New York, many a stout fellow who is not the type at all is trussed struggling into a flaring Restoration coat or swathed revoltingly in the robes of the late Harun-al-Rashid, simply because he has been bidden to Heifetz's for the evening and must go in fancy dress so that Heifetz himself can step out in white periwig, silken hose and silver-buckled shoon, or haply cut a dash in the saucy Scotch kilts and sporran he bore off in triumph the last time he was in Edinburgh.

At the Time of His Berlin Debut

Wherefore a Heifetz party has something of the studied and lumbering playfulness which curses all festivity on which too much preparation has been spent. Indeed, the early part of Heifetz's soirées faintly suggests a group of Elks at play. But with the quiet that comes with fatigue, the character of the gathering changes to one more in keeping with the great talent that brought it together. Then, with the first streak of dawn coming through the high studio windows to silver the squatting group of revelers strewn like gargoyles on the floor, you may see the silhouette of Heifetz's famous head and fiddle against the morning light. And with Mischa Levitzki, or Josef Hofmann, perhaps, to aid him at the piano in an unannounced concert, he resorts—as might any other youngster on his birthday—to the only sorcery he knows to keep his party from breaking up.

I cannot pretend for one moment that such elaborate adornment takes place only on fancy-dress occasions. Heifetz's life is one long active regret that he was born into so uneventful a period in the history of costume. On what might strike any other member of a party as an impromptu trip into the country, mine host has only to suggest a horseback ride to have Heifetz's eye light up, not from any instinct for equestrianism, but merely because it means he can vanish upstairs and return an hour later clothed from head to toe in such a careful confection of cream-colored breeches and gleaming boots as he must have been keeping handy and polished up for months just on the chance that some host would have the common decency to ask him to ride. Perhaps it is due him to add that when, after all this elaborate preparation, he immediately falls into a mud puddle, no one is less distressed than he is and no one laughs harder at his own Humpty-Dumpty disaster. I suppose he meets such mishaps the more cheerfully because, after all, it means another excuse for him to put on something else.

He even manages to impart a good deal of excitement to the humdrum business of dressing for the street. His cravats must be cut from silk woven in Lyons just for him, and made by a man with whom he gravely goes into conference on the subject every time a concert calls him to Paris. Then many a time, when it is known in this or that American city that he has arrived for a concert and a group of interviewers, autograph fiends and all those collectors of emotions who cannot let a celebrity pass through their town without at least edging close enough to touch him, are kept waiting for an hour in the hotel lobby, I am sure that the tactful members of his entourage convey, by gestures of regret or some mendacity falling short of sheer perjury, that the great virtuoso is practicing in seclusion, or, better still, just communing alone with the music that he is to evoke that night. Yet were the truth known, the chances are that, if the great virtuoso is not at that moment sneaking into a movie down the street, he is upstairs patiently tying cravat after cravat until the perfect knot satisfies and rewards him at last.

Leopold Auer and His Former Pupils, Jascha Heifetz and Efrem Zimbalist

A Love of Fine Feathers

NOW surely this passion for fine feathers is part of that search for a lost childhood. The same search filled up the latter days of Charles Dickens. They had put him to work in a blacking factory when he was ten, and the experience was so scarring that long afterward, when he came to set it all down in David Copperfield, he shut his eyes and fairly rushed through that chapter, like a frightened reveler going home past a graveyard. It was one still running who ever after, even though the presses howled for the next installment of the tale he was telling, could be counted on to drop all work to go into any amateur dramatics that would let him put on doublet and hose. The fragrance of his hair tonic and the flagrance of his waistcoats, the blaze of his boutonnière and the gleam of his rings and his befobbed watch chain—the psychologists could have noted them from a block away and would have put them all down under a chapter headed Compensations.

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Smoothing the True-Love Trail

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Jim Tuddingly

A LOCAL item in the Minnekahta Star truthfully stated that Mr. Samuel Stegg, Esq., had closed his country residence on Hat Creek and for the remaining months of winter would be the guest of Chief Stocktender Hank Simmons at the Box Elder stage station. It added that the Stegg Brahmas would visit with the Simmons Dorkings during the same period, having been accorded full roosting and scratching privileges, and interesting developments were predicted. Red Raymond, the stage driver, had left a copy of the journal with Messrs. Stegg and Simmons, as well as a pair of felt boots consigned to old Aleck Dunwoody of Spring Valley, and the two cronies were squabbling over the division of the news sheets when, at the same moment, there arrived Tip Yoakum, Hat Creek granger, and old Dunwoody himself.

The Spring Valley veteran was the first object of hospitable concern. An incipient blizzard was blowing and it was no kind of weather for an eighty-year-old to be out in, cavorting seven miles through the snow atop of a hard-gaited, barefoot bronc with a depraved appetite for human flesh. The stocktender told the old man so as he helped him to alight.

"You must have wanted them boots right bad, to start out after 'em a day like this," Hank presently continued, after unwinding Mr. Dunwoody's cocoon wrappings of wool and fur and seating him by the stove. "You're crazy, Dad! Here, lemme take off them artics."

"I ain't crazy, nor I ain't sick abed and helpless," said the old man petulantly and jerking his foot from the stocktender's clasp. "Just because a man's a mite stiff after a ride in the wind ain't no sign he needs a nurse and a vallay, and, s'far's my being eighty is concerned, I been a dag-gone sight stiffer'n this twenty year ago—froze stiff. I was one time—both laigs. If I'd been as stiff as I was then, you'd have had to led my horse in here and stood us by the stove until the bend thawed out of my laigs afore I could light down."

He combed ice from his patriarchal white beard with numbed fingers and then beat his hands together briskly. "Yes, I needed them boots," he continued. "I thought I might's well —— That the Star you got there?" His voice was eager and excited, his eyes bright. He started up and snatched the paper from the table, at the same time fumbling nervously for his spectacle case. Just then Tip Yoakum entered the room and said casually that if anybody cared enough for Hubbard squash to go out to his wagon and tote 'em in, they'd find half a dozen or so that his hogs wouldn't eat. Thereupon Messrs. Stegg and Simmons hastily and joyfully departed.

When they returned, Old Man Dunwoody had laid the paper down and, smiling broadly, was warming his hands.

"Not much of any news in this week," he informed them in a raised voice that had a curious note of exultation. "Speaking of news, I reckon none of you fellers heard ——"

Mammoth squashes thudded and bumped on the floor. No, none of them had heard. They were too interested in Hubbard squashes to hear anything. They were delightedly admiring the kingly vegetables, counting them, putting them to the thumb-nail test—which they withstood more than successfully. Thumb nails! A section of armor plate would have been no more impenetrable. It took an ax wielded with the full force of the stocktender's nervous arm to cut—or, rather, shatter one into irregular fragments. And all during this operation here was poor old Dunwoody vainly bleating about the news he had brought them from Spring Valley.

Certainly he had needed those felt boots, but not badly enough to bluff his protesting wife and undertake this trip at this time for them alone. The boots could have waited a day or two, or a week; but not so with news. News had to be served fresh and piping hot; once allowed to stale, it became a thing of naught, however spicy. Rehashed, it opened no mouths, widened no wondering eyes, thrilled nobody, conferred no brief authority and importance.

Still, Hubbard squash—Black Hills Hubbard squash, mind. One would provoke no controversy, but it must be distinctly understood that here is no reference to the shrunken, flavorless and watery article that seems to be accepted in less-favored sections. One might as well eat sweet potatoes or candied yams as dally with this poor relation of the family.

But you take a foothills Hubbard squash that has been subjected to the proper degree of frost, reduce that magnificent globular flint to fragments with an ax, as aforesaid —or dynamite—bake those fragments in a good oven heated by clean resinless pine or cottonwood—not too fast and not too slowly—remove, puncture the entire surface of the gold-and-brown inch and a quarter thickness of mealy meat, allow melted butter to sink through the holes to hardpan, pepper and salt judiciously—and give me news of that.

Eventually, however, Mr. Dunwoody had a hearing.

"You know Bill Cooney, out by the Crossing?" he began. "Well, you know his daughter Milly, prob'ly—the one Ben Purdy was mashed on so bad. Well, sir, gentlemen, Milly got married yest'dy morning and I'll give you-all three guesses who she got married to. I reckon you won't b'lieve me when I tell you. I didn't skassly b'lieve it myself, although I got it straight from Bill by word of mouth. If ary one of you had come and told me that Spring Creek was a-running backward and dreening the water out of the Mississippi River I'd have b'lieved it a heap easier than if you'd told me what Bill told me; but if you'd have listened to him like I did you'd have known he wasn't a-joking. If I told you what he said in his own words you wouldn't credit it. I'm a pretty tol'able single-handed cusser myself, but Bill made me hang my head in shame. It beats me how he ever learned all of what he spoke, let alone remembering it so's he could reel it right off without a break. I'll tell a man Bill has got the feelings of a parent and the language —— Hey? What's that? Well, you'd never guess, so I reckon I might's well tell you. She married Charlie Ritchie!"

The effect of this disclosure was negligible and must have been a bitter disappointment to the old man.

The stocktender said politely, "You don't say!" Tip Yoakum, with equal courtesy, remarked, "Well, well!" Mr. Stegg, more sympathetic and understanding perhaps, expressed astonishment at greater length and with more feeling: "So they got married, did they? Who'd have thought it! Rooney must have been surprised. . . . Cooney? Sure! I meant to say Cooney. . . . Ritchie, Ritchie—the name sounds familiar."

"Hubbard squashes is what takes the sharp edge off winter for me," said the stocktender, as he closed the oven door. "You done noble, Tip, and we sure appreciate it."

Old Man Dunwoody spoke up, loud and clear: "Charlie Ritchie is John W. Ritchie's boy, and John W. is the one that shot Bill Cooney's steer which had got into his cornfield and had to pay twenty dollars damages and costs, follering onto which, him and Bill got into a rough-and-tumble in the court room and Judge Gardner assessed 'em ten dollars apiece and a day in the cooler to cool off, for contempt. You might say that the two fam'lies hain't been on real good terms sence, and that's the reason why

this here run-off marriage struck me as sort of s'prising—kind of thataway—somewhat. That's the reason why I just happened to mention it."

Almost meekly, in the face of this withering sarcasm, Mr. Stegg asked what there was surprising about the matter.

"Seems like to me that the experience of ages has showed that where the old folks is hostile, the young folks is apt to be the cont'ry, providing they're of opposite sex, suitable or unsuitable age and other things being equal or not, as the case may be. The more hostile the fam'lies is, the more likely they are to get related by marriage against their unanimous wishes, less two members. I don't know the Cooneys, myself, and the Ritchies ain't had the pleasure of my acquaintance as yet; but I'll gamble that if they had let on that an alliance would be agreeable and had steam-rollered the path of true love to all appearances, your friend Bill Cooney wouldn't have had nothing in particular to cuss about."

"That may or may not be, and my opinion is that it ain't," said Mr. Dunwoody, and he proceeded to cite many details illustrating the rancor of the Cooney-Ritchie feud. "I've told you all I know about it now," the old man concluded, "and if you figger that it's a high, first-class recommend to a gel to have your fam'ly do her fam'ly dirt, you're kindly welcome to, but not being a thick-headed dumb fool myself, I was s'prised when Bill told me about Milly."

I reckon you've forgot about the Slyfields and the Tuddinglys—said Mr. Stegg. You remember Jim Tuddingly, don't you, Hank—him that was road overseer of District Number Three when we split off and seceded from Custer County?

No? Well, you do, Tip—and Edmund Slyfield that had a ranch over in Calico Canyon? Why, yes, you do if you think a moment. He come from Tennessee and jumped right in an' organized the Democratic Party in time for the first election—and then hoodooed it by getting out its full stren'th of thirteen to the polls. Long-legged, slab-sided old coot with a curly black beard. Well, I reckon your mem'ry's failing.

Anyway, him and Jim Tuddingly never did exactly, as you might say, harmonize none to speak of, Tuddingly being a blue-bellied Yankee from Ohio as well as a Black Republican, while Slyfield was a clay-eating, slave-driving, unreconstructed rebal and traitor that the franchise hadn't never ought to have been restored to.

Them compliments was passed sort of indirect by mutual friends for quite a while, but right after that first election the two of 'em come together in Fargo's store and Tuddingly made a crack about the Democratic Party in Minnekahta.

"I don't know what we'd have done without it," he says to Slyfield. "I reckon we'd still have been a part of Custer County if it hadn't been for your thirteen votes—and our seven hundred and eighty-five."

"I reckon us Democrats would have done a right smart better if we'd have had a bloody shirt to wave," says Slyfield, making allusions to the fash'nable Republican campaign material. "But s'far's secession went, we come out all right this time, like you say. Kind of disrupted the Union, didn't we? All right to disrupt her if it ain't no money out of your pocket, huh?"

"I'm sure glad you didn't wave no shirt around where I was," Tuddingly says—"if it was your own shirt," he says.

"What we've got is sure our own, come by honest," says Slyfield. "We never stole 'em off other people's clotheslines when the menfolks was away like you hen-roost-robbing damn Yanks done right along."

"You menfolks had a damn good reason for being away when us boys in blue come a-marching down the pike," Tuddingly comes back at him. "You had some mighty important business where we wasn't."

"Like at Bull Run," says Slyfield. "Anyway," says he, "I ain't got no important business on hand right now, so I might as well pass the time by whaling the everlasting tar outen you. Listen to this, you bounty-jumping etcetry, etcetry!"

He give the rebel yell and made a leap. Tuddingly met him in mid-air and they lit busy. Fargo tried to separate 'em and got a biff in the jaw that peeved him to such an extent that he jerked a pick handle out of a bar'l and cracked Tuddingly over the head with it.

Then, not being sure which one had pasted him, he hauled off and give Slyfield a lick on his cabeza with what he judged, in the heat of the moment, was about the same force.

"With malice tords none and charity to all," he says, after he'd dropped the pick handle back in the bar'l. He looked down at the two practic'ly lifeless forms. "Under the sod the blue; under the sod the gray," he says. "I'm getting good and sick of having the late unpleasantness stirred up in this shack and I propose to keep on stopping it. I reckon we'll wash away all unkindness now. Bill, get a wiggle on you and fill up the sprinkling can and bring it back here."

Less'n a month after that, Tuddingly and Sawyer, the

"I Wasn't Expecting to Find a Lady Up Here. You Ain't Lost, are You?"
"I Ain't Even Mislaid," Says the Girl, Looking at Him Straight and Sober

Edmund Slyfield

county surveyor, come along by Slyfield's place with the road gang and a couple of plows and a scraper and made the discovery that the outside angle points of Slyfield's snake fence bulged eight inches over onto the road for about thirty rods. There wasn't no mistake about it. Tuddingly hoped that there was, and Sawyer run the section line twice over to satisfy him.

"Too bad!" says Jim. "Ain't that a shame now! That comes of running lines by guess and by gosh, sooner than pay an honest, hard-working young surveyor a reasonable ten dollars to have 'em run right. Seems a pity to have to tear down all that fence, but it's our duty, sworn and subscribed to."

"Why, you ain't a-going to tear down the fence, are you?" says Sawyer.

"I don't reely see no other way," says Tuddingly. "The law in such cases made and provided says that section lines is to be kept open and free from obstructions and it's my duty as road overseer to see that the law's complied with. We can't lift the road eight inches over, so the fence'll have to come down if it won't push back. Plow to the line and let the rails fall where they will is my motter."

Well, that's what they done—started in at the upper end at a stake Sawyer set, and with Tuddingly holding the plow, let 'er go, Gallagher. Halfway along, Slyfield come out of the house and seen what they was doing, and he bolted back in again like a rabbit into its burrow and came out with his old Sharps. He didn't waste no time to get a close shot, but dropped to one knee and turned loose. Tuddingly had the good luck to turn his head when one of the men yelled, so he only got the lobe of his ear nicked; but the team scared and plunged into the fence and one of the rails flew up and come down on his arm and busted it—compound fracture.

It was one of the most interesting trials I was ever to, account of the argyments that the lawyers put up. If the fence had been straight, there wouldn't have been much to it; but being a snake and ninety-nine and ninety-nine hundredths per cent of it on Slyfield's land, the question was whether the trespassing one hundredth of one per cent justified the wrecking of the balance, which was within its rights, and also how far Slyfield could go to defend them rights without being felonious, not to speak of the construction of the law agin obstructing section lines and the evidence showing that there was malice aforethought on Tuddingly's part. Judge Glissoon told the jury that the assault with a deadly weepon was proved, but there wasn't no proof that there was intent to kill any more than was ness'ry for protection of property, and while the prosecuting witness might have been actuated by a stern sense of duty, he had showed darned little sense of any other sort and no discretion whats'ever. He would therefore dismiss the case and hold the prosecuting witness and the defendant under bonds of five hundred dollars each to keep the peace.

One morning, about four-five years after that, Slyfield was cutting cordwood on the south ridge of the canyon above his house, and stopping once in a while to look up at the sun and wonder when that trifling, no-account gel of his would be along with his lunch. A little before noon, that there trifling gel was climbing the trail up the bluff with corn bread, fried pork, baked beans, apple pie and coffee, all smoking hot from the stove and packed in a big tin pail. She stopped once or twice to look around; not that she was out of breath, but she liked to look across the canyon and take note of the bands and streaks of red and purple and yellow and gray in the big, steep, sandstone wall, and of the big feather beds of white clouds above and the spotted cattle grazing

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PEOPLE AGAINST BROWN

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"IF WHAT you tell me about this woman called Ma Bonn and her confederates is true, inspector," declared the new police commissioner, "my comment is that she could not operate as a receiver of stolen goods, year in and year out, without connivance on the part of the police. It's conclusive evidence to me that there's corruption in the force."

"Why, you only have to read the newspapers to learn that," said Inspector Conlin, leveling his small black eyes at his official superior. "The police always have been called a gang of grafters. Take that from whence it comes—you've been in the department six days and I've been in it thirty-two years. Did I ever tell you how I was made a captain?"

"Very interesting, I'm sure," said the commissioner politely.

"I was made by corruption. I bought my step. Yes, sir, I paid ten thousand dollars for it."

"Pardon me!"

"That was back in the days of the old police board. The board's secretary was a fly gent named Jerry Grannett, and he was the go-between. Everybody knew he had to be seen if a policeman wanted promotion; in fact, he advertised it himself, explaining that he had to hand the boodle up. His price for a captaincy was ten thousand dollars. I borrowed ten thousand dollars and gave it to him to hand up to Commissioner Vorhaus whose turn it was to make a captain."

"You're quite frank, Conlin."

"In due course Vorhaus sent for me and I went to headquarters. Grannett was sitting in the room and tipping me the wink. Vorhaus said to me: 'I've heard talk about men buying their steps, and I want you to know if anybody has extorted a penny from you, you've been swindled. Tell me, as man to man, have you paid anybody anything?' Well, everybody knew that that was Vorhaus' way of covering himself and that the wise answer was 'No.' But I was simple-minded enough to say 'Yes! I paid Grannett here ten thousand dollars—for you.' And then I went over and took Grannett by the throat and threw him to the floor like a dog.

"Vorhaus was my friend for life. Grannett went to Sing Sing. I got my ten thousand dollars back and was made just the same. If I hadn't bought my step I'd be a sergeant yet. It was in all the newspapers."

"Oh, I don't doubt that you rose solely on your merits, inspector. My point is ——"

"Judge for yourself, commissioner. I was made a roundsman for finding the Dalmatian pup of a big politician. The corrupt influence of politics, commissioner. I was made a sergeant for a brutal assault on a citizen—one of those clubbing cases you read about, commissioner. I came up behind this citizen on Water Street and never gave him a chance to pass me even a cross word; I leveled him with a blow, and nearly killed him there on the sidewalk, with people around begging for his life. That was Con Haggerty the box man; he's in Byrnes' book. He was looking for me. I was put on trial for that, and fined five days—and made a sergeant."

"Excellent," said the commissioner, laughing affably. "But I am sure that we understand each other, inspector. I shall take it, if you will have it, that your rise was a fraud on worthier officers, but now that you are the commanding officer of the detective bureau, you can hold your place only by demonstrating merit."

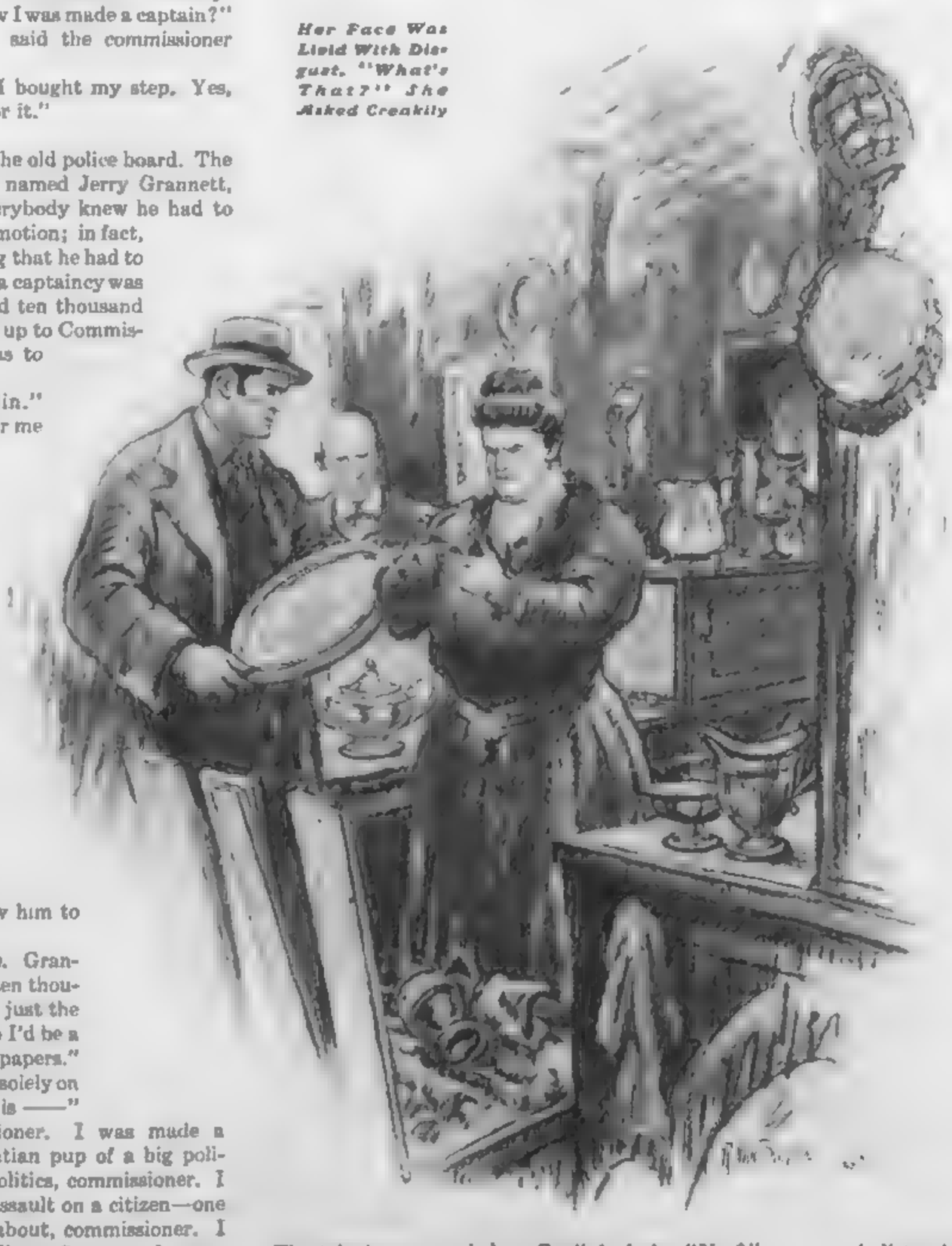
"What's that?" growled Conlin aggressively.

"I was waited on yesterday by a committee from the Merchants' Association, headed by Mr. Horton of the Horton Silver Company. They are very tired of being plundered with impunity by dishonest employes."

"And they want the employes arrested and sent up, eh? A fat lot of good that will do. The average gun is only a mutt. There are people back of him who find him jobs, and then take the loot off him when he runs to them for protection—people like Ma Bonn, professional bondsmen like Fat Ben Finkel, lawyers such as Little Amby down on Centre Street. Commissioner, I'll wait on Mr. Horton, and see if he's game enough to sink his own interest in order to get the real crooks right."

"I don't assume to dictate methods to you," said the commissioner, withdrawing. "I want results. I am sure we understand each other."

Her Face Was Livid With Disgust. "What's That?" She Asked Creakily



The telephone sounded on Conlin's desk. "Yes?"

"O'Donovan. I'm in the cigar store on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Broadway. I've got a piece of that Horton Company silver."

"Yes?"

"In Geisreiter's pawnshop on Old Broadway."

"Yes?"

"It's a silver creamer. The party that hocked it asked Geisreiter what he'd give him on a six-piece set, and Geisreiter thought something was wrong, so he made a date with the party to come back this morning. I came up to identify him, but I didn't know him, and I followed him to a flat down the street here. A man from the local precinct is watching in the hall there, and Layden is here with me. The fellow put the creamer in under the name of Abbott."

"Excellent, O'Donovan. It looks like you have the plant." Conlin glanced aside at his desk and noted that he could spare time. "I'll be right up. Leave Layden and shoot back to your job."

In his smart gray fall coat and soft gray hat, he looked like an elderly contractor as he stepped into the runabout that awaited him in Grand Street—a contractor who had been a journeyman, perhaps a hard-fisted ironworker. Long exposure to wind and weather was indicated by the wrinkles about his sunken black eyes and by the settled droop of his bushy black eyebrows. He had the aggressive and confident manner of a man who thanks himself for his success.

The detective sergeant who was his driver swung the car into Lafayette Street, ignored an adverse traffic signal with a nod for the traffic officer, and sent the car northward. In hardly more than fifteen minutes Conlin was taking the report of Detective Layden in the cigar store.

"That's the house down there on Old Broadway," said Layden, pointing through the window at a tenement street that began at the other side of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and wandered northward. "Nothing stirring. O'Donovan was here just now. He's gone back."

"Let's go," said Conlin.

As they crossed One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, they were passed by a blond girl smartly attired in a frock of wool crêpe, light green, with large tan buttons of bone down the front to the belt of tan leather. The precise observation, even to the champagne stockings, was taken by Layden, whose mind, because of his youth and sound health, was inclined to wander. She was tall and large, and carried herself magnificently, disdaining to stoop, but her blue eyes were troubled.

Layden said, "She's been waiting over there in that drug-store window, and now she's going home mad." He threw a look back and saw her enter the Subway station.

"Top floor," he said as they approached the old three-story tenement in which their quarry had gone to earth. Conlin sent the detective from the local precinct to the fire escape in the rear yard and then mounted the wooden stairs with his driver and Detective Layden.

"They're having a growl," said Conlin as they halted in the stair hall beneath the broken skylight. Brawling noises came to them. He tried the door, and then knocked lightly on it, while his companions flattened themselves against a wall. The altercation within ceased, but no one came to the door. Thereupon Conlin drew his revolver and began to hammer the door, spacing his strokes like a carpenter.

"What do you think you're doing?" asked a voice.

"Dispossess," said Conlin curtly. "Nailing it on the door. And don't you touch it or I'll pull you inside out." He hammered.

"Is that so?" said the voice. Bolts and chains rattled. The door opened and a thick-set rough swaggered out.

"Police department," announced Conlin, shoving the muzzle of the gun into the rough's midriff. "Take him, Layden." He hurried into the flat with his driver.

A dirty old woman was in the combination kitchen and living room. "The police, is it?" she screamed defiantly. "I don't give a curse for the police. I'm an old lady, and you can't do nothing to me. I'm over seventy year, and if you put me in jail I'll get out again. I will, and in twenty-four hours."

"What's your name?"

"Gannon it is, and none of your business, but you could ask the landlord. I'm not frightened of you."

"Who's the lad outside?"

"'Tis me boy. Him you could have and welcome, the cur—to hit the mother that reared him. Go on, put me in jail. I'm an old lady over seventy year, and I'll be out tomorrow."

"Here's the stuff!" shouted the driver from a bedroom. "The seven sets, and still in the Horton Company wrappers!"

"I know nothing about it, but that a man asked me to mind it for him," said the old woman. "'Mrs. Gannon,' said he, 'it's an honest woman you are, I've heard tell, and I'm trusting you though you don't know me from Adam, and never saw me before or since.' Go on, put me in jail. I'll get out again."

"She's got a pull," grinned the driver, coming into the room. He looked hard at her. "Inspector, did the fellow outside say his name was Abbott? Is that the name he gave the pawnbroker?"

"It's Gannon and not Abbott!" cried the old woman. "The boy lies! Cur that he is, to rob his own mother for drink money and his own brother rotting in jail this day."

"Exactly," said the driver. "This is Owney Abbott's mother, inspector. He's that stick-up man that was put away last year."

"You lie," said the old woman.

"Well, Mrs. Abbott," said Conlin, "we'll take your word for it that we can't put you in jail, and you better take mine that I'll keep Owney there for the rest of his life."

"The boy had no part in this."

"I know that. He was in the pen when this job was done. But I can put this thing on him and make it stick; he'll never get by the parole board. Come clean with me! I know you're only a holdout. You did your best for your principal, but the apple cart was tipped by the boy outside who wanted to touch money. I'll even believe he had no part of the job; only a greenhorn would take that stuff to a pawnshop. Come now; speak up."

"I will that and welcome, if 'twill do me boy Owney good," whined the old woman, "for no part in it did the boy have. The stuff was give me to hold by a lad that works in the Horton Silver Company and that knew Owney from hanging out on the corner."

II

INSPECTOR CONLIN entered the Horton Silver Company's great store on Fifth Avenue in the upper Forties. He repulsed half a dozen handsome sales clerks who tried to make themselves agreeable, climbed an artistic stair to the brass-bound mezzanine, and sent in his card to the head of the firm. He was received at once.

Mr. Elisha T. Horton himself—a bald-headed man with fully opened and steady eyes and with less manner than any of his floor clerks—opened the door, saying, "My dear inspector."

Conlin took off his soft hat, exposing a skull equally bare—the skull of a jailbird, whereon what remained to him of hair had gone under the clippers.

The interview was strictly private. After fifteen minutes Mr. Horton opened his door again and said to his secretary:

"Have Donofrio and Brown, the stock clerks, sent to me at once, please."

He went to the oval library table which was his desk, sat on it with one leg, and stared at the antique Ghiordes carpet under his other foot. Inspector Conlin stood in the shadow of velour and tapestry portières and looked into bustling, noisy and odoriferous Fifth Avenue.

"This is Inspector Conlin of the police department," said Mr. Horton when his clerks had come.

Harry Brown nodded uncertainly toward the window, being evidently unsure whether Mr. Horton's statement was an introduction or was merely matter of description. Donofrio walked to Conlin, took his hand with a bright smile and bowed over it deeply.

"Sit down, gentlemen," said Mr. Horton.

He looked at them in sober silence, finding difficulty in formulating what was in his mind. Harry Brown lay back in his chair, crossing his legs; Donofrio sat upright, with both feet on the floor, his big hands grasping the arms of the chair; a slight and artificial smile, a grimace of politeness, was on his dark face. Like his name, his mop of black curls and his dark eyes indicated a Latin origin, but his build was heavy and athletic, with not more than a hint of Latin sleekness.

"You are both aware," said Mr. Horton, "that we have had some heavy and unexplained losses of late. We have lost goods to the amount of over ten thousand dollars. Our last inventory charges these goods to the stock room, and they are not there."

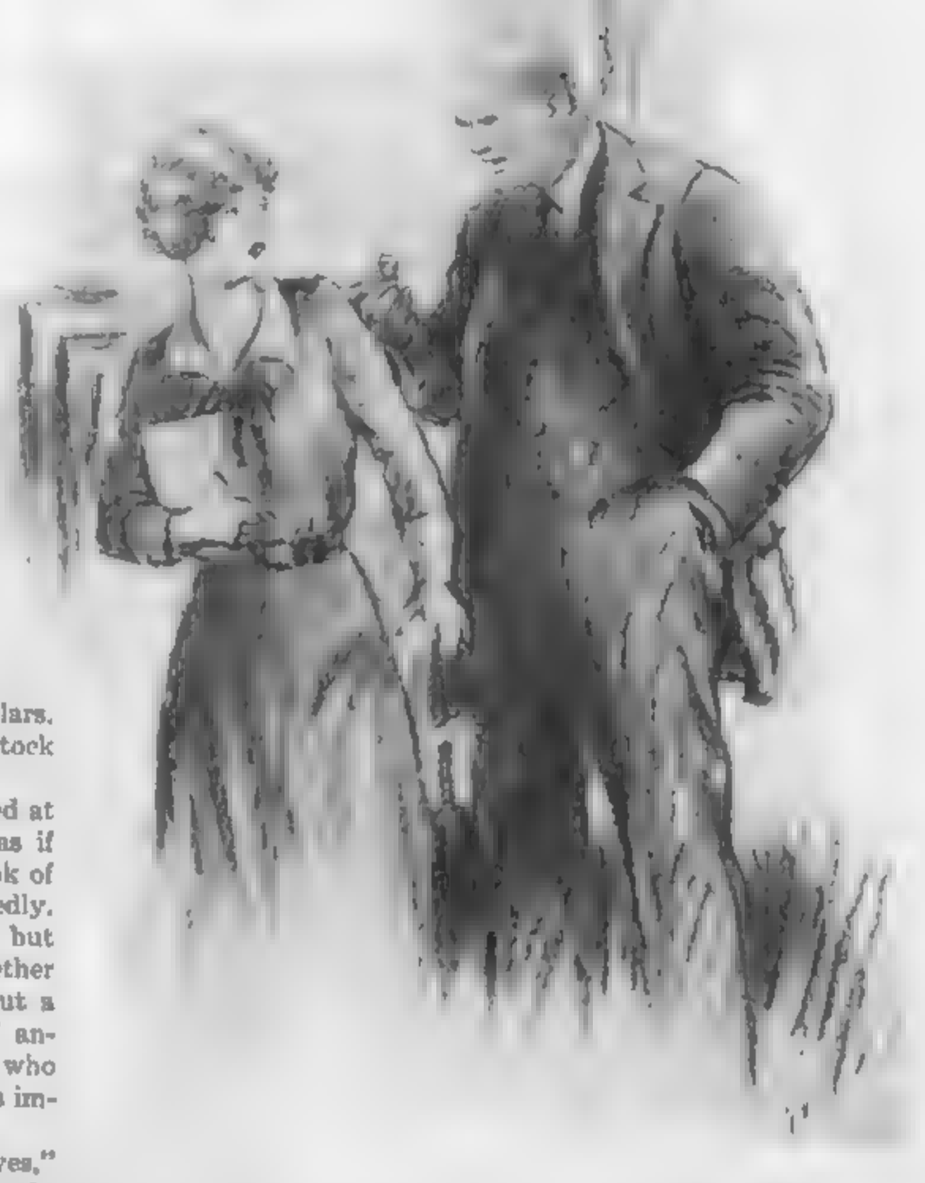
Harry Brown moved in his chair and looked at the immobile Donofrio, not accusingly but as if asking support. His blue eyes took on a look of pleading; his lips pursed themselves aggrievedly. He was about the same age as his companion, but had not the latter's poise. He was altogether weaker, more suggestible, of no initiative, but a good subordinate, an excellent conductor of another's electricity. Sitting beside Donofrio, who had about him an indefinable grimness, he was immature, juvenile.

"It is patent that we have dishonest employes," continued Mr. Horton. "We have not a monopoly of them, by any means; most members of the Retail Merchants' Association report constant and increasing losses. The association is going to stop this sort of thing—is going right to the source of the thieving to apply a drastic remedy."

He had addressed himself more to Donofrio than to Brown. The former said "Ah, yes." And his faint smile became broader and even felicitating.

"We have decided to put the real criminals off their guard and lead them to betray themselves, by disposing of this matter in the routine way. We shall arrest an employe and hand him over to apparent punishment. That employe, needless to say, will be our ally and will have eventual cause to congratulate himself on his sacrifice. Now, gentlemen, you have complete control of the stock room from which these goods are missing. It is our idea to put one of you under arrest."

"You're Trying to Cover This Donofrio Because You're in Love With Him"



Donofrio started; his smile vanished. "You would arrest me, sir?"

Harry Brown's round face reddened. He glanced for assurance at Donofrio and blurted, "I certainly don't - "

"A moment," said Mr. Horton. "We are working in this matter with the Merchants' Association, all of whose members will be apprised of the circumstances under which you were taken into custody. By helping them to break up the criminal gang that is back of these thefts, you will have done them a great service, and one that will be amply paid for. You will be under the direction of the inspector here; you will be required to assume an appearance of guilt and to embark on negotiations to sell the stolen goods. Having completed your delicate and difficult mission, you will be discharged with the thanks of the merchants of New York, with public exoneration for what you have done at their request, with complete absolution for everything you have done from the beginning. Assemble the factors in your mind. I neither threaten you nor beg you. Consider your own good, present and future."

"Sir," said Donofrio, rising abruptly to his

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"Now, Gentlemen, You Have Complete Control of the Stock Room From Which These Goods are Missing. It is Our Idea to Put One of You Under Arrest"

THE LAST JOURNEY ABROAD OF THE LAST CZAR OF RUSSIA

By Princess Marthe Bibesco

ON THE fourteenth of June, 1914, I witnessed the arrival in Constantza of the Czar Nicholas II and his whole family, who were then seen for the last time traveling in state out of their country. A few weeks afterward Russia was thrown into the big war; from the war she plunged into revolution, and Nicholas II, his wife, his four daughters and his little son were never to be seen again. If only love, which can work miracles, had touched the hearts of two of the young people who met that day in Constantza, a life might have been spared and two human beings would perhaps have escaped their heavy fate.

I am not telling now the story of what has happened, but of what was planned and did not happen.

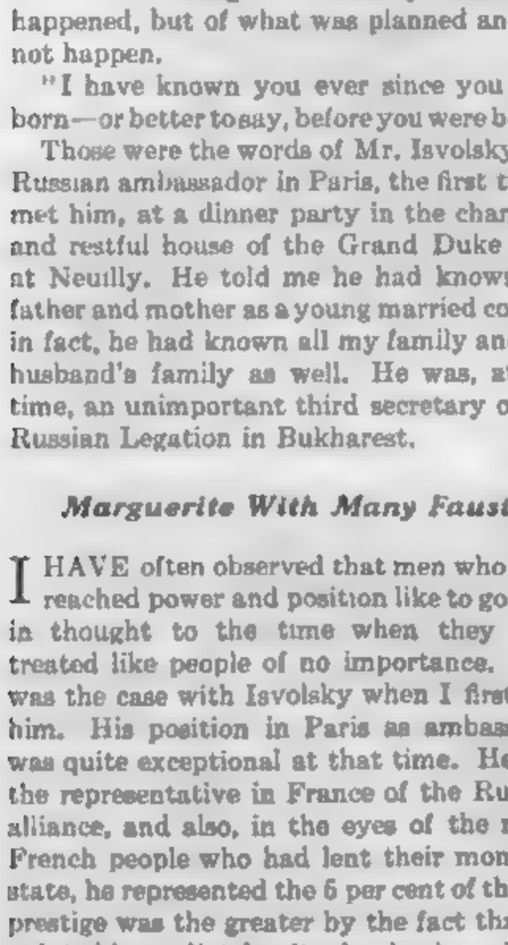
"I have known you ever since you were born—or better to say, before you were born."

Those were the words of Mr. Isvolsky, the Russian ambassador in Paris, the first time I met him, at a dinner party in the charming and restful house of the Grand Duke Paul at Neuilly. He told me he had known my father and mother as a young married couple; in fact, he had known all my family and my husband's family as well. He was, at the time, an unimportant third secretary of the Russian Legation in Bukharest.

Marguerite With Many Fausts

I HAVE often observed that men who have reached power and position like to go back in thought to the time when they were treated like people of no importance. This was the case with Isvolsky when I first met him. His position in Paris as ambassador was quite exceptional at that time. He was the representative in France of the Russian alliance, and also, in the eyes of the many French people who had lent their money to the Russian state, he represented the 6 per cent of the French loan. His prestige was the greater by the fact that he had been appointed immediately after having been Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it was said that his friend and successor, Sazonov, would support in the Foreign Office the same policy that he himself would continue in France.

As our conversation went on I soon discovered the sentimental motives which made him spend his evening talking of a time so far away for me, which had even preceded my birth.



The Czarevitch

Once before, during a journey in Persia, another diplomat, the minister of England at Teheran, had talked to me of his old days in Bukharest with some emotion in his voice, just as Isvolsky did. He, too, had described the fancy-dress balls given by my father-in-law and mother-in-law, Prince and Princess George Bibesco. Those balls had been famous. All the people who had taken part in them raved of them long afterward. I heard my parents talking about their splendor. They had been celebrated by the extraordinary beauty of a young girl, Princess Jeanne de Bauffremont, one of my mother-in-law's elder daughters.

The Royal Palace at St. Petersburg. In Oval—The Empress of Russia

For a whole generation of men, including my uncles, the English minister at Teheran, Isvolsky and probably many others, Jeanne de Bauffremont had incarnated the whole of the world's poetry. She had once appeared dressed as Goethe's Marguerite and they all at once were Faust.

Photographs of her in this costume were seen in the albums of the family, and ever since I could remember I had heard them praised and admired.

In regard to Jeanne de Bauffremont—who much later became my sister-in-law—I had been brought up in wonderment of her, like those children whose parents had seen the comet. Her image had inspired a poem in one of my uncles, who, like Isvolsky, later on had become Minister of Foreign Affairs in his country.

This poem, celebrating the beauty of Jeanne on a spring day in the springtime of her life, was written under her name in the house book of the family at my father's country place. At the time when I write these lines the house has been ransacked in war, the house book has been burned by soldiers, and my Uncle Alexander, who wrote the poem, has been dead many years. Isvolsky, who told me he still remembered the verses written by his friend, also is dead. I alone know this poem still by heart and I remain the only witness of those long memories inspired by vanished beauty to men of another generation.

A little time after the dinner party in Grand Duke Paul's house Isvolsky came to see me. A few days afterward he came again and soon we became quite friends. I was interested in politics. I knew by name or sight all the men who were ruling in Europe, as children whose fathers have racing stables know the names of the race horses. All my life I had heard discussions on foreign affairs, treaties, alliances, balance of power, peace conferences. The European chessboard and all its chessmen were known to me since my early days. My two uncles and my father had been successively in office, and the difficulties between the great Russian Empire and its small neighbor, Rumania, had been a topic in the house as long as I could remember.

From my father I had learned how hard the Rumanians had to fight in 1877 at Plevna to save the Russian Army. He had taken part in this war as a private soldier and won the Cross of St. George, the highest Russian reward for prowess on the battlefield.

A Diplomat Without Diplomacy

I HAD heard the Peace Treaty of Berlin, which followed, severely discussed, and the black ingratitude of Russia in taking away Bessarabia from her small ally had often made me feel indignant. This question of Bessarabia I had known at an age when little girls are solely concerned with what happens to their dolls.

Anecdotes about an official journey which my Uncle Alexander made in Russia had amused the schoolroom. He hated music and had no ear for it whatever. During a banquet given for him at the Russian court he had missed the moment, when the orchestra had started the Rumanian hymn, to get up and make his speech as he should have done. Involved in a conversation with his neighbor, he had given no sign of understanding, and it was only on finding the eyes of the whole table fixed on him that he realized what air the band was playing. He had not recognized the tune.

This diplomatic incident, which made us laugh for so long, happened at a time when the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Rumania was trying to create friendly feelings in Russia for our country. His visit preceded that of his sovereign, King Carol. What happened during this second visit we were not informed of; in the schoolroom we only knew that it had never been returned by the Czar. The relations between Rumania and Russia during those years had been sometimes better, sometimes worse, but never really good. Disagreeable incidents sprang up unexpectedly at the frontier of Bessarabia and specially on the Danube. Fishermen's boats navigated where they had no right. Every futile pretext was good enough to reveal now and then latent bad feeling from one government to the other.

I remember when I was about ten or eleven years old my Uncle Alexander coming to see my father in the country and reading to him the dispatch he was sending to our minister in St. Petersburg. He had taken a firm tone and it needed some courage, coming from the minister of a small power like Rumania, addressing the government of the powerful empire then called the Big Bear. I remember my uncle characterizing his action by a famous French line of Victor Hugo: "*J'ai dit à l'Empereur que je lui tiendrai tête*"—I have told the Emperor that I'll resist his will.

This proud reply—mostly the quotation—made me think that my Uncle Alexander was a great man. Later it was the turn of my Uncle Jacques to resist Russia during the time he was in office as Foreign Secretary of State. It was not the Emperor's will he had then to fight, but the sailors of the imperial fleet, in open revolt. Times had already changed. The clouds were gathering.

The warship Potemekin had entered Rumanian waters after having wandered some time in the Black Sea. Its rebel crew were feeling the pangs of hunger. Those unwished-for visitors asked for food. The guns of the ship were trained on the harbor and the large granaries of Constantza. The small cannon of our little ships could not have reached the Potemekin in case they had opened fire.

The Czarina

Uncle Jacques did not lose his self-control and he made the Rumanian authorities keep theirs. His orders were precise and daring. The crew surrendered to the Rumanian officials sent on board. They gave up their small arms and their guns and left the ship in charge of the Rumanian sailors, after having received the promise that they would be allowed to disembark and remain in the country undisturbed. The Rumanian flag was hoisted on the Potemekin and Rumania possessed for the first time a dreadnaught. The Minister of Foreign Affairs telegraphed to the authorities at St. Petersburg that he was holding the warship Potemekin at the disposal of the imperial government.

In our family circle, Uncle Jacques spoke thus: "I have told Russia 'Here is your lost ship. You may take it back, but don't be so careless another time.'"

All those remembrances of my girlhood came back to me when talking with Mr. Isvolsky. When he spoke to me of better relations between Russia and Rumania I knew well what he was talking about. The old tunes were still in my ears.

During that winter in Paris my friends teased me when they saw Mr. Isvolsky coming to sit by me at a ball and by his talk preventing me from dancing like the young people of my age. The worldly circles in Paris have long been kept away from state affairs. My husband, who prefers sport—in which he excels—to politics, laughed at my long conversations with this old diplomat. Isvolsky had been attracted toward me by the recollections my name brought to him, and when he talked politics I was carried back to my childhood.

Pointing the Way to Harmony

THE year 1913 had seen the end of the Balkan War, which was settled by the Treaty of Bukharest. In the month of September I left Rumania for France and England. I then made a visit to Courance, the country residence of a friend in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau. The day following my arrival Mr. Isvolsky came to luncheon. We promenaded in the afternoon all along the beautiful and famous ornamental waters of Courance, which, unlike those of Versailles, are made of running water and teem with trout. The sun was shining brightly on the golden leaves of the magnificent plane trees of the avenue. At the end of a long perspective there is an old mossy stone bench to which one arrives by a series of stone steps, also covered with moss.

It was while we sat on this bench overlooking the beautiful gardens of Courance that Mr. Isvolsky confided to me his cherished scheme. Rumania had to seek closer relations with Russia. The recent Balkan peace would not last long; in any case it had proved where Rumania's support lay. I had seen this peace made—the intrigues of Austria—and I could well understand what he meant.

He said something ought to be done to efface the bad impression left by King Carol's unreturned visit to the Russian court. A visit of the Emperor to Bukharest seemed difficult to obtain, but a less formal meeting might be arranged. The Russian imperial family used to go every spring for a few weeks' rest in Crimea, on the shores of the Black Sea. The two reigning families might meet somewhere at sea on their yachts and—who knows?—there might result a marriage. Prince Carol—was he not of an age to look for a wife? Of the four daughters of the Czar, two were old enough for him. There was the Grand Duchess Olga, then eighteen and a half years old, and the Grand Duchess Tatiana.

I remember acutely the beauty of lines of Courance *jardins à la Française* in the soft autumn light, the murmurs of the rippling waters against the stone ledges, the golden plane trees, while the ambassador repeated as if he answered his own thoughts: "An alliance? A marriage? Why not? Speak of it when you go back to your country, will you?"

This conversation took place in autumn. Isvolsky's scheme seemed to develop rapidly during the winter that followed. The newspapers announced, about the month of February, 1914, a journey to St. Petersburg of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Rumania. They were the bearers of King Carol's invitation to the Czar. The ambassador's hint had reached the proportions of a murmured secret. While in Paris I heard that the scheme of marriage had been discussed at the Russian court, but the answer of the parents had been that of a father and a mother considering the domestic happiness of their daughter as the first of their duties.

The family life of the Emperor and Empress was known as a model of true love all through Europe. Those autocrats were leading the simple life of a proper middle-class virtuous couple inside their palace. Nicholas and his wife had enjoyed the blessings of a happy union and they adored their five children.

The journey to St. Petersburg of the Crown Prince Ferdinand and his wife—later to become Queen Marie—had had one good result already. The Czar and the Czarina had firmly promised to return the visit of King Carol in the following spring. In May I heard where and when the visit would take place. The Russian sovereigns would arrive by sea. This would give them the pretext of bringing all their family—their four daughters and their little son, the czarevitch. The royal family of Rumania would receive them at Constantza, the Rumanian port on the Black Sea, where the meeting between the sovereigns, and the even more interesting meeting of the young people, could take place far away from the noise, indiscretions and fatigues of a regal reception in a capital. Mr. Sazonov alone, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, would go to Bukharest to meet the Rumanian chiefs of government, giving to the family meeting in Constantza a political significance.

Isvolsky's idea had made progress since that autumn day when he had lightly touched on the subject in the park of Courance, on the mossy stone bench looking over the golden perspective. But notwithstanding the wishes of statesmen, Prince Carol could have no chance of marrying one of the Czar's daughters unless he should make himself beloved by her. The four young grand duchesses had been brought up as simply as common girls in the thought that they could follow their hearts' desire. This did not facilitate Isvolsky's plan. Carol was not exactly the type of young man who could appeal much to the imagination of young girls. But—who could tell?

The Czarina and the Grand Duchesses, Olga, Tatiana, Marie and Anastasia

Anxious Days for the Government

I WAS leaning on the railing of the yacht Carolus Primus, looking at the sea in the early morning of that day, the fourteenth of June, 1914. Monsieur Jean Guillemin, French delegate of the European Commission on the Danube, was our host on board. He had seen more than one reception of the Czar. He could tell many details of the life at the Russian court. He was the brother of the Marquise de Montebello, whose husband had been the famous French ambassador, maker of the alliance; and the Czar was the godfather of his little nephew, Nicolas de Montebello. He could give good advice and tell about previous problems of etiquette happily solved.

During the days of preparation I had the feeling of an onlooker behind the scenes. Without leaving the Carolus Primus, we received many friends and relatives, members of the government then in office. They came on board to find rest from their many worries and also to tell us about them.

It was not a small affair for a foreign government to receive the Czar and his family and be responsible for their seven lives in a seaport where the rebel sailors of the Potemekin had landed and remained. One of our friends, then the minister in whose hands the policing of the town had been put, told me he had remained sleepless for the last three nights.

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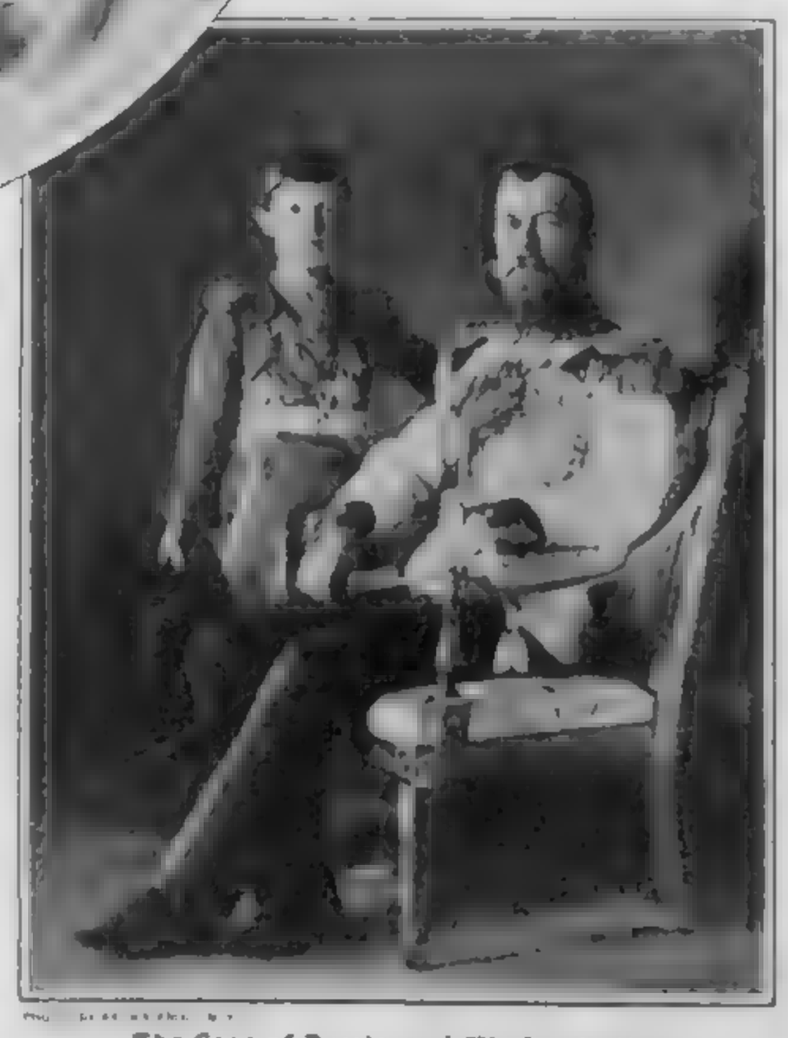

The Czar of Russia and His Son in 1913

YOUNG POISON

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"If You'll Act Like a Gen'leman for a Minute, I'll See if He Wants to Meet You," She Informed Him

THERE was some confusion on the eve of young Mr. Lemuel Davis' contemplated elopement with Miss Theresa McKee. In fact there was a great deal of confusion. At one time it reached the point where he couldn't quite make out whether he was supposed to be approaching an elopement or fight night at Madison Square Garden. Nor, at the moment, could he bring himself to care.

"This," he reflected bitterly at the height of the disturbance, "is what a man gets for falling in love with a girl whose family lives on Tenth Avenue."

That may not mean to everybody what it did to Lem Davis. He'd had to cross Tenth Avenue twice a day for three years, to and from the Maxwell Packing Company, for which he worked. Tenth Avenue was where the Hudson Dusters had once ranged, banging innocent pedestrians on the head with gas pipes wrapped in newspapers, and there were times when Lem could not see that conditions had improved notably since those days. Bold, idle young men still lounged in doorways and on corners and made gross remarks to passers-by. There was still, to Lem, an atmosphere of hammers on the head and fists on the chin in Tenth Avenue. It certainly was not, he felt, any place for him.

His luck it was then to fall in love with a young woman who lived there, who apparently saw nothing out of the way about young men standing on corners and shouting remarks at passers-by, and who, in fact, had a brother who was frequently a member of these reprehensible groups. His name was Max, and Lem met him, in a way of speaking, the first evening he took Tessie home from Dreamland Dance Hall.

This brother sat in the shadowy gaslit parlor with his hat on, and when Tess and Lem entered he was absorbed with a hangnail.

"Who," he demanded without preliminaries, "is this guy?"

"Say"—his sister spoke angrily—"can't you try and be a little polite for once in your life?"

"Where'd you get him?"

"If you'll act like a gen'leman for a minute, I'll see if he wants to meet you," she informed him.

Max rejected the opportunity indifferently. "You can't sit in here with him," he said. "I got some friends coming up and maybe they wouldn't like him." He returned to biting his hangnail.

"Take the room," Tessie informed him, "and I hope it chokes you. Come on, kiddo." She led the cold Mr. Davis out again into the hall, into the vestibule. And not only was Mr. Davis cold but also and at the same time he was hot, which was about the most disturbing combination of temperatures he could attain.

"You had a good right to clip him one on the button," she said sullenly.

"Clip him one!" Lem repeated in some dismay. "You mean—slip him one on the button?"

"You certainly had a right to," she said. "He's got no leave to talk like that to a friend of mine."

"But—but he's your brother," he stammered.

She looked up at him with sudden pleased interest. "Does that make any difference to you, really?" she asked. "I mean, because he's my brother you wouldn't start anything?"

He accepted the noble explanation gratefully. "Why, Tessie, I—I couldn't strike your brother—that is, clip him one on the button. Why—why, he's—he's your brother, don't you see?"

"You're a great one, you are," she said thoughtfully, taking his hand in hers.

Lem shifted his weight from one foot to the other a couple of times, put his free hand in his coat pocket once and then took it out, and presently he offered further explanation.

"You know," he ventured—"you know, it isn't that I'm—that I'm scared, as you might say. You know, it isn't that. Fact is I used to be—that is, when I was in school they called me—they called me Young Poison. Young Poison Davis, that's what they called me at school. Everybody—that is, nearly everybody—called me Young Poison—Young Poison Davis."

"No kid!" She regarded him with new admiration. "What a swell name! We used to have a guy come up here, friend of Max's, they used to call Slitter. They said he slit a man's throat once. He never looked like to me he had the guts, but maybe he did. That's a name, too, isn't it?"

"Yes," Lem agreed hollowly. It was, indeed, a name—one that certainly removed the bottom from an anæmic effort like Young Poison. "Pretty tough?" he forced himself to ask casually.

"They said he was, but Max claims he give him a swell lacing one night—sent him to Bellevue to be sewed up. But I think that's swell about they called you Young Poison, kiddo. How'd you get it?"

"Well, a little scrap or two, I reckon. Just a little scrap or two. They oughtn't to've called me that."

She studied him closely. "You know," she said, as though it had just occurred to her, "I bet you have got a wallop, at that. You're kind of skinny, but I got a idea you got a wallop. I don't know why, but I got a idea you got a wallop."

"Yes," he agreed, without conviction, "I reckon I have." He deeply deplored the trend of conversation, but could think of no means of diverting it.

"Me," she explained—"I like a guy with a wallop. I don't mean one of these eggs that's always scrapping. What I mean, I like a guy that's got a wallop when he needs it."

"That's right."

He returned to the two furnished rooms he shared with Ed Murray in a frame of mind utterly incompatible with the character of the evening's events. He was a man who'd at last found the girl he wanted—and he trudged slowly up his stairs with Tenth Avenue in his thoughts; Tenth Avenue, with its lead pipes and coarse remarks, with its Maxes, with its depressing effect on its young ladies' tastes. He was a man who'd reached the glorious goal—and he let himself down into a morris chair with a long, ghoulish sigh.

"Well?" said Ed.

Lem stared at the ceiling. Then: "Ed," he said, "that's no ordinary girl."

"No?" queried Ed, who knew his women and admitted it.

"No," Lem said, and was silent. Ed was no person with whom to discuss Theresa McKee; he wouldn't understand.

"Where'd she live?"

"Tenth Avenue," he answered gloomily.

"Your luck!" Ed confessed philosophically. "Mine lived in Brooklyn. I had to go way out to Brooklyn to take her home. That's the trouble with dancing with girls

people introduce you to, and they don't tell you first where they live. I had to go way out to Bay Ridge in Brooklyn—and all you had to do was take yours right over to Tenth Avenue. You certainly get the breaks, you do!"

"But maybe you didn't understand," Lem complained. "I said Tenth Avenue—Tenth Avenue, New York."

"I heard what you said; but what do you mean—it ain't aristocratic?"

"I don't care about whether it's aristocratic or not; but just look at the kind of people over there. Tough, I mean. You've seen the way those fellows hang around corners and throw rocks at you and things like that. Why, I ——" He couldn't go on; the very thought of it rendered him panic-stricken.

"Say!" Ed looked at him impatiently, contemptuously. "Don't be a sap. All you got to do is, the first time one of them bozos makes a pass at you, just haul off and belt him one. That'll stop him."

"Yes?" Lem encouraged him in some distress.

"Look, Lem, I don't want to brag or anything. But just let me tell you this: I just wish one of them bums would make a crack at me. You know what I'd do?"

"No! What?"

"Well"—a sudden and unaccustomed modesty seized Mr. Murray—"well, I'll tell you, Lem, maybe I'd lick him and maybe he'd lick me; but before it was over, no matter which one licked, he'd know he'd been in a fight. That's all I got to say. I don't say I'd lick him, but he'd know he hadn't been in any knitting bee or anything like that."

Lem dampened his dry lips. In the back of his mind was more than a shadow of doubt that Ed was as good as his word; but what he said, the way he said it, was wonderful.

If only he could talk like that! It might not mean anything, but it was stirring, manly, courageous.

"Well," he said slowly, "I suppose if one of them said anything personal I'd ——" Then he stopped. He couldn't be dishonest about it. He knew he couldn't fight. He just hadn't the courage, that was all, and no matter what he said, that fact remained. "I can't fight," he concluded morosely.

Ed looked at him unsympathetically. "You can't if you won't. You take me and you—we're about the same size. You know what the difference between us is? You know why it is those other guys in the office give you a tossing around and they ain't got the nerve to try it on me? You know what the reason is?"

"No," Lem replied, though he did.

"The reason is they know if they try to kid me I'll take a punch at 'em. That's me, kid! I'd knock 'em kicking." He became fatherly. "Now look here, Lem, I've not seen any fire eaters around that office. If you was to straighten up when they started something, and say, 'Look, the next time that happens somebody's going to get a nice crack in the jaw,' why, you'd be surprised the way most of them would crawl."

"I know," Lem said bleakly, uncheered by these bellicose remarks: "it'd be just my luck to get one that never crawled to anybody. It'd be just my luck to pick out one that'd knock my block off."

The warlock had no answer for that. So he resorted to generalities.

"Well," he said, "that's the way it is in New York. It's a hard-boiled town. Everybody seems to be ready to fight, or anyways throwing a bluff that they are. And the only way you can get along is throw a bluff yourself. That's the way you got to get along, being ready to take a poke at anybody says he's going to take a poke at you. That's the way it is."

"Yes, that seems to be the way it is," Lem agreed thoughtfully. "It's New York, I reckon."

"That's it—it's New York."

"Well, some may like it that way, but I don't," Lem stated firmly. "And what's more, I don't have to stay here."

Ed looked at him in surprise and bewilderment. "But New York's where the big money is," he reminded him. "If you want big money, you got to get it here in New York. You can't get it in other places."

"I can get something else," Lem said.

"I'm Crazy's a Bat, But I Ain't So Crazy I Can't Throw You Out of That Window"

II

IT WAS a notion that he found sticking to him. He was amazed, once it settled in his mind, that it hadn't occurred to him before. As he told Ed, not without relief, he'd found he wasn't built for New York. It was offering him nothing that he wanted, he explained, and forcing on him a great many things that he very positively didn't want.

"Then what did you come here for?"

"I don't know," Lem confessed uncertainly. "I suppose I got the idea that everybody had to come here sooner or later."

Max's Large Fist Whistled Harmlessly Over His Head

"Well, what're you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to ask for a transfer back to the Riverside branch."

"That won't be easy."

"It'll be easier than staying here in New York. There's only one thing ——"

Ed nodded wisely. "A woman, eh?"

"Tessie."

In the purest sense of the word, it was a courtship, of course, which he was carrying on; but there were times when Lem doubted that it was a courtship that had anything in common with the courtships and romances he could remember in history or fiction. He felt positive that there was never anything in all Romeo's tribulations to be compared with Max. Nothing, he reflected bitterly, was to be compared with Max. Nor could he persuade himself that the matters that fretted Lorenzo and Jessica were, once one thought about them, any more than trivial; after all, Jessica did not live on Tenth Avenue.

His first meeting with Max was not, unfortunately, his last. To his sorrow, Tessie's brother appeared to be turning into a home body. Whereas once he had gloried in standing on street corners and harrying pedestrians, now, it seemed, his pleasure was to remain in the shadowy gaslit parlor, biting at hangnails and waiting to receive his sister and her steady escort, plainly with the object of embarrassing the latter with insulting remarks. They were never directly at Lem; they were made to Tessie, as though he were not present.

"Still running around with this lily, eh?" he greeted her casually. "What's the matter with some regular guy? What're you gonna do—spend your life running around with this sap?"

This night and that, Tessie led him out by the hand to the vestibule, New York's courting place, and looked up at him.

"It's a wonder you don't lose your temper and take a poke at him. You certainly got a lot of will power, the way you let him talk like that. Most guys would take a swing and knock him clean over into Pier A."

"I don't know," he mumbled.

"You're just a sweet guy, I suppose. You're nice and he ain't. You're a gentleman and he's a bum. I like you, Lem. You're sweet. You're sweeter'n hell. You like me, too, don't you!" It was a statement, not a question.

"You know I do, Tess. I love you."

"Sweet kiddo!"

But that wasn't all there was to the courtship; that much he could have stood. As long as Tessie interpreted his pacifism as a manifestation of his love for

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A SAGA OF THE SEA

For More Than Three Hours the Battle Had Continued, in a Vast Confusion Long Ago Beyond the Control of the Leaders

Cleopatra at Actium

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

MARCUS ANTONIUS, Autocrator, ruler of the eastern moiety of the Roman world, rode through the acclamations of his legionaries in the great camp upon the promontory of Actium, dismounted at the splendid pavilion where dwelt Cleopatra the queen. The guards made way for his imposingly burly figure—was not Hercules the ancestor he claimed?—saluted with a clash of shields. He passed between them, his once jovially handsome face aged and haggard under his great crested helmet, entered the huge tent lighted by white translucent strips amid the draped purple and gold. The crowd of diversely Oriental attendants, men and women, ceased their clustered whisperings, turned and abased themselves in a hushed unanimity of awed respect. He heeded them not. With a heavy step, awaiting no announcement, he strode straight to the figured hangings partitioning off an inner apartment of the pavilion, pushed them aside, went through.

Before him, half reclining on a divan piled with cushions, fan bearers and women slaves about her, was the queen. He made an impatiently imperative gesture. The fan bearers and the women vanished. Husband and wife were alone.

Heavily he seated himself on a vacated stool, threw off the richly embroidered purple cloak that had covered his gilded cuirass, removed his ponderous helmet. Thus completely revealed, his face was ghastly. The queen glanced at him, a slight frown on the brows encircled by the gem-sparkling Pharaonic uræus-snake diadem—a sudden alertness in the still magnificently large and lustrous eyes. The frown cleared to a quiet smile.

"My lord is troubled?" she asked. Peculiarly musical was her voice.

He looked up. "Now threaten the senators also to desert to Octavianus!" he said harshly. "They had the insolence to send me a delegation—either fight or make peace! This shilly-shally idling here has ruined us! A little more of it and we shall have neither army nor fleet!" He glared at her as though she were personally responsible. "One after the other they are going. First Domitius Ahenobarbus; then that accursed king of Paphlagonia; now the senators!"

Again the queen frowned. Intensely she hated—and they in full reciprocated that hatred—those four hundred Roman senators who a year before, when war between the two jealous partitioners of the Roman Empire had become clearly inevitable, had joined Antonius in Ephesus.

"And if they go?" she asked again, a touch of contempt in her cool indifference.

"They will proclaim that I fight not for Rome but for Cleopatra. Assuredly will the legions then desert also!"

"The legions fight for gold," she answered cynically. "Octavianus cannot pay those he has."

"They fight also for Rome—and only for Rome! I know them. All my life have I led them. Never have you understood Romans."

There was a silence. He thought of the army of Octavianus, more or less besieged, but impregnable in its fortified encampment a few miles away at the other side of the Gulf of Ambracia, of the fleet of Octavianus blockading his own and Cleopatra's in that great landlocked sheet of water. Even now he had come from inspecting those rows of great ships at anchor, was still angry at the insufficient and unpracticed crews, to a large extent wretched peasants and traders press-ganged from all over Greece, that manned them. Nearly a half of the trained rowing slaves had died of neglect while he and Cleopatra had held revel in Patras last winter.

The queen spoke again. "What exactly do the senators demand?"

"The same as ever—that I should burn the fleet and draw Octavianus after me into Macedonia and there defeat him in a land battle."

She glanced at him sharply. "And of me do they say nothing?"

He hesitated. "They say the same as ever," he answered sullenly, avoiding her eyes.

She smiled cryptically. Her tone was dulcet when, after a pause, she spoke, "Very willing am I, as thou knowest, to go back to Egypt—with thee, Marcus!"

He stirred uneasily on his seat, remained silent. Only too well did he know her meaning. All summer had a conflict of irreconcilable policies paralyzed their army and their fleet within sight of the enemy. If originally Cleopatra had lavishly poured out all the resources of Egypt for a campaign that should materialize for her son Cæsarion the magnificent and fatal dream of his father Julius Cæsar—nothing less than an absolute royalty over a world-dominating Romano-Egyptian empire—in this revised version of the project slain by the tyrannicide dagger of Brutus, she and Marcus Antonius would in the meantime jointly rule as regents—long ago she had realized her costly and dangerous illusion. Never would the Roman people, fanatic in their traditional hatred of kings, accept her or the son, whose legitimacy they denied. If half the Roman world, if half the citizens of Rome itself, were supporting Antonius, it was because they believed him to be—as he proclaimed himself—the only possible savior of the Roman Republic against the hated, coldly cruel tyranny of Octavianus. Never would he be able to escape from the pledges he had given.

A victory over Octavianus that made him master of Rome would assuredly mean that she would humiliatingly be cast aside once was achieved the triumph she had made possible—had he not once before treacherously or weakly betrayed and abandoned her, even bigamously marrying the sister of his rival for unscrupulous political profit? Military defeat, on the other hand, would be equally disastrous; such a shock would instantly shatter the allegiance of every one of the tributary kings who followed them, of every one of their possessions in the Eastern Mediterranean. Therefore had she craftily thwarted in the council tent any and every of the plans for an offensive exasperatedly and continually brought forward by the Roman generals and the Roman senators. Week after week and month after month she had intrigued to prevent that clash of arms which would be decisive, and to her, in any case, must be fatal.

Her shrewd and ambitious brain had perceived another alternative. She would take Antonius and his invincible Roman legions back to Egypt with her. There he should repudiate his Roman allegiance and they would reign jointly over a mighty separate empire of the East—an empire Cæsarion would inherit—in serene confidence that Octavianus would be impotent even to attack them. On the contrary, cut off from the main sources of her revenue, Rome herself must speedily decay. So she and her subtle Egyptian counselors had of late urged over and over again on Antonius. Stubbornly, he had hitherto refused. At the last he also was a Roman. He could not bring himself to betray to their ruin his numerous party in Rome, the many Romans with him. He could not bring himself, in defiance of every tradition that through long centuries had imbued the Roman blood, traitorously to forswear his proud citizenship in that Eternal City, ineffably greater than the greatest of her citizens, to rob her of half the world that she had conquered, to abandon her, crippled and impoverished, to a final extinction of her glory and her power. There was something in him—how often Cleopatra had ridiculed it—that was more potent even than his ambition, limitless like his physical appetites though that had been.

Again he glanced at that impossible thing she asked of him. He uttered one curt word, "No."

She was silent, sat motionless. In that silence he could feel her hatred welling out to him, a hatred mingled with a searing contempt. Wretchedly, within himself, he knew that contempt was justified. No longer was he that dazzling hero, victor of Philippi, immeasurably the greatest of Romans, who ten years previously had rekindled an ardent love in the empty heart of the young queen widow of the great Cæsar, the friend and patron whom he had so popularly avenged. No longer was he the rollicking, high-spirited dare-devil who, in disguise with a tomboy Cleopatra, had romped at night through the streets of Alexandria even as recklessly he had romped through his whole amazing career of conquests in love, in war, in politics. No longer was he that prestigious, fascinating wooer whom she had wedded, a passionate sincerity happily blended with the plain advantage to her ambitious clever statecraft, whom she had eagerly and forgivingly won back from that rival wife Octavia. No longer was he that audaciously splendid superman who, braving the wrath of Rome, had three years ago, before the Alexandrian multitude, proclaimed the young Cæsarion as king of kings and throned him with his Isis-garbed mother as cosovereign of Egypt, had to his own three infant children by that divinized heiress of the Pharaohs distributed other royalties.

Too often had he impersonated Dionysos, the wine god, in those wild public Bacchic orgies which were a scandal to Rome and an almost serious deification to the easily superstitious populations of the East. Too many had been his innumerable debaucheries, too ardent his innumerable loves.

Now, at fifty-two, he was prematurely aged. Coarsened and sodden, vacillating and unnerved, no longer did an old-time vigor of confident spontaneous decision leap to meet emergency, no longer did he rule half civilization with the careless, joyous ease of a vitality that made it a gigantic, uproarious joke. His sycophants might flatter as of old, might in vine-wreathed inebriation hail him as Dionysos once more conquering the world, but under his roistering response he knew better. He was no longer the Marcus Antonius who conquered worlds—he was a desperately tired man who was secretly afraid of the colossal responsibilities that crushed him, a man who felt every one of his capacities slipping away from him. Miserably inferior was he now to that ever-sober and still daringly ambitious, imperiously willed woman whom the great Cæsar had loved as an equal. He could not bear her mercilessly judging eyes upon him. She could not do other than despise him.

And she hated him. Apart from their bitter quarrels, even when she smiled upon him, enforced herself to be pleasant in face and speech, he was intuitively certain of it. Another fear had become coincident with that certainty, had become a terror that haunted his every moment. Might she not perhaps poison him, ridding herself of his cumbering uselessness? Only recently, at a banquet, that weak-nerved terror had broken out overpoweringly, appallingly, in a public scandal. He had refused to drink from a cup she handed him until she drank first herself. She had obeyed with a smile, had then dipped her wreath of flowers in the cup, had passed it back to him. Even as he had lifted it to his lips she had dashed it down, with a cry that it was poisoned. But she herself had drunk of it? She had laughed. Not the wine but the wreath was poisoned. How easy, she had mocked, it would be to poison him if she really wished! She had laughed again—and since then that terror had been yet more acute, such hatred had there been in that laughter.

Did he hate her? He did not know. Certain was it that he could not exist without her. Perhaps, as notoriously every patriotic Roman vehemently asserted, she put love philters in his wine, enslaving him to her. If only he could break that slavery, be once again wholly Roman, even to returning to Octavia, making some peaceful arrangement with Octavianus! She it was who had lured him into this gigantic struggle for the mastery of the world, she it was who had insisted on that insulting divorce of Octavia which had precipitated the conflict, she—and not he—was it at whom the symbolic javelin had solemnly been cast in Rome with the terrible invocation to the gods that denounced a foreign enemy. Not for him was it that she had marshaled the hosts and ships of Egypt with the legions and ships that, under his leadership, should hold for Rome her eastern provinces; not for him, but for her idolized son, Cæsarion. If only he could free himself! He knew he

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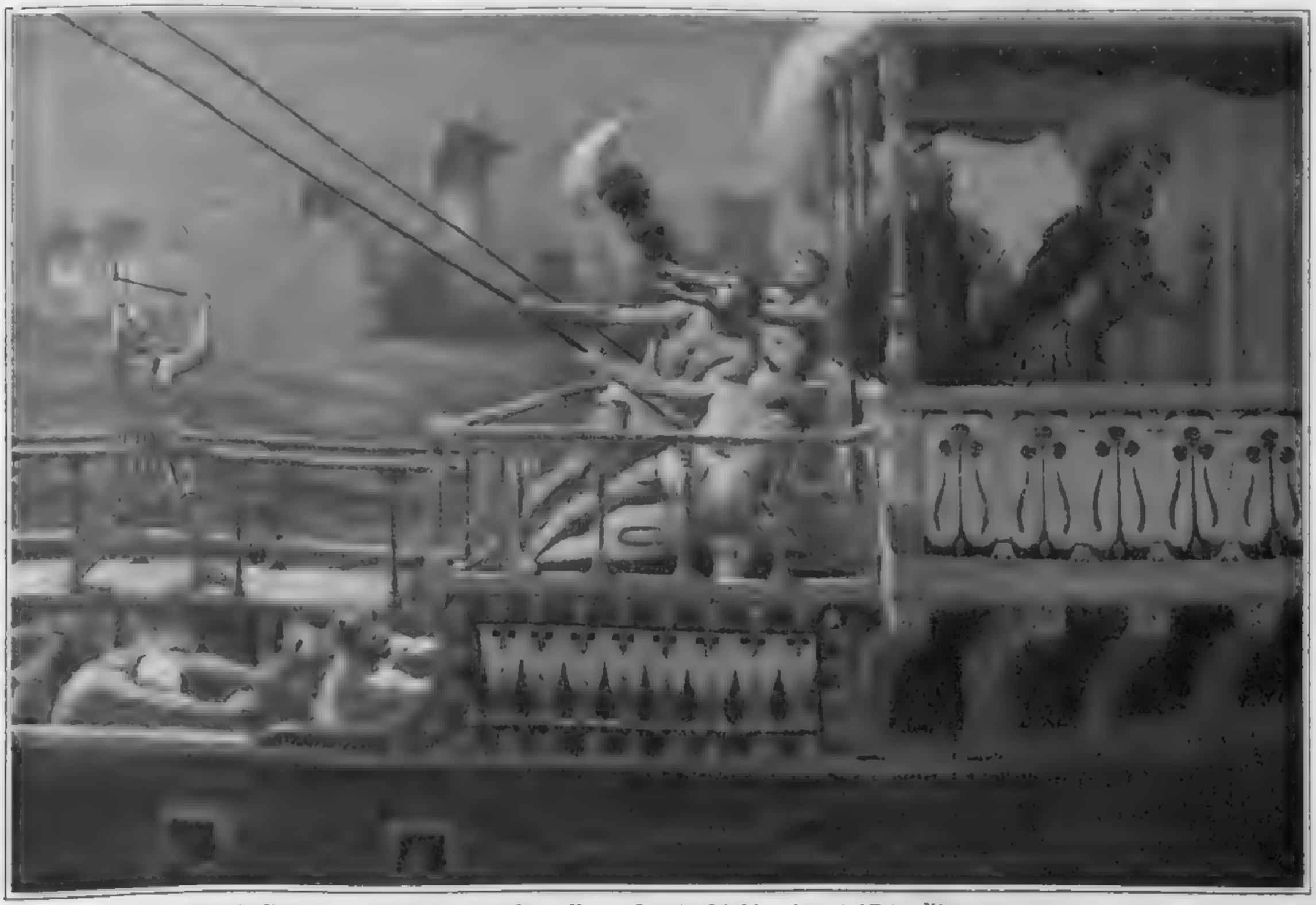

Upon the Closed Door of the Cabin at the Stern, Marcus Antonius Cried in a Strangled Voice, "Cleopatra! Cleopatra!"

POLLY TALKS HER PRICE UP!

AS TOLD TO MARA EVANS

PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS
Howard Chandler Christy, the Artist, and His Wife, With One of the Pets at a Los Angeles Hotel

THE similarity of the monkey tribes to man constitutes their great attraction for him. He is filled with curiosity. How like a bowed old man is that young chimpanzee! It can walk erect. Its hands are familiar. Its face is the distorted caricature of a human face. Strange! And see; here is a bird, a small, feathered creature, looking not in the least like ourselves, yet possessing one of our most treasured characteristics. It can talk!

There we have the fascination of a parrot. Articulation is a parrot's greatest marketable characteristic. This I know from my years of pet-shop management, which I described in a general way in a foregoing article. Parrots may be gorgeously beautiful or interestingly rare, but the thing that puts the price up from $20 to perhaps $2000 is a bird's ability to talk—the number of things he can say. A crowd will always be thick outside a pet shop if, on some warm summer morning, there is on display a parrot that will answer when someone in the front of the crowd says, hopefully, "Hello!"

Love Birds

A Quiet Word Opens the Pocketbook

THESE strange birds have, though, another surprising similarity to man—one not so often thought of. Parrots—called the monkeys of the feathered kingdom—are the only birds I know of that use their feet like hands. They climb, one step after another, their beak a third foot. They preen their plumage with their claws and push one another out of the way. One variety of Brazilian parrot, I have been told, cannot even fly, but makes its way from branch to branch, from tree to tree, solely by climbing with beak and claw. Parrots will pick up a banana or a nut, turn it critically from side to side, peering at it out of the bright, laterally set eyes that can only see small objects held close to them by turning the head, and finally eat it, bite by bite. I have seen a crow or a jay pick up something in its feet, but it would rather stoop down to peck at it than raise it to its mouth, as a parrot does.

Certainly a most interesting bird—interesting to watch, interesting to buy and often very satisfactory to sell. Of all the different phases of my pet-shop work, nothing ever outranked my experiment in training and selling parrots. Every pet-shop owner, of course, does quite a business with the talking birds, but as it happened I went into it more extensively than most. It came about in this way:

One morning a fat little German, fifty-five years old or so, came into the shop and asked for a job. He had worked, he said, at the famous Hagenbeck Animal Farm in Germany, and since coming to America to be with his two sons, had hoped to find another chance to work with animals. His name was Johann Mueller. Considering the modest size of my establishment at the time—I had been on my own feet only a short while and had cleared less than $4000 the preceding year—I was very doubtful about it. But I did need help and finally hired him at fifteen dollars a week, with the understanding that it would probably be only temporary. I called him John.

He proved to be very industrious and capable, and good to the animals, with little interest in the commercial end of the business. He cleaned thoroughly and regularly, he fed the stock punctually and carefully. He was patient; quiet and unhesitating in voice and gesture, as you have to be around animals new to captivity; in fact, he was much quieter than most of the birds and animals in the cages. He spoke very good English, which, combined with his sincere liking for the pets themselves, made him a pretty good salesman. I was delighted with him and began to think of ways and means of making his employment permanent.

One morning I came in at eight o'clock to find him sitting in front of a caged parrot—a Brazilian Amazon, it was—about seven weeks old, teaching it to talk. The cage was shrouded in one of my best white aprons, and John was saying quietly, over and over, "Good morning!" and "How-do-you-do?" Seeing me, he got up hastily, a little embarrassed at being discovered, and said apologetically that he liked the parrots and other talking birds best of all—wanted to teach them to say different things.

"Go to it, John," I said, and cut the price tag from the cage. It was marked twenty-five dollars. I thought I'd await developments. Good talkers are worth a lot of money, but few pet-shop men are able to spare the time to train them. In a few weeks John had the bird repeating half a dozen commonplace phrases—in a quiet, pleasant voice, too—and I tied on a new price tag marked seventy-five dollars. It was an intelligent bird, and a beautiful one, with bright blue and yellow feathers and scarlet tips on the shoulder and wing feathers, and I sold it quite promptly to an elderly lady at the new price.

While I watched John with that first parrot I decided that here ought to be the very possibility I was looking for—of finding a way to make his job permanent. In less than five weeks he had turned a twenty-five-dollar bird into a talker worth seventy-five dollars. That meant a gain of fifty dollars—two-thirds of the fifteen dollars a week I was paying him. The rest of his time I was getting for five dollars a week!

"John," I said, the day that first Amazon sold, "I've never bothered with parrots much, but you seem to be good at it. Suppose you take entire charge of the parrots, except for buying them, from now on?"

John's sandy mustache moved and outlined a delighted grin; he beamed and nodded eagerly, and we shook hands on the arrangement.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.
A Macaw

Together we worked out a plan of campaign to establish and enlarge the parrot branch of the business. We decided that we could handle, that year, about 300 parrots. It would mean a little extra risk on my part while business was still pretty thin, but a nice profit if it worked out all right.

Good Talkers

WE WOULD have to pay, I knew, from four or five dollars apiece up to ten or fifteen—occasionally more. That meant a total outlay over the year of around $2500 for parrots alone. Of the 400-odd varieties of the parrot family, we wanted, most of all, the few kinds that can readily be taught to talk and the half dozen or so that can be most successfully acclimated after importation.

At the top of the list we put the African gray, a scarlet-flecked, silver-colored bird with a short scarlet tail. Then came the Mexican double yellow head, a green parrot with a spot of yellow or orange that gradually spreads over its head and neck. These two varieties are usually considered the best talkers of all. Then the Brazilian Amazon—John's first venture. After that we came down to

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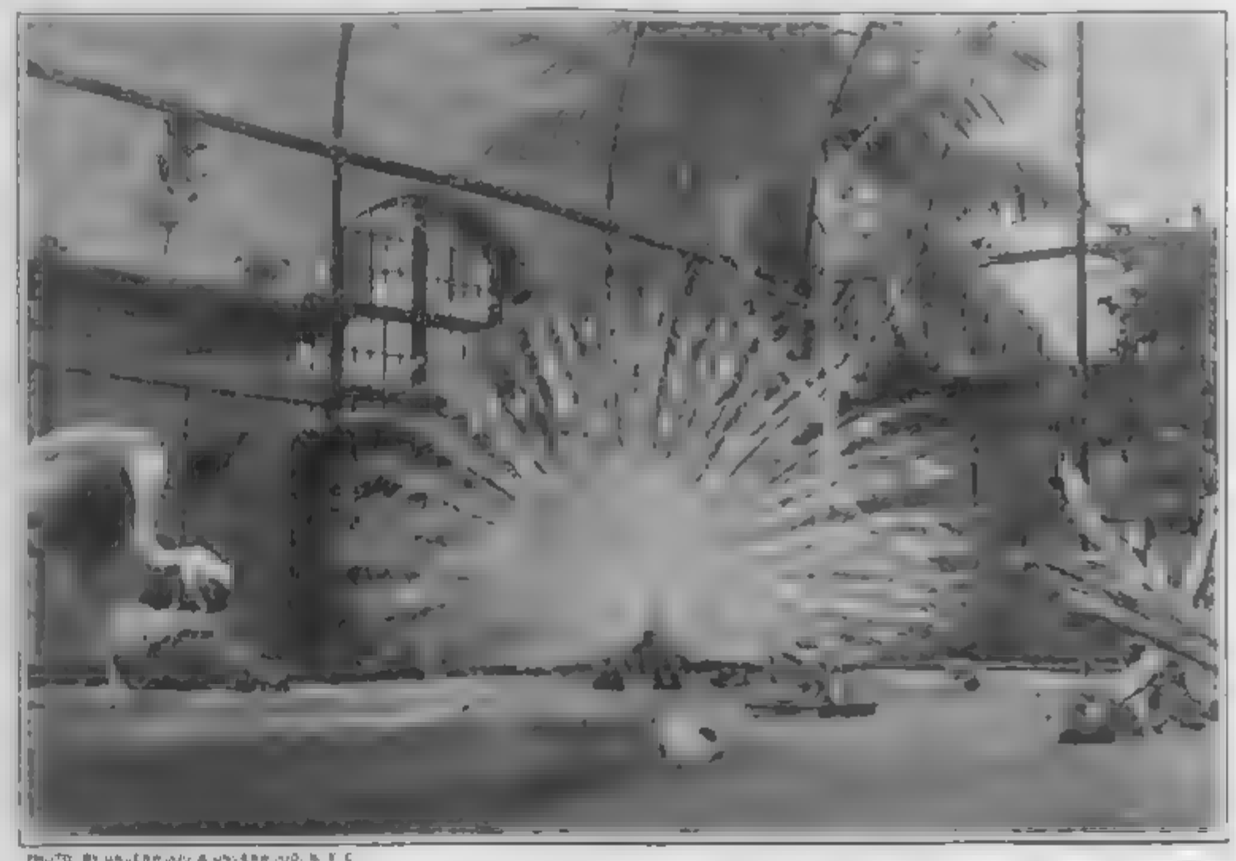


PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.
A White Peacock in the Aviary of Franklin Park, Boston

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

III. Bumps and Brodies—By Harold Lloyd, Directed by Wesley Stout

ONCE upon a time there was an enchanted city called Los Angeles," is the way this chapter should begin, for in it, under other names, you will find Aladdin, Cinderella, Jack of the Beanstalk, Little Red Riding-hood, the Sleeping Princess and the poor woodcutter, not to mention the wolf, the giant, the wicked stepmother, the elder sisters, Bluebeard and Big Claus and Little Claus, producers.

A fancy paragraph and open to suspicion of real estate to sell, but an honest heart beats beneath its embroidered waistcoat. It means only that a lot can happen in fifteen years' time in Los Angeles—and has. Bagdad? A mill town with the magic-carpet works shut down.

When I came up from San Diego in the spring of 1913, my father, who was working part time in a shoe store, and I moved into the Belmont, a theatrical hotel on Main Street next to the Hippodrome, a big ten-and-fifteen-cent vaudeville house. Gaylord, who had been homesteading to discouraging results in Wyoming, joined us and became the Belmont's night clerk, while I was bell boy and relief clerk when not making the rounds of the stock companies or bucking the movie extra lines.

The Belmont was populated by small-time vaudeville and stock-burlesque people who bragged or played cards or combined the two hour upon hour in the one public room. Once a Hawaiian band stayed a week. I had been passionately fond of the sob of the steel guitar until then; since, I have gone about slitting the throats of ukuleles and I believe every word of Doctor Rockwell's learned account of the origins of Hawaiian music.

It seems, explains the doctor, that an edict once was issued in Hawaii in the time of the cruel King Kamehameha calling for the death of every male pineapple. Only one escaped. To disguise her man child from the king's ruffians, one loving mamma pineapple pulled the little fellow's whiskers out one by one, and the moaning of the boy pineapple has been preserved in Aloha Oe and other native airs.

Putting Temptation Behind Him

THERE was a moment in the early Los Angeles days when I considered turning chorus man. The Tik Tok Man of Oz was in rehearsal and I looked on for two days, hesitating, then tightened my belt a notch and moved on. I played with the Morosco Stock Company in three bills in small parts, one of them a member of the student corps in Old Heidelberg, parent of the musical Student Prince. The wages for such parts never were more than twenty-five dollars a week, that including a week's rehearsal without pay. For one bill that survived only a week I rehearsed two weeks, making my pay $8.33 a week.

It was an extraordinary stock company—the best I ever knew. There were six in the company whom Mr. Morosco paid $100 a week each, then a good figure for a leading man, and three that drew $300 each, a great sum in 1913. Among the cast were Florence Reed, William Desmond, Thomas MacLarnie, Malcolm Williams, Charles Ruggles, Harrison Hunter and Howard Scott, each of them a name. But the better the company, the less opportunity for a youngster.

So I called up the Edison people at Balboa, with whom I had worked that one day in San Diego. Yes, they were using some people; come on down. I worked with them at three dollars a day on such days as extras were needed until the company returned to New York in midsummer. In one picture I had a small bit in a barn-dance scene. When the film was shown at a Main Street ten-cent house owned by Gore Brothers, who rose later to proprietorship of the great West Coast chain of theaters, I saw myself on the screen for the first time. Vanity never took a worse wallop. The shock that comes with the first glance at the proofs the photographer mails you after the sitting is something like it. None of us photograph as we imagine ourselves, and of the two likenesses, the camera's is not the flattering one. It is not altogether a matter of pulchritude, at that; you simply do not look like the self you know,

Harold, Bebe and Snub in the Rough-House, One-Reel Period. At Left—The Final Phase of Lonesome Luke

and in the case of an extra in a film bit, your part comes out at the small end of the glass.

Disgusted as I was with the movies, nothing else offered. Universal was at its original California lot at Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, Hollywood, where the Christie studio is now, and there I went. The lot was the birthplace of pictures in Hollywood. In October of 1911 David and William Horsley, of the old Nestor company, had set out from New Jersey to join the movement Selig, Bison and Biograph had led to the Coast. On the train they met a Hollywood booster—perhaps the ancestor of them all. Hollywood, a place of 5000, had been annexed to Los Angeles the year before. Land there was much cheaper than in the city proper, the booster told the Horsley brothers, while every other advantage obtained. So persuaded were the Horsleys that they went direct from the Los Angeles

(Continued on Page 126)

Harold (Right) as a $3-a-Day Extra, Playing a Bit in a J. Warren Kerrigan Western

The Figure at the Left is Harold in His Original Low-Comedy Character, Willie Work

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

"'I Shall Walk Softly in These, Paradise,' He Told Me"

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IV

BARRY KIRK stood looking about his office; he found it difficult to believe that into this commonplace familiar room tragedy had found its way. Yet there was that silent figure on the floor, a few moments before so full of life and energy. "Poor Sir Frederic," he said. "Only today he told me he was near the end of a long trail. Nearer than he dreamed, it appears." He stopped. "A long trail. Sergeant, only a few of us know how far back into the past this thing must reach."

Chan nodded. He had been consulting a huge gold watch; now he snapped shut the case and restored it to his pocket.

"Death is the reckoning of heaven," he remarked. "On this occasion a most complicated reckoning."

"Well, what shall we do?" Kirk asked helplessly. "The police, I suppose. But, good Lord, this is a case beyond any policeman I ever met. Any uniformed man, I mean." He paused and a grim smile flashed across his face. "It looks very much to me, Mr. Chan, as though you would have to take charge and ——"

A stubborn light leaped into the little black eyes. "Miss Morrow is above," said Chan. "What a happy chance, since she is from the district attorney's office. If I may humbly suggest ——"

"Oh, I never thought of that." Kirk turned to his servant. "Paradise, go up and ask Miss Morrow to come here. Make my excuses to my guests and ask them to wait."

"Very good, sir," replied Paradise, and departed.

Kirk walked slowly about the room. The drawers of the big desk were open and their contents jumbled.

"Somebody's been on a frantic search here," he said. He paused before the safe; its door was slightly ajar.

"Safe stands open," suggested Chan.

"Odd about that," said Kirk. "This afternoon Sir Frederic asked me to take out anything of value and move it upstairs. I did so. He didn't explain."

"Of course," nodded Chan. "And at the dinner table he makes uncalled-for reference to fact that he has not locked safe. The matter struck me at the time. One thing becomes clear—Sir Frederic desired to set a trap. A safe unlocked to tempt marauders." He nodded to the small volume that lay at the dead man's side. "We must disturb nothing. Do not touch, but kindly regard book and tell me where last reposing."

Kirk leaned over. "That? Why, it's the yearbook of the Cosmopolitan Club. It was usually in that revolving case on which the telephone stands. It can't mean anything."

"Maybe not. Maybe"—Chan's little eyes narrowed—"a hint from beyond the unknown."

"I wonder," mused Kirk.

"Sir Frederic was guest of Cosmopolitan Club?"

"Yes; I gave him a two weeks' card. He wrote a lot of his letters there. But—but I can't see ——"

"He was clever man. Even in moment of passing, his dying hand would seek to leave behind essential clew."

"Speaking of that," said Kirk, "how about those velvet slippers? Where are they?"

Chan shrugged. "Slippers were essential clew in one case, long ago. What did they lead to? Positively nothing. If I am suiting my own taste, this time I look elsewhere."

Miss Morrow entered the room. Her face was usually full of color—an authentic color that is the gift of the fog to San Francisco's daughters. Now it was deathly pale.

Without speaking, she stepped beyond the desk and looked down. For a moment she swayed, and Barry Kirk leaped forward.

"No, no!" cried the girl.

"But I thought ——" he began.

"You thought I was going to faint. Absurd! This is my work. It has come to me and I shall do it. You believe I can't ——"

"Not at all," protested Kirk.

"Oh, yes, you do. Everybody will. I'll show them. You've called the police, of course."

"Not yet," Kirk answered.

She sat down resolutely at the desk and took up the telephone.

"Davenport 20," she said. "The Hall of Justice? Captain Flannery, please. . . . Hello, captain. Miss Morrow of the district attorney's office speaking. There has been a murder in Mr. Kirk's office on the top floor of the Kirk Building. You had better come yourself. . . . Thank you. . . . Yes, I'll attend to that."

She got up and, going round the desk, bent over Sir Frederic. She noted the book and her eyes strayed wonderingly to the stocking feet. Inquiringly she turned to Chan.

"The slippers of Hilary Galt," he nodded. "Souvenir of that unhappy case, they adorned his feet when he came down. Here is Paradise. He will explain to you."

The butler had returned and Miss Morrow faced him. "Tell us what you know, please," she said.

"I was busy in the pantry," Paradise said. "I thought I heard the buzz of the burglar alarm by Mr. Kirk's bed—the one connected with the windows and safe in this room. I hastened to make sure, but Sir Frederic was just behind.

It was almost as though he had been expecting it. I don't know how I got that impression—I'm odd that way ——"

"Go on," said the girl. "Sir Frederic followed you into Mr. Kirk's room?"

"Yes, miss. 'There's someone below, sir,' I said—'someone who doesn't belong there.' Sir Frederic looked back into the pitch-dark living room. 'I fancy so, Paradise,' he said. He was smiling. 'I will attend to it. No need to disturb Mr. Kirk or his guests.' I followed him into his room. He tossed off his patent-leather pumps. 'The stairs are a bit soiled, I fear, sir,' I reminded him. He laughed. 'Ah, yes,' he said. 'But I have the very thing.' The velvet slippers were lying near his bed. He put them on. 'I shall walk softly in these, Paradise,' he told me. At the head of the stairs I stopped him. A sort of fear was in my heart. I am given to that—to having premonitions ——"

"You stopped him," Kirk cut in.

"I did, sir. Respectfully, of course. 'Are you armed, Sir Frederic?' I made bold to inquire. He shook his head 'No need, Paradise,' he answered. 'I fancy our visitor is of the weaker sex.' And then he went down, sir, to his death."

They were silent for a moment, pondering the servant's story.

"We had better go," said the girl, "and tell the others. Someone must stay here. If it's not asking too much, Mr. Chan ——"

"I am torn with grief to disagree," Chan answered. "Please pardon me. But, for myself, I have keen eagerness to note how this news is taken in the room above."

"Ah, yes, naturally."

"I shall be glad to stay, miss," Paradise said.

"Very well," the girl answered. "Please let me know as soon as Captain Flannery arrives." She led the way above and Kirk and the little detective from Honolulu followed.

Barry Kirk's guests were seated, silent and expectant, in the now brightly lighted living room. They looked up inquiringly as the three from below entered. Kirk faced them, at a loss how to begin.

"I have dreadful news for you," he said. "An accident—a terrible accident." Chan's eyes moved rapidly about the group and, making their choice, rested finally on the white, drawn face of Eileen Enderby. "Sir Frederic Bruce has been murdered in my office," Kirk finished

There was a moment's breathless silence, and then Mrs. Enderby got to her feet.

"It's the dark!" she cried in a harsh, shrill voice. "I knew it! I knew something would happen when the lights were turned off! I knew it, I tell you!"

Her husband stepped to her side to quiet her, and Chan stood staring, not at her but at Col. John Beetham. For one brief instant he thought the mask had dropped from those weary, disillusioned eyes—for one instant only.

They all began to speak at once. Gradually Miss Morrow made herself heard above the din.

"We must take this coolly," she said, and Barry Kirk admired her composure. "Naturally, we are all under suspicion. We ——"

"What? I like that!" Mrs. Dawson Kirk was speaking. "Under suspicion, indeed!"

"The room was in complete darkness," Miss Morrow went on. "There was considerable moving about. I don't like to stress my official position here, but perhaps you would prefer my methods to those of a police captain How many of you left this room during the showing of Colonel Beetham's pictures?"

An embarrassed silence fell.

Mrs. Kirk broke it.

"I thought the pictures intensely interesting," she said. "True, I did step into the kitchen for a moment."

"Just to keep an eye on my domestic arrangements," suggested Barry Kirk.

"Nothing of the sort. My throat was dry. I wanted a glass of water."

"You saw nothing wrong?" inquired Miss Morrow.

"Aside from the very wasteful methods that seemed to be in vogue in the kitchen, nothing," replied Mrs. Kirk firmly.

"Mrs. Tupper-Brock?" said Miss Morrow.

"I was on the sofa with Miss Garland," replied that lady. "Neither of us moved from there at any time." Her voice was cool and steady.

"That's quite true," the actress added.

Another silence. Kirk spoke up. "I'm sure none of us intended a discourtesy to the colonel," he said. "The entertainment he gave us was delightful, and it was gracious of him to honor us. I myself—er—I was in the room constantly, except for one brief moment in the garden. I saw no one there save ——"

Chan stepped forward.

"Speaking for myself, I found huge delight in the pictures. A moment I wish to be alone, in order that I may digest great events flashed before me on silvery screen. So I also invade the garden and meet Mr. Kirk. For a time we marvel at the distinguished Colonel Beetham—his indomitable courage, his deep resource, his service to humanity. Then we rush back that we may miss no more." He paused. "Before I again recline in sitting posture, noise in hallway offend me. I hurry out there in shushing mood, and behold ——"

"Ah—er—the pictures were marvelous," said Carrick Enderby. "I enjoyed them immensely. True enough, I stepped out on the stairs for a cigarette."

"Carry, you fool!" his wife cried. "You would do that"'

"But I say, why not? I saw nothing. There was nothing to see. The floor below was quite deserted." He turned to Miss Morrow. "Whoever did this horrible thing left by way of the fire escape. You've already learned that."

"Ah, yes," cut in Chan, "we have learned it, indeed—from your wife." He glanced at Miss Morrow and their eyes met.

"From my wife, yes," repeated Enderby. "Look here, what do you mean by that? I ——"

"No matter," put in Miss Morrow. "Colonel Beetham, you were occupied at the picture machine—except for one interval of about ten minutes when you allowed it to run itself."

"Ah, yes," said the colonel evenly. "I did not leave the room, Miss Morrow."

Eileen Enderby rose. "Mr. Kirk, we really must be going. Your dinner was charming. How terrible to have it end in such a tragic way. I ——"

"Just a moment," said June Morrow. "I cannot let you go until the captain of police releases you."

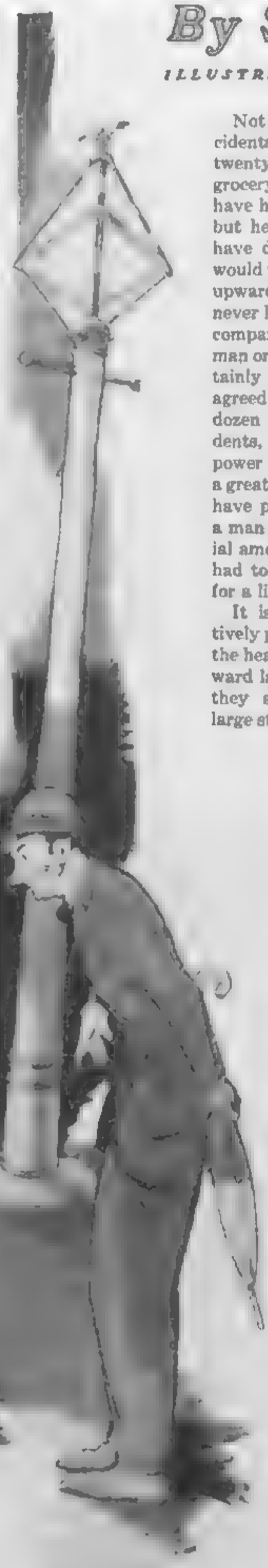
(Continued on Page 69)

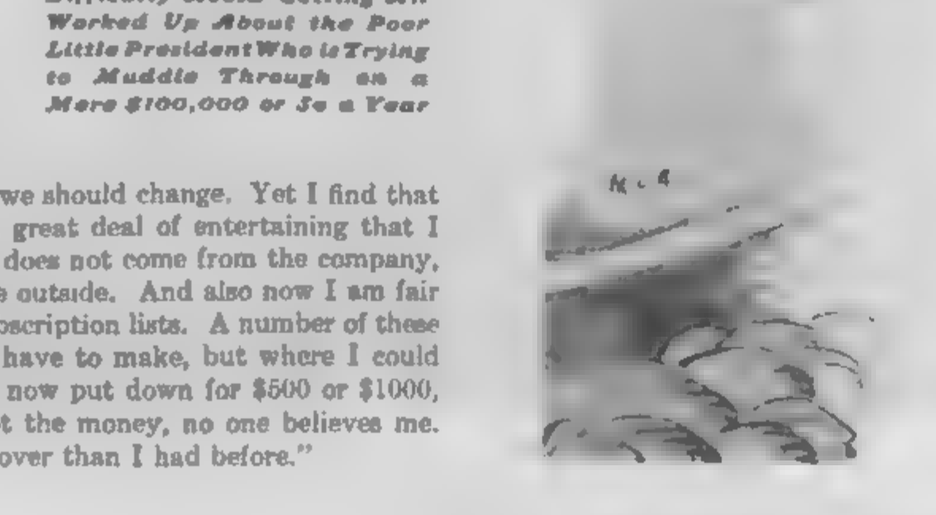
"No," Answered Miss Barr, "I Was Never in Peshawar"

THE NEW HIRED MAN

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL





John Smith, Who Is Earning $2000 a Year, Can Without Difficulty Avoid Getting All Worked Up About the Poor Little President Who Is Trying to Muddle Through on a Mere $100,000 or So a Year

AND when will you be going to have a store of your own?" benignly asked the old lady as she gathered up her bundles and paid the young manager of a chain grocery store. "Now that you're manager, you'll soon be out for yourself, I suppose."

"Me go into business? Not me. There are only two independent grocers left in town and neither one makes as much as I do. We chain stores have taken one part of their business and the delicatessens have taken the rest. They are just sticking along trying to collect what people owe them."

Several brothers not long since sold to a great corporation an extremely successful manufacturing business which they had founded. They took in return both cash and securities. The share of one of the brothers at today's market runs between twenty and thirty million dollars. That brother is now a vice president of the purchasing company and on a salary. The other brothers are also on salary, managing their former business, as a part of the larger corporation. Their salaries are large, but small as compared with the returns from their private fortunes.

Rather more than a year ago the chairman of the board of directors of one of our greatest corporations died. He was a wealthy man and belonged to a family which had gained most of its riches out of the corporation. The directors selected as his successor an extremely competent man who had been in the business for forty years and for more than ten years had been one of the executives. His final salary had been $75,000 a year. The salary as chairman was $125,000 a year. He did not want to take the chairmanship. He was not afraid of the responsibility; he was entirely used to responsibility and he knew the company thoroughly in its every phase—in its acquisition of raw materials, in its manufacturing, in its selling and in its financing. His objections were on a wholly different ground. He explained them to me after he had been in office six or eight months. For he had finally been persuaded—almost forced—to take the new office.

"I know this is an honor," he said, "and I appreciate the confidence of the board of directors in insisting that I was the man to take this place. That means a great deal more to me than the title. But what I was afraid of has happened."

A Sad Story

"THE late chairman was rich—the very name of this company means riches. And so it is taken for granted that I am rich. I am very far from being rich. I have always worked for a salary, and through most of the years it was a small salary. I have never lived in a showy way, and my wife and I do not intend to change all our habits just because I have a new title. Our children are married and there is no reason why we should change. Yet I find that I am expected to do a great deal of entertaining that I never did before. This does not come from the company, mind you, but from the outside. And also now I am fair game for all kinds of subscription lists. A number of these subscriptions I simply have to make, but where I could give $100 before, I am now put down for $500 or $1000, and if I say I have not the money, no one believes me. I have less money left over than I had before."

Not one of these three incidents could have happened twenty-five years ago. The grocery clerk might never have had a place of his own, but he would not definitely have decided that he never would want one. A man with upward of $20,000,000 would never have gone into another company as less than its chairman or its president, and certainly he would never have agreed to be rated among a dozen or more vice presidents, no matter how much power he actually held. And a great company would never have picked as its chairman a man who held only a trivial amount of stock in it and had to depend on his salary for a living.

It is true that comparatively poor men have become the heads of what were afterward large corporations, but they always had acquired large stock interests for little or nothing and they made the corporation large and their stock valuable by their own efforts. It would have been unthinkable for the head not to own a substantial block of stock; the secretary and the treasurer might have been employes, but never the president. It is also true that when John D. Rockefeller bought a company, he always arranged to take along the man who had made that company. That is the way he built up the strongest group of able men that has ever been in one organization. But these men never submerged their personalities, and only a Rockefeller could have coördinated them.

It is also true that ever since the world began there have been clerks who were content always to be employes. But a man who showed the ability to be a foreman or a manager was sure to get the hunch some day to start on his own. In the storybooks the bright boy who became a successful man followed well-known routes—he invented something or he made himself so indispensable that the big boss was perfectly delighted to have him marry his daughter and take the works. Ambitious young men took jobs, but only to gain experience or because they had a near relative at the top who would quickly throw a life line.

Now the whole scene has changed, and it will change still more during the next quarter century. Today we are in the age of the hired man. Only a few men own what they manage or manage what they own. Those who do own what they manage will be likely to join their fathers within the next twenty-five years. A new kind of manager has sprung up of great ability and resource who is not at all a glorified clerk, but is the rightful heir of the trail blazers. He must lead larger and more complicated accumulations of capital than most of the trail blazers ever dreamed of. His responsibilities are infinitely greater than those of the men who used to be called the captains of industry and the kings of finance. Yet he is only a hired caretaker and not an owner. And, to mix things up a bit more, there is no owner. There is a multitude of owners, but he has never seen more than a few of them. The owners are an impersonal list of names in a stock ledger, and every day the list is changing. Quite often no group exists holding enough stock to make it worth while to get acquainted with the managers of their property—in fact, they do not care who does the managing so long as they get their dividends. The lamented apathy of the average voter in politics is throbbing activity as compared with the apathy of the corporate stockholder when things are going well.

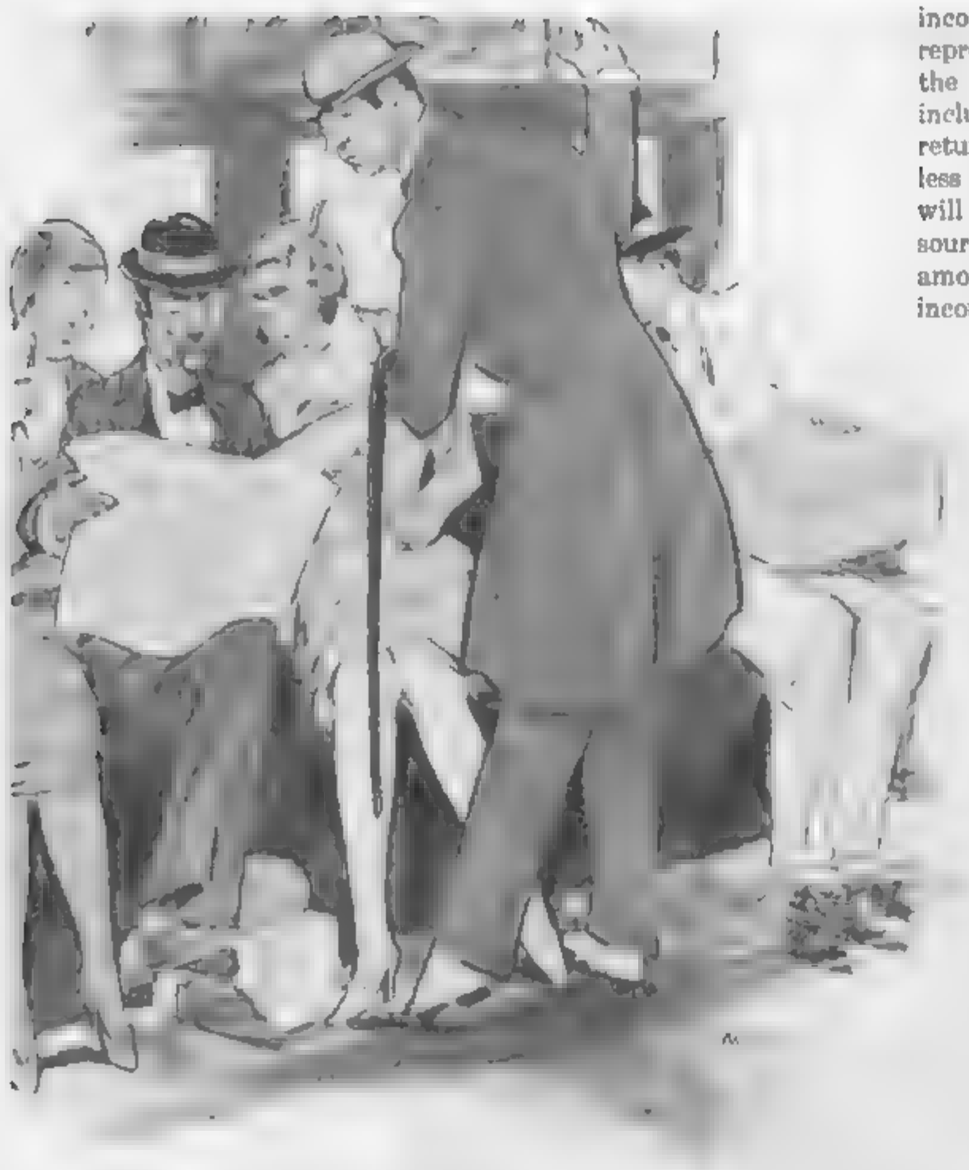
The Main Interest of Stockholders

THIS attitude may be due to carelessness or to confidence; but probably it is due to confidence. I asked half a dozen rather well-known corporate heads what they thought of their stockholders, and the answer of one is fairly representative of all:

"I used to worry a good deal about stockholders not voting. Years ago, when I was an underofficer, I was always hearing that the stockholders wanted this or wanted that. But then we had only about fifty stockholders and most of them had been in the company from the beginning—they were really the promoters. And that was before we began to make much money. Now we have around 30,000 stockholders and we have been earning good dividends for quite a while. I never hear from any of the holders except on one point: At each dividend declaration I get a number of letters asking why the dividends are not larger.

"Gradually it has dawned on me that I am president for the sole purpose of making more and more money for the stockholders and the employes. Just so long as I do that, no one is going to take any interest in elections and I shall keep my job. I have gradually got over the disappointment of learning that I was not elected to office because of my winning personality or other fine qualifications—which I could tell you all about if you would listen and not laugh. I was put here to make the company earn money.

"That really is as it should be. There seems to be a feeling that true democracy involves making frequent changes just for the sake of the change. I used to think that was democracy. Now I see that it is nothing of the sort—it is just light-headedness. The public has rejected that theory and will not turn a political party out of office so long as it



Small Investors Nowadays are Great Students of the Stock Market

makes good. What I used to imagine was stupid apathy, I have now come to know is common sense. But what bothers me is how fairly to pay myself and the men who are responsible for making the money."

And it is very greatly bothering a large number of corporate heads—how to pay themselves and the men who make the money. This might not seem to be of any great consequence. John Smith, who is earning $2000 a year, can without difficulty avoid getting all worked up about the poor little president who is trying to muddle through on a mere $100,000 or so a year. But it just so happens that a new order has come about in which we shall nearly all be hired men all our lives, but also we shall be investors, and how we pay the hired men at the top will determine how we pay the hired men at the bottom and also how the income from the investments will turn out. So from one angle or another we are all involved. As the hired help, we are hungry for wages; as investors, we are hungry for interest and dividends; and as the buying and consuming public, we are hungry for bargains.

We are working for ourselves with one hand, against ourselves with the other, trying to kick ourselves with both feet and at one and the same time trying to proceed rapidly forward in a straight line. The synchronization of these interesting exercises—the keeping us from falling in a tangled heap—rests with those who have and can hold industrial leadership. Financial leadership appears to be distinctly subordinate, although coördinate. Politics enters only as it makes the going smoother or rougher. It does not furnish any motive power.

A New Socialism

IN EFFECT we are working out what might be called a new socialism, had not that word been so twisted and rigmaroled as to stand for almost any old thing that does not involve horse sense. The last income-tax returns that have been thoroughly analyzed as to sources of income cover the year 1924. They are more representative than the later returns because, the exemptions being smaller, they are more inclusive. Just short of 4,000,000 people made returns covering a total income of somewhat less than $25,000,000,000—the round figures will do as well as the exact. The largest single source of income was wages and salaries. These amounted to more than $9,000,000,000. The income reported by the proprietors of business amounted to only a little more than a third of this sum and was nearly equaled by the amount received in dividends. The amount earned by partnerships and individual businesses together amounted to $5,500,000,000, while the amount received as interest and dividends together was just over $5,000,000,000.

It appears that, so far as profits are concerned, the owners of stocks and bonds receive almost as much because of the work of their hired men as do the proprietors and partners who presumably work for themselves. Only a fraction of the nation's total income pays taxes, and, excluding farmers, we know that at least 90 per cent of the income of those who do not make returns is derived from wages.

The bulk of the corporate profits came from a very few corporations. Out of more than 88,000 corporations engaged in manufacturing, more than 34,000 lost money in 1925, which was a good year. Of the entire profits arising from manufacturing in that year, nearly two-thirds was earned by only slightly more than half of one per cent of the companies engaged. More corporations turned in net profits in 1925 than in 1924, while 1926 was even a better year, but the proportions have not changed very much. The trend is apparently toward the large corporation, but the figures do not mean precisely what they seem to mean. Actually, a readjustment is going on, and the large corporation is merely taking over the necessities or the luxuries which have become necessities and can be produced in mass, while the smaller corporation is taking its proper place as a specialty producer.

We now have ten concerns which may be classed as billion-dollar corporations. These are the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the General Motors Corporation, the New York Central Railroad, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the Union Pacific Railroad, the Ford Motor Company, the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway. A number of other corporations are near this line, depending on whether one takes the market value of the securities, the total assets or the book value of the securities. The consolidations of public-service corporations are resulting in tremendous entities. The four big insurance companies are still larger, but they are more nearly public-investment depots than strictly commercial enterprises.

The significance of these great corporations is that, with the exception of the Ford Motor Company, in not one of them has any family or banking group even a working majority which could stand without assistance in a real knock-down-and-drag-out stockholders' fight, and all, excepting Ford's, are in charge of hired men whose tenure of office depends solely on the records they make.

The Passing of Family Ownership

EVERY corporation of size is drifting into the same class. Of the great banks, only one is substantially owned by its chief officers. A family ownership or dominance does not seem often to extend beyond the second generation. The Astor holdings no longer dominate New York real estate. No one nowadays ever speaks of the Gould or the Vanderbilt lines. The Harriman fortune will cease to be a unit with the death of Mrs. Harriman. The Russell Sage fortune is in a foundation, and so is much of the Carnegie fortune. Our wealthy people have—unlike the old practice—rather small portions of their estates in realty. They own securities, and these quickly split up within a very few generations.

Who, then, does own the corporations? Who are the nominal bosses of the hired men? The number of men and women owning the corporate stocks and bonds of the country is variously estimated as between fifteen and nineteen million. But the most surprising fact is one dug out by Joseph S. McCoy, the actuary of the Treasury

(Continued on Page 105)

In the Storybooks the Bright Boy Made Himself So Indispensable That the Big Boss Was Perfectly Delighted to Have Him Marry His Daughter and Take the Works

SECOND CHOICE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XXVII

EVERY butler is trained in diplomacy, but Wyck was facing one of the most difficult problems of his ambassadorial career. The early-bird housemaid, who was scrubbing the front steps, the only servant up when the telegram arrived, roused Wyck. And the problem was: Should Wyck rouse his master or wait until a more reasonable hour?

It had been Mr. Mallory's custom, in his bachelor days at Clivedale Farm, to ride every morning before breakfast. Would he continue the custom now? He hadn't the morning before, but that might have been on account of the storm. And if so, could the telegram wait, or was it too important to be delayed even for that short time?

And in connection with all this was another consideration of an even greater nicety: For suppose Wyck did decide to wake his master, and knocked at the door on the right of the hall and got no response—should he knock at one of the doors on the left?

Wyck had no one to help or advise him, for Mr. Mallory had no valet. Mrs. Rafaele still slept—honest woman. Mrs. Mallory's French maid slept—presumably in the mornings. Besides, Wyck doubted if women had sufficient tact and delicacy in a situation of this sort. For he had observed, with a degree of shock, that women were apt to treat the more romantic side of life in a decidedly practical manner. It was said that they had no sense of humor, but it seemed to Wyck that they had rather too much—a sort of common sense of humor. But, of course, it wasn't their fault—they were made that way. For, really, if a woman were too squeamish how could she stand being a woman at all? Wyck, the philosophical butler, did not, of course, phrase his thoughts so; and perhaps he had no definite thoughts on this subject, but merely an intuition. However, his intuition, like that of most men and few women, was correct.

He consulted no one. He did not knock, either to the right or to the left. He reconnoitered. And luck was with him. For as he ambled, in an elderly and disinterested fashion, about the staircase and hall of the second floor, coughing faintly, in an entirely impersonal manner, his master's door, on the right, opened and Mr. Mallory, dressed in riding clothes, looked out.

"I'm Not Playing!" Her Voice Rang Out Like a Shot. "If You Touch Me Again I'll Kill You!"

XXVIII

THE peach-colored taffeta curtains could not keep out the sunlight any longer. An inquisitive finger poked through, a warm golden hand was laid on the peach-taffeta bedspread, the Florentine lace of the pillow. Valeria turned her head, sighed, shook back her hair, sat up. Over her bare shoulders two white ribbons held a delicate veil of lace, a nightdress of white satin embroidered in orange blossoms. The little enamel clock on the bedside table pointed golden hands to half-past ten. Valeria laughed and rang for her maid.

Celeste slid into the room in her suave, noiseless, smiling fashion. *"Bonjour, madame!"*

"Bonjour."

Water was running musically in the bath. The whole room laughed with gorgeous, brilliant sunshine. Celeste held out a white satin robe lined with swan's-down, white silk mules with red heels. In Valeria's dressing room a froth of delicate lace and pale plaited chiffon was laid out on a chair. Celeste knelt down to pull on her almost invisible stockings, after the bath.

She hesitated a long time over the choice of a costume for that morning. All her beautiful frocks and negligees, her pajamas and lounging robes were hung in rows behind glass doors. Her wardrobe resembled the stock of a small shop. She chose a coat of silver lamé, with brilliant green trousers banded in silver. Then she rejected this costume; something in the quality of the fresh, clear, warm day made it incongruous. She put on a simple knitted frock of a pale rose color, with a brief plaited skirt and a jumper to match, and the short strand of very beautiful pearls which had once belonged to Owen's grandmother. And looking in the mirror, she saw a girl of twenty-two.

She went into her sitting room, where the sunlight was pouring in a prodigal flood. In the garden, below her windows, everything was brilliantly refreshed by the rain. With wonder, Valeria saw that the trees had never before been so vividly green. Lilacs and azaleas, in great masses, sloped down a lawn, where a gardener was at work, the whir of the lawn mower sounding, the delicious odor of cut grass. Prim little box hedges inclosed squares of brilliant color. A single blossoming pear tree took the breath with beauty, as enchanting as the moon's.

She stood at an open window, drinking in the fragrance of the air, and she thought that never before had she known the spring, or sunlight, or the joy of just being alive. To be alive, to breathe—just to breathe—how wonderful! How new!

But now a delicious odor of coffee was added to the spring fragrance. Celeste came in with the breakfast tray. Pale rose linen, embroidered in a Florentine convent, old French porcelain of a faded robin's-egg blue, a tiny bouquet of field flowers in a diminutive vase, crisp little twisted rolls with a brown glaze over them, little pats of unsalted butter from the Clivedale dairy, and preserves made in the Clivedale kitchen from the Clivedale cherries. Oh, she was hungry! How good to eat! All accustomed things seemed, this morning, astonishing and new.

Celeste put the tray down on the low table, arranged things daintily with her deft light fingers, closed the windows, brought a chair for her mistress, waited—but Valeria did not sit down. She hesitated, looked about the room, expectantly turned toward the door. All at once she blushed and her voice came out queerly muffled.

"Oh—I wonder—perhaps Mr. Mallory—will you ask someone, Celeste, if Mr. Mallory has had his breakfast yet?"

"Oh, madame." It was a cry of despair. Celeste clasped her hands. Her expressive French face told of tragedy. "Oh, madame! *Je vous prie* ——"

"What is it, Celeste?"

"Oh, madame, par-don! I am sor-ree. Mrs. Rafaele, she thought —— Weeck, he say ——"

"But tell me! What is it?"

"Eef madame would drink the coffee first ——"

"Tell me at once what you are talking about! What's the matter?"

Valeria was pale, her eyes were enlarged, enormous, tragic. She thought of a hundred wild things. Owen had been hurt, thrown from his horse ——

"Celeste!"

Celeste had scampered out of the room, leaving a trail of "par-dons" after her. Voices in the hall—Mrs. Rafaele's, Wyck's—a muttering as of conspirators. Valeria's knees gave way. She sank on a sofa, pressing one hand to her side. Her heart would not begin beating again. She could not breathe. She knew that Owen was dead.

There was a knock, Wyck was in the room now, handing her something on a tray, saying things she couldn't understand, couldn't even hear, for the sudden knocking at her side, the roaring in her ears. Her fingers shook so that she couldn't tear open the letter. She wanted to burst into childish tears of exasperation at the stubbornness of the envelope. She wrenched it apart, a yellow slip of paper fluttered out and down on the floor, and a smaller green slip. She stooped over before Celeste could. Their heads came very near a collision. With a little cry of irritation and a frantic gesture, she got both Wyck and Celeste out of the room.

The yellow slip of paper was a telegram to Owen. She read it over twice, but it only sounded silly. Kidnaped? Held for ransom? But this was the twentieth century!

KINGSLAND MALLORY KIDNAPED BANDITS. HELD FOR RANSOM. COME AT ONCE. WIRE INSTRUCTIONS. JENKINSON.

Jenkinson? And this couldn't be true, of course! Such things didn't happen—at least, not to people you knew! In the newspapers, of course, but those people never seemed real. She was very angry all of a sudden. Could it be that someone was playing a stupid practical joke—the sort of brutal humor that is considered appropriate to honeymoons? What shockingly bad taste! Surely no one would dare ——

And what was this other thing? She stared at the green slip of paper. A check. But why? A check made out to her and signed with Owen's name.

She couldn't think at all. Her mind refused to function. She was nothing but nerves and emotions this morning, and her nerves were rudely jangled by both telegram and check. She jumped up, walked up and down the room rapidly, threw open the windows. What was all this? Why? It had come upon her too suddenly, without any preparation. Or perhaps Wyck had tried to prepare her, but she couldn't—wouldn't hear him. But the check! She felt as if someone had walked straight up to her and deliberately slapped her in the face.

But she was Owen's wife—it was all right. She was his wife. But like that—without a word? She ran across the room to pick up the envelope, to search again for some message from Owen. Nothing! Nothing but the telegram, the check. Not a line! Not a word! Nothing! Nothing! Oh, how dared he! How dared he go away without a word, leaving nothing for her but money!

She tore the check across and across. She watched the bits of paper flutter down out of the window into the garden.

"This is the worst thing that has ever happened to me! This is the end! I can't go on," she thought quite unreasonably. But who was ever reasonable in love? And she threw herself down on the sofa and buried her face in the pillows and cried out loud, like a child.

XXIX

EXTENDING southeastward from the Rio Grande, about a thousand miles in length, walled by the Sierra Madre, is the Mexican plateau. Here, under a clear sky, where little water falls or flows, are extensive plains, traversed at intervals by isolated mountain ranges; an arid, sparsely populated region devoted mainly to mining and stock raising at the time John Clive established his elder grandson in Mexico. At that time, too, there still flourished, undisturbed, that medieval system of land tenure which had existed ever since the early days of the Spanish occupation—incredibly vast estates, whole sections of country dominated by a single interest.

And though Kingsland Mallory's ranch was only a fraction of an old three-million-acre Spanish hacienda which had been divided after the owner's death, it still was a large property, according to American standards, and it still perfectly preserved its feudal traditions.

In 1912, when Kingsland Mallory settled in Mexico, a corner of the original estate was crossed by the National Railways at some distance south of Torreon. But in order to reach his own property—which included in its paltry one hundred and fifty thousand acres the little village of Los Cedros, the former capital of the principality, and the original manor house, the Casa Grande—it was necessary to proceed sixty miles on horseback or by wagon.

Los Cedros, the village, with its neighboring Casa Grande of the same name, lies on the high border of a plain that looks out eastward to the range of the Potréro, on the northeast to the furrowed slopes of the Zuloagas, while to the west the Zapocas rise as a barrier along the whole horizon.

A traveler, approaching over the rough road from the distant railway, sees this mountain panorama slowly and majestically unfold, dominated by one lofty peak that rises above the rest—Pico Teirra, dark and rugged to its summit of more than ten thousand feet.

Late on a spring afternoon, when the shadows were mounting the slopes, Owen Mallory, riding over the familiar road, saw once more the familiar view—slowly purpling ranges, converging in the distance to the blue fantastic shapes of dreams; and across the landscape, the slender columns of wind-driven dust, the *remolinos*, that glide like the ghosts of tall women, and, like phantoms, disappear. And then, over the little village of Los Cedros, its spreading cottonwoods and the tower of the old church, first sight for the wanderer's return. But the ancient deep-toned bell no longer rang. Mexico, once the land of many bells, was strangely still. To the right, beyond the plaza, not yet seen, was the house where King had lived—the Casa Grande los Cedros, with its whitewashed adobe walls, four feet thick, more than two hundred years old.

Owen looked up at the dark forbidding bulk of Pico Teirra; then away to the west, where the Zapocas flung their barrier across the whole flaming sky. Somewhere in those mountains King might be now. When he had rescued him he would take him away forever from this accursed land. His heart turned over with a queer traitorous homesickness for the land he cursed—beautiful and seductive as a woman whom one fears.

And all at once he seemed to see, riding toward him from the mirage of the darkening mountains, in this wild, feverish, vivid land, a woman who matched its dark splendor with her own. Not a weak little porcelain doll in a blond wig who scarcely knew how to sit a horse, but a tall, strong woman who rode as beautifully as the wind; a woman who would love danger, not be afraid of anything in life, nor to demand of life what she wanted. For a moment he felt so giddy that he thought the sun had touched him; the next he reproached himself for having, even for that brief space, forgotten King.

XXX

THE luncheon club was meeting with Louise Chadwick, and a row of more or less modish motors stood before the sixteenth-century Spanish doors when Valeria Mallory's town car purred suavely up the hill, with that little pip-pip of a French horn which is so out of proportion to the size of the car it usually accompanies. This one was strikingly recent, the very last word in a town car, straight out of the pages of a magazine. And Valeria, as long and graceful in line as the motor she stepped from, with her head very small in a closely fitting hat, a curve of fur about one shoulder, beautifully cut shoes, fragile chiffon ankles, superlatively seductive legs, might have been drawn by the highest priced of advertising illustrators.

Her entrance was observed with that grudging admiration, poorly concealed envy and secret intention to imitate which marks the entrance of a stage star among lesser lights of the theater. Not that there was anything in the least theatrical about Val's appearance. She was dressed with such simplicity that one must be utterly initiated to know how far from simple it was.

In that long drawing-room, with its fine old Spanish furniture, its lovely ancient brocades, there were several women—notably the hostess—who had a great deal more money at their command than Val. Yet she managed to make them all appear either dowdy or overdressed—even slim, pretty Louise and Clara the much massaged. As for Maude and Edith and their kind—matrons who had given up romance, accepted hips and husbands who never know what you have on—there was no use even comparing them with Val. She might have belonged to another generation.

In fact, she had been accepted, since her marriage, among those infants in the early twenties just emerging from the anæsthesia of honeymoons, who were known as the young married set, while her own friends were described as the old married crowd. Distinctly, it wasn't fair!

With chagrin, the luncheon club observed that working of the rule of social arithmetic by which a spinster of twenty-nine is an old maid—"horribly antique, my dear!"—while the matron of twenty-nine is only a young married woman, and even "a perfect child!"—quotation from the masculine, of course. Val had had a second blooming at dances, since men were no longer afraid of Kitty Grove.

But harder to endure than Valeria's new popularity and her talent for clothes—which the sudden accession of money

(Continued on Page 110)

"Oh, I Am So Sorry if You Don't Like Me to Laugh," She Apologized. "But It Is So Amusing! Such an Amusing Idea of Yours! You Were Always So Original!"

JONAH

By WALTER HAEFELI, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

MISFORTUNE, for the moment, relented a little in her fixed disfavor toward Mr. Phineas Lusk. The conductor was indignant, interpreting Mr. Lusk's altogether truthful story as to the ticket which had blown through the day-coach window, as an intentional reflection on his intelligence, and it was due to no consideration on his part that, just as his broad-toed brogan urgently requested Mr. Lusk's absence, the speed of the train was slightly abated. Mr. Lusk's momentum therefore bore him only fifteen or twenty feet along the unfriendly margin of the rock-ballasted right of way, and he was able, before the last car had jolted past him, to sit up and address a mild expostulation to the grinning brakeman on the rear platform.

"No call to be so harsh about it," said Mr. Lusk gently. "I'd about as soon get threw off as wrecked anyhow."

Receiving no response, he rose gingerly, discovering on experiment that his wispy person had suffered no serious damage. Even his costume, already well past its middle age, was not greatly the worse. After he had assured himself that the top button of his black coat was fastened to suit his sartorial fancy, he removed a slightly greenish derby hat and lovingly corrected a dent in its crown, his bared head showing a bald, bumpy stripe of scalp between margins of thin, straggling gray hair. He replaced the hat, using both hands to draw it firmly down so that its rim deflected the outer and upper flanges of his ears to more than their natural degree of prominence.

"Lucky you weren't hurt, jumping off like that."

Mr. Lusk, till now unaware of company, turned in the direction of the sound. A battered, dusty little tin car with a homemade prairie-schooner top sputtered impatiently in the road, and from behind its wheel a face, concerned and sunburned, regarded him intently. Mr. Lusk skipped nimbly to the side of the road, but the car, snuffling abreast of where he stood, paused instead of passing, and the driver leaned toward him.

"Why'd you get off here?" he inquired.

"I didn't," said Mr. Lusk. "I was threw off."

Encouraged by a certain sympathetic interest in the countenance of his listener, he enlarged briefly and without rancor on the episode. The ticket had blown out of the window, exactly as he had tried to tell the incredulous conductor, but Mr. Lusk was far from complaining on the ground of a misadventure admittedly due in part to his having left the ticket on the sill while he raised the sash. Nor did he bear ill will for his eviction, save only for the needless emphasis with which it had been accomplished.

"There wasn't no call to get so harsh," he said. "I'd of got off peaceable if he'd of gave me a chance. Soon as that ticket blew out the window I knew I was in for some more mean luck, and a train ain't no place to wait for bad luck to hit you."

The man in the car shook his head. "No such thing as luck," he declared. "A man gets what's coming to him in this world. If you got a notion you're unlucky ——"

"It ain't just my notion," said Mr. Lusk, mildly stubborn. "It ain't just because I was the thirteenth in the family, and born on a Friday too. No, sir. It's the way things been breaking for me ever since. Now if you was in Lawson, say, and wanted to get to Dobie and didn't have no money to pay railroad fare, and found a ticket layin' right in front of you in the street, you'd call it good luck, wouldn't you? Well, look at what it done for me—got me threw off out here without no notion where I'm at and no way to get no place else."

The driver's eyes narrowed thoughtfully and contemplated Mr Lusk for an interval of meditative silence.

"If that's how you're fixed," he said, "maybe you'd like a job. Ever drive a team?"

"It Looks Right Peaceable In Here, But I Bet They's Trouble Somewheres. Don't Know as I'd Ought to Stay"

"Well," said Mr. Lusk, "I used to drive a hearse some."

"Then you can handle this job, I guess. It's only hauling stones and brush. Give you three a day. How about it?"

Mr. Lusk hesitated. "Young horses, are they? Apt to get scared and run off with a feller?"

"If you can get 'em to move faster'n a walk I'll pay you three-fifty, with two pieces of pie for supper," the driver chuckled. "Hop in."

Mr. Lusk, not without a certain hesitancy, complied. The car moved across the tracks and gathered speed.

"My name's Diefenderfer," said the driver—"Albert L. Diefenderfer. What's yours?"

Mr. Lusk identified himself.

"Well, Phin," said Diefenderfer, "how about your luck now? Drop off that train six miles from a ranch and get a good job before you can pick yourself out of the gravel! Call that unlucky?"

"I wouldn't, no," conceded Mr. Lusk. "Not if it was anybody but me. But ——"

"Pow! S-s-s!"

The right rear tire interrupted him. The car jolted to an abrupt pause at the roadside.

"There," said Mr. Lusk, with resigned satisfaction. "What'd I tell you?"

"Been due to blow out any minute for a coupla weeks, that shoe has." Diefenderfer was already fumbling in the box of tools in the clutter of the tonneau. "Got a bran-new spare all ready to go on. Won't take us more'n ten minutes."

Dubiously Mr. Lusk consented to be persuaded. He collaborated in the exchange of tires, and this had nearly been completed when another car, considerably newer and less tinny of aspect, slithered to a stop beside him. Diefenderfer's placidity curdled to a scowl as he looked up. The driver of the larger car returned his glower with usury—a man with a swordfish's chin, and something fishy, too, about the hard glaze of his small round eyes. A black line of dry tobacco juice stained his underlip.

"Say, Bert, what's the idea of building that bank along your side of the river?"

The tone was not definitely hostile. It seemed rather to expect a soft answer to turn away wrath still unexpressed, and the fishy eyes glinted slyly. Diefenderfer spoke mildly enough.

"Figured it'd be a first-rate idea, Monte, to get me a good high bank along that low spot before there's any high water."

"Who's been trying to scare you?" Monte laughed. "Why, that river'd have to rise a good ten feet to get over that bank. Just plain throwing your money away, Bert."

"Well," said Bert, "I'm kind of used to it by now."

He spoke dryly and something in his tone seemed to quicken Monte's anger.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded. Diefenderfer shook his head.

"Well, near as I can make out that's what I been doing ever since I let you talk me into moving out here and buying that land off you. Throwing away money on land that's two feet under water any time the river gets up; throwing it away on cabins that'll get washed out first time there's a flood. Might's well keep on throwing it away trying to save some of the pieces."

The other man hesitated. "If you mean to claim I skinned you on that deal ——" he began. Diefenderfer shook his head.

"I'm not complaining. If I got the worst of it, it's my own fault. I didn't have to buy if I didn't want to."

"That's right." Monte seemed eager to confirm the attitude. "And you didn't get stung either. You got a first-rate bargain, Bert, and you're letting somebody make a fool of you, scaring you into raising that bank the way you're doing. You can see for yourself that there hasn't been any flood on your land for a long time, and if it should happen to get up over the banks again it wouldn't hurt a thing, anyway—run right off again. You're just wasting money trying to build a dam up in front of it. Honest, Bert."

"Hope so," said Bert. "I'd a sight sooner have it that way. By all I can make out, it takes a right strong bank to stand off one of the kind of floods you get out here, and I won't kick if this one of mine never even gets damp. But I guess, long as I've started it, I might's well go ahead and do the best job I can on it."

"You're a fool then." Monte seemed curiously angry about this.

"Been one so long I'm kind of used to it," said Diefenderfer. "Much obliged, just the same, for the good advice."

"Mean to say you're going ahead, after all I told you?"

"Guess so. Kind of hate to start anything I don't finish." Diefenderfer grinned. "And it isn't such a big job either. Bank's good and high only for that one low stretch where the river busted through last time. Figure I can plug that pretty solid before the water gets up again."

"All right, suit yourself." Monte stepped on the starter.

"Aim to," said Diefenderfer. He resumed operations with the tire as the other car jerked forward. To Mr. Lusk he offered no information beyond the statement that the other man's name was Hartsell and that he was kind of mean, some ways, for a neighbor. Mr. Lusk listened in silence. Repairs being effected, they resumed their journey.

They rattled toward a range of snow-topped mountains through an expanse of pungent, greenish-brown sage, broken by occasional red hills that basked like lizards in the late afternoon sun. They followed the road past squat, deserted cabins, their windows blank with broken, dust-covered panes, their doorways overgrown with weeds, their corrals empty; past prairie dogs standing cockily above mounds close to the roadside; over a winding hill that dipped finally to a muddy lake.

After the lake, as they neared the white-crested range, the contour of the country changed. Scrub growth mingled with the sage and dark sentinel buttes jutted upright from the hills. A castle rock admitted them into a valley. Through the heart of the valley ran two long twisting ribbons of silver-green cottonwoods that lined the wide bed of a swift stream, cutting a fickle course between a changing channel of stones; from the stream narrow irrigation ditches led to fields cleared of sage and fenced in by barbed wire.

The solitary ranches within the fences were alive, the windows of their low log cabins warm with curtains, their doorways scraped bare and clean. Chickens scratched busily about their yards, and horses stood sleepily acquiescent in the corrals. On either side, looking down on the corrals and cabins and fields, the mountains rose, ridge on pine-etched ridge, and hemmed in the valley. Their snow-covered summits shone in the sun, sparkling against a frosty-blue sky.

"Real pretty, ain't it?" observed Mr. Lusk appreciatively.

His companion made no reply. A woman at the end of a lane leading from a group of weather-beaten buildings lifted a round arm as the little tin car approached. Diefenderfer hailed her joyously as Laurie, and made Mr. Lusk acquainted, simultaneously, with her and with the fact that she was his wife, partner and cook. Mr. Lusk's own status seemed to be taken for granted. Indeed, as the woman climbed into the back seat, she seemed surprised and not pleased that he was the only new employe returning with her husband.

"Simply couldn't get a soul in Lawson for love nor money," said Diefenderfer. "Just happened to come along by the tracks when Phin, here, was getting off the train ——"

"I didn't get off," said Mr. Lusk. "I was threw."

Mrs. Diefenderfer, a chunky young woman with a little determined chin, was warmly sympathetic, although, as she put it, it was lucky for her and her husband that fortune had frowned on Mr. Lusk.

"Just when we're so hard up for help, I mean," she explained. "Not that there wouldn't be work for you right along if you wanted to stay, but just now, when we're in a hurry to finish that river bank, why, it seems as if you might've been sent, kind of, on purpose."

Mr. Lusk sighed. "It felt," he said, "more like I was kicked. Wasn't no call for it neither." He hesitated. "I don't know's I'd ought to figure on staying to your place, ma'am. You see I'd ought to be gettin' along to Dobie and ——"

Diefenderfer interrupted brusquely: "What's the rush? Said yourself it didn't matter where you were, didn't you?"

Mr. Lusk had indeed made such a statement. He thought it over, his mild eye fixed on Mrs. Diefenderfer's cheerful plumpness.

"I know," he said, "but I been kind of thinking maybe I'd better move right along instead of stopping to your place. You see ——"

"You'll have to stay here tonight anyway," said Mrs. Diefenderfer. "There's no other place for you to go except Monte Hartsell's. You just wait till you've had your supper and see how you feel about it then."

She spoke not without a certain confidence. For some reason Mr. Lusk's tongue moistened his lips.

Diefenderfer, slowing the car suddenly, stared ahead at a bridge which spanned the stream between high, vertical banks. A car crossed it.

"That's Monte's car," said Diefenderfer. "Wonder what's kept him. He ought to have been home half an hour."

He turned in a lane that dived away from the main road through a low, dense growth of scrub, and leaned forward over the wheel to stare down at the deep tire marks in the yellow dust.

"He's been in here," he said. "I'd know those tire tracks anywhere."

"What of it?" said his wife tartly. "It doesn't matter to us what that—that swindler does."

"It might," said Diefenderfer uneasily. "You see, we had a kind of a run-in back yonder, Monte and I." He condensed the interview. "Tried all he knew to soft-solder me out of building up that bank. He knows mighty well the river's bound to overflow on him if it can't get out across our place. Bet you he's been up to something in here."

He quickened the car's pace and Mr. Lusk clung to the brim of his hat as they jolted on to the end of the lane, where a collie raced, barking, out to meet them before a low log house that stood in a grove of cottonwoods. A tall, lean man, remarkably bow-legged, followed the dog.

"What was Hartsell after in here, Eb?" said Diefenderfer. The bow-legged man cleared his throat.

"Wops, I guess," he said. "Took two of 'em away with him anyhow." He paused. "Smells considerable better around here already, don't it?"

Diefenderfer's brows drew together.

"That's it, eh? Thinks he can stop me from building that bank by hiring away help, does he? Well, I'll show

(Continued on Page 188)

Hartsell Rising, After a Splashing Disappearance, Unbosomed Himself With Fervor and Fluency

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Income Versus Purchasing Power

RECENT comparative studies of the behavior over a long period of selected groups of common stocks and of secured bonds have attracted wide attention and have convinced many investors that they must revise their opinions of the merits of these two types of securities for the long pull.

There are three common motives for the purchase of any security. The speculative buyer may give little thought to future dividends or interest payments. His purchase is dictated by his belief that he has a good chance to make a capital gain, to sell his security for considerably more than he paid for it, regardless of the return he may receive while he holds it. A more conservative type of investor, when buying either stock or bonds, feels that he is buying income. He is bound to be favorably impressed by every circumstance which tends to confirm his belief that in good times or bad this income will remain undiminished and the principal unimpaired. This is the view held by hundreds of thousands of careful and experienced investors. As far as it goes it is sound, but experience shows that it does not go far enough.

This fact was the text of the harsh lessons received during the war years by thousands of persons who were living upon fixed incomes derived from sound bonds. Their coupons were cashed dollar for dollar and on the dot just as they had always been, but they were paid in dollars that had lost half their purchasing power. Incomes remained the same when measured in dollars, but when reckoned in food, shelter and clothing they were cut in two.

So practical and so irksome was this lesson in elementary economics that we have a steadily growing third class of security buyers whose main concern is neither appreciation of capital nor stability of income, measured in dollars, but rather a steady flow of purchasing power.

It is now rather generally admitted that dividends from the common stocks of well-managed corporations are often better calculated to yield this result than the income derived from bonds. Coupons may be defaulted just as dividends may be passed, but interest payments are never increased during periods of inflation by benevolent debtors bent upon seeing to it that their creditors may suffer no hardship as a result of the shrunken purchasing power of a dollar. Dividend payments, on the other hand, are flexible and follow a course nearly or almost parallel to net earnings. They have therefore the power to adjust themselves to transient economic conditions. High prices and big earnings are likely to bring big dividends. If earnings decline and insufficient reserves have been set up, dividends may disappear altogether. For this reason every advocate of common stocks as long-term investments lays particular stress upon wide diversification and upon a selection of issues which have ample reserves and long, unbroken records as dividend payers.

Dr. James G. Smith, professor of economics at Princeton, recently told the trust-company division of the American Bankers Association that at present price levels bonds are really more speculative than common stocks. His address was a plea for the immediate launching of a campaign to permit trust companies and other trustees to invest funds in common stocks. Doctor Smith's proposal, with proper modifications, is not nearly so radical as some investors may consider it.

After all, there is no magic in a certain arrangement of four letters so they shall spell "bond" which makes that security secure or protects its yield from the ill effects of world-wide economic movements. It is for this reason that many men of wealth, in drawing their wills, expressly exempt their executors from confining their security purchases to so-called legal investments.

Doctor Smith deems the only practical solution of the problem of the trustee to be a proper diversification between stocks and bonds. "Experience only," he is reported as saying, "can teach what is proper diversification, but there are times when it is quite evident that we are in a period of rising price level, and proper diversification at such times would include a somewhat larger proportion of stocks in the investment of trust funds than would be so in a period of evident falling prices."

Tax Omnibus

WHENEVER the revenue law is up for revision, plausible arguments are presented for additional deductions of various kinds. The business man is permitted to deduct losses and expenses of many sorts; why then should not the professional man or employe be allowed to charge the cost of illness against his income? The idea appeals strongly to anyone who has ever paid a large doctor's bill, but if illness is to creep into the income-tax statement, why not every other misfortune, accident and emergency?

There is much complaint among parents because children cease to provide an exemption after eighteen, although the next four years are the most expensive for those who attend college. But the answer is obvious. Those who can afford to send children to college can afford to support the Government.

It has been public policy to use the income tax as a vehicle to encourage families, but it is going far, indeed, for the state to assist in the support of children beyond the age of eighteen.

At hearings before the Committee on Ways and Means, representatives of professional and business women's clubs made a strong plea for increased exemptions for single persons, those not the heads of families. Their exemption is now less than half of that enjoyed by the heads of families. Injustice is no doubt worked in individual cases upon single women who help to support old parents or other relatives and who cannot claim the exemption of a married person. The amount might be raised from $1500, as at present, to $2000.

Yet absolute justice among all groups and classes cannot be worked out in the income-tax blanks. Each new provision, such as an exemption for illness, means a new army of government employes as well as a new crop of tax dodgers. Public policy in all probability will continue to favor the parent of young children and the married couple, no matter if injustice is suffered now and then by single persons.

Above all, as long as we have an income tax it will be a mistake to drop millions of persons from the bottom of the list. The actual sums paid by those with small incomes is exceedingly slight, so that real hardship is rare. It is wiser at present to make no radical changes in the income tax, except to reduce the rates as the state of the Treasury permits, and if possible to simplify its provisions. Any further attempt to regulate society by new provisions in the tax will surely produce more complexities.

German Capacity to Pay

JUST now the position of Germany is very much in the limelight. According to an arbitrary view being widely circulated, Germany cannot be expected annually to raise and transfer $625,000,000; consequently the Dawes Plan cannot succeed, and since it cannot succeed, it must have never been meant to succeed, and so on.

Therefore someone with a hard pencil has figured out a simple solution. An international loan ought to be raised for Germany in the sum of $6,000,000,000, representing securities based on private property. Four billion dollars would forthwith be transferred to the United States, in return for cancellation of all war loans. A quarter of a billion dollars would also be paid to the United States to cover the costs of the American Army of Occupation in Germany after the war. The balance, $1,750,000,000, would then be split between Belgium, France and Italy, and accepted by them as covering all reparation claims against Germany, provided their foreign war debts were canceled. Great Britain would receive nothing; she would cancel her loans to her allies, but would also have her debt to the United States canceled in the $4,000,000,000 paid to the United States. Germany would repay the $6,000,000,000 loan with annual amortization payments of $425,000,000 a year over a period of thirty years. In this fashion everything would be washed off the war slate except a German world loan of $6,000,000,000, payment of which would be within her capacity, irrespective of developments.

If such a settlement would impose on Germany, for more than a generation, a fixed commitment to the extent of $425,000,000 per annum, and the German capacity to pay is stated not to exceed $625,000,000 per annum, this would leave Germany small opportunity for further borrowing for internal purposes. The German net private international debt is supposed to be around $2,000,000,000, with annual charges of $100,000,000. Future borrowing, for productive and public purposes within Germany, would be limited to something like $2,000,000,000. Would Germany agree that she is to need so little additional fresh borrowed capital during this generation? Would Germany agree not to borrow in excess of this sum? We question whether any reputable financial or political authority in Germany would reply in the affirmative.

According to Welter, the current national income of Germany is about $15,000,000,000 per annum. This is considerably below the prewar annual income, corrected for price levels. The savings of the country have been estimated at $2,000,000,000 per annum. According to an official authority, in 1927 more than $3,000,000,000 were invested in industries, improvements and buildings in Germany. Of this, less than two-thirds represented domestic savings, more than one-third was borrowed capital from abroad. According to German experts something like this must be expected to occur for years in Germany, for she is in the position of a plant that must be reorganized with addition of fresh capital, in order later to become again a paying concern.

Under these circumstances it seems foolish to assume that if Germany's reparation obligations are to be cut to a maximum of $425,000,000 a year, because she cannot be held capable of paying $625,000,000 a year, she will voluntarily restrict foreign borrowings so as to keep the maximum commitments on international debts below $625,000,000 per year. She will probably do nothing of the sort, provided that new capital is easy to secure in other countries, representing investments by people who believe that German credit is good and who understand nothing about the fine question of the limit of her capacity to pay.

The trouble with the argument is that it proves too much. There is not leeway enough for Germany between the $425,000,000 and the $625,000,000 levels. If Germany is as poor a public debtor as she is being made out to be, she cannot be as good a private debtor as she is being made out to be.

THE CANADA OF TOMORROW

By Isaac F. Marcosson

NO ONE can peer into the future without realizing that the coming great stage for the enactment of the chief drama of international event will be the Far-Eastern Pacific area. The reason is quite obvious. The major countries of Europe, still bent under the fiscal burdens of the World War, have little room for expansion at home. Complete recuperation and permanent recovery can come only from growth abroad. The eyes of England, France and Germany are therefore turned Orientward, where the two former have large possessions which have entered upon periods of intensive development.

But Europe's increasing solicitude about the East is only one phase. The vast economic potentialities of China and her ultimate world status, once she is coördinated, are contributing factors. Japan, with her congested population, which must have an outlet somewhere, is likely to loom large in the inevitable readjustment of the social and commercial map. On the north is Siberia, an untapped treasure house, with Red affiliations that spell unrest.

How does all this tie up with the Canada of tomorrow, the subject of this final article of the Dominion series? You do not need to search for the answer. The star of Canadian expansion, so to speak, is steadily moving in the direction of the Pacific Coast. Though industrial development is preëminent in Ontario and Quebec, the backbone of Canada's wealth lies in the land. The prairie provinces—that granary of the world—stretch toward the setting sun.

Much more to the point, however, is the fact that British Columbia, which sentinels the western sea, is not only rich in resource but has precisely the same problems as the United States. Like California she has been threatened with Orientalization through the influx and propagation of Japanese. Her troubles are further complicated by the presence of many Chinese. In British Columbia one out of every twelve persons is an Oriental. Canada therefore has her share of undigested aliens. In addition, Vancouver is one of the great outlets for the Eastern trade, an increasingly valuable objective for the European and North American manufacturer.

It means that Canada and the United States must henceforth pursue the same economic path as they have in the past. Though the Canadian stake in the Pacific does not begin to be as extensive as ours because of our possession of the Philippines, circumstances are likely to dictate a common procedure. So far as Japanese exclusion is concerned, the two national policies are practically the same.

In other matters the neighboring peoples do not altogether see eye to eye. The next twelvemonth is likely to determine issues of no little significance to both countries, especially the United States. One is the scheme for the St. Lawrence waterway designed to provide an outlet from the Great Lakes to the sea. Backed by twenty-two of the American states and affecting nearly half our total population in some way, the project if consummated would effect a mighty evolution in trade and traffic. The weight of sentiment in Canada, however, is against the proposition for reasons which you will presently see. I refer to it here to emphasize the interest that future Canadian action has for us.

On the purely commercial side, Canada bulks bigger and bigger in our export fabric. During 1927 we sold her $835,878,090 worth of goods, which was $100,000,000 more than the bill for the preceding year.

What will be the Canada of the coming years? How will she solve the acute problem of population, which has such a vital relation to us? Along what lines will lie the largest practical coöperation between the two English-speaking peoples of the New World?

Let us first deal with immigration, which vitally involves Canada's future. It has also affected her past. Save for the native Indian, every man, woman and child living in Canada is either an immigrant or the descendant of immigrants. Immigration is two-fold in its potentialities

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Will the Scalpers Beat Us to It Again?

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Gee, This Is a Dead Old Place. I'd Give Anything if Some Real Kid Would Come Along and Tie a Cannon Cracker to My Tail"

The Outlook for World Peace

Unreasonable

"WHAT did you quit down at the Gold-plated Securities for? I thought you had a good thing there."

"I thought so, too, till I'd been there a week. I was supposed to be secretary to the vice president, but he was no vice president at all. Why, the poor nut only took two hours and a half for lunch and sometimes he'd stick around till four in the afternoon. I couldn't work for a man like that."

In the Drug Store

SCENE: The soda fountain at noontime

CLERK: D'ye get chours, sister?

GIRL IN THE RED HAT: I wanna cream cheese an' olive samwich anna double chocklut soda with whip cream.

MAN WITH THE WEAK VOICE: May I have a dose of bicarbonate of soda?

CLERK: Cream cheese an' olive! Right! Who ordered this roast pork on rye with Russian dressing anna strawberry float?

MAN WITH THE WEAK VOICE: I'd like a dose of bicarbonate of soda.

GIRL IN THE BLUE BÉRET: Say, how long I gotta wait for that chicken liver an chili sauce on Graham bread anna banana split?

CLERK: Take ya time, sister—take ya time! Who gets this cream a tomato soup an' marshmallow sundae?

MAN WITH THE FAWN-COLORED GLOVES: I want a lover's delight!

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Composite Photograph of a Bootlegging Gang

"Did You Advertise for a Companion, Dearie?"

"Junior, be Careful! Mustn't Break Mr. Perkins' Eyeglasses"

A LEADERSHIP MADE AND MAINTAINED BY QUALITY

A new perfection in Campbell's famous beans! Another step forward in Campbell's service to the critical tastes of America! Always the nation's favorite—by far the leader in popularity—Campbell's Beans are even better now than ever. The flavor, slow-cooking and other qualities that have given Campbell's Beans this leadership are all retained. But they are lifted to a new and higher excellence that is irresistible. A real treat awaits you!

SLOW-COOKED
DIGESTIBLE

12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States
and in Canada

The Making of an Illustrator

Coles Phillips, 1880-1927—By Teresa Hyde Phillips

At Work in His New Rochelle Studio About 1921

I MET him when he was twenty-seven and we were married three years later. His first drawing had appeared in Life that spring—this was December—and already that magazine was featuring him in their advertising. I had expected him to be the traditional flowing-tie artist of fiction, but instead of that he looked like an attractive and successful young bond salesman. There was nothing "arty" about him; his friends were men, his interests were masculine and he avoided with passion the teacups.

He made his name known in his own field, but he could have done many other things equally well. He was destined, I think, to be a success in anything that he gave his mind to, for he had an enormous power of concentration and he had optimism and no fear.

They called him Psi at college and the name stayed with him afterward. He did not graduate, but left for New York in his junior year to seek his fortune. He had worked his way that far through college. His father had had business reverses and there was no help from that quarter, though I doubt if Psi would have welcomed any. He joined a group of fraternity brothers who were at law and medical schools, and he himself found a not too magnificent position as clerk in a radiator company. He stayed there several months, but somehow he never seemed to develop a deep, heart-filling love for that occupation.

He had to make his own way, but not for some time, apparently, did it occur to him that in drawing lay his future. He had been drawing since he was a baby; at the age of six he expressed his love for horses by drawing them constantly, and he kept this up until he was in his teens. He has told me that he knew every type of horse in the world and every buckle and strap on every sort of harness. No one ever took this flair for drawing seriously. There was not the smallest anxiety evidenced by his family to turn him into an artist. He had not even contemplated it himself. He was self-taught except for the doubtful aid given by the weekly drawing lesson in the grade schools and by three months' work at an art school some years later.

The Way to Sell Radiators

IN HIS last year at college he decorated and illustrated the yearbook and the attention attracted by this, not only in the academic circle but outside, may have planted the seed that was later to develop into the determination to paint. But it did not germinate at once, for those first months in New York were spent in routing radiators to plumbers.

One day he was sent out with an important customer on some errand having to do with radiators, and, while waiting for the man to attend to other affairs, Psi grew bored. As always when time hung heavy, he drew from his pocket an old envelope and began a sketch.

Before long he was making a caricature of the magnate whose business he had been sent out to get. I can see him sitting there, completely absorbed; on his face the pleased, crooked half smile habitual to him when doing a piece of work that amused him. As he was putting on the finishing touches his customer came up, unheard, behind him. I suppose the latter thought he was working on heating plans. At any rate, he looked over the shoulder of the clever young salesman who was going to sell him a few thousand dollars' worth of radiators if he was lucky and very, very nice.

Mr. Phillips, From a Painting by Norman Rockwell

Of course Psi should have lost his customer, and he deserved to lose his job. But life is not always like the funny papers, for he did neither.

He looked up with his disarming, engaging grin and I think he must have felt quite sure that his plumbing days were over. But his victim did not fly into a rage. Instead, he said that the caricature was a masterpiece, and he laughed a good deal and wanted to know why a chap with talent like that was holding down a job in a radiator concern.

Art School

THEY went back to the shop hand in hand like the walrus and the carpenter. Whether this incident had any influence on Psi I don't know, but it was not long before he entered the Chase Art School in the night class. He kept up his radiator work and studied at night for three months. Then he stopped his classes, and that three months' work was the sum total of his formal art education.

He knew now that the only future he could look forward to with interest or pleasure lay along the line of painting. He left the radiator company and looked about him. He loved drawing; but it had to pay if he was to eat, and he had a healthy young man's preference for eating. The obvious solution to that problem was to find a job that exchanged money for paintings.

He found it in a kind of factory that turned out figures for cloak-and-suit houses. He sat at a long table with a drawing board propped before him. Up and down the table, painting as if in a race, were other men of every kind and condition, with barely elbow room between them. They could all draw a little or they would not have been there, but some of them could draw only certain things—heads, say, or shoes, or the high lights on silk. Each man drew what he could and the drawing passed down the table to the next man until it was finished. There was a foreman who looked over their shoulders in true factory style. Over in a corner was a real artist with a whole easel to himself. He was by way of being a demigod. It was whispered with bated breath that he made sixty-five dollars a week and the lesser mortals did not speak to him.

Psi lasted about two months there and then he gave up. The other men at the table shook their heads. They reminded him that he had a splendid position and he was insane to leave it; mark their words, he'd be only too glad to get back!

Frederick Dana Marsh, the mural painter, by the way, started in this same place or one just like it, when he came on to New York from the Chicago Art Institute, as did Walter Whitehead and I don't know how many more of the present-day painters and illustrators.

Psi had heard of a small agency that catered to advertisers, supplying them with drawings. This seemed to him an immense improvement over the fashion factory and he appeared at the agency door one morning with sketches under his arm.

(Continued on Page 42)

S W I F T

For the traditional Easter breakfast—a dish of new interest! The ancient custom of serving ham made unusually delightful through a special blend of flavors based on the mellow, distinctive taste of Premium. This year try scrambled eggs served with Cumberland Cream Gravy and tender, broiled Premium Ham, as described below.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Be sure it is Premium

Look for the blue tag. The brand Swift's Premium on the rind. The blue Premium label. The word Swift on the sanitary parchment wrapper.

Broiled Premium Ham with Scrambled Eggs and Cumberland Cream Gravy

Pan-broil center slice of Premium Ham. Remove ham to platter. Add 2 cups milk to ham fat in pan and bring to boil. Stir in gradually 4 tbspa. flour moistened with 4 tbspa. milk. Season with 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper and ¼ tsp. paprika. Moisten toast with this gravy and on each slice place scrambled eggs. Serve with ham and jelly, pouring additional gravy over eggs at table.

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 40)

"My name is Coles Phillips," he said, "and I've dropped in with a rather important piece of news. I'm going to work for you."

There was no marked enthusiasm on the part of his host, but Psi's sketches had a vitality that the agency recognized; and this—coupled, one supposes, with the fact that at no time in his life was Psi ever a conversational cripple, and that he had a remarkable ability to sell anything, including his own ideas and work - led to his being given an easel in a corner. He worked there for some time, making drawings and interviewing the advertisers, for it was discovered that he could sell ideas. In fact he had a way of persuading these men to look at drawings from the artist's point of view—a facility that probably they suspected of being acquired in a madhouse. They grew to depend on him, however, and before long he knew that he was capable of running an agency of his own.

Whereupon he rented a bare little office, with two other earnest young artists, and there the Coles Phillips Agency was born. He found then that he had nothing to do but interview six or eight potential clients a day, make sketches, persuade the reluctant advertisers that the sketches were exactly what the doctor would order for them, furnish his assistants with ideas for their sketches, see that the rent was paid, see that the assistants were paid, and walk several miles a day from one office to another. He did not have to work more than sixteen hours a day and he could always sit down and make a clever new drawing when he was tired and needed a rest.

His little agency was holding its own, but there was a fly in the ointment: He was becoming a business man and as such he wasn't able to draw nearly so much as he wanted to.

Common prudence would have led to his going on as he was, but the lessons of a carefully taught youth fell from him like a garment. Although technically his desire to paint was but a means to make money, he knew that there was a great deal more to it than that. There was with him an inner urge which had an element of persuasiveness about it that could give points to a whiplash.

He looked about and saw the magazines filled with drawings and he knew that if there was anything of that sort going on he had to be there, holding a banner of some sort; and in that realization the Coles Phillips Agency was condemned to death. The earnest young artists went to work somewhere else, the office was abandoned and Psi hurried off to find a studio.

He knew exactly what he intended to do. He had looked the magazines over carefully, studied their editorial idiosyncrasies and decided where he was to break in. Life was his chosen field. He had read every copy of that magazine that he could lay hands on, analyzed the jokes and the illustrations and editorials until he felt sure that he knew the sort of people that were back of the periodical and what kind of thing appealed to them.

Putting the Landlord in a Tight Place

HE FOUND a studio, told the landlord that he could not pay in advance, but that he had some important orders that would bring in plenty of money to pay him before the month was up. The landlord must have been a trusting soul, for he agreed to this; and Psi moved the easel that he had inherited from his uncle, Jerome Uhl, the portrait painter, into his new kingdom, along with a few pieces of furniture that he had picked up here and there, and set to work.

Life! What is there that life did not promise on that great day when he tacked a new piece of illustration board to his easel and started his drawing! I think it did not occur to him that he was not perfectly able to produce things that would be acceptable. He had studied the needs of the magazines and he felt that he was the young man they were looking for. Before him was the opportunity to make his way unaided. So, jaunty and disarming, he hired a model and plunged in.

That first drawing, in water color, the medium that he used to the last, took him a month to do. Toward the end of the month the landlord grew nervous and made frequent trips to the top floor. Psi stood this patiently for a while, but he finally had to explain once more that the landlord could not get his rent until the drawing was finished, and if he, the landlord, kept on pestering, the drawing never would be finished. It seems to me that this put the landlord in a tight place, and I can see him moaning softly, like a man who has got on the wrong train. Viewed in the cold light of every day, his financial prospects were surely in peril.

At last the drawing was finished, however, and all through the final stages Psi was racking his brains for a caption for it. His fraternity brothers met in his studio and suggested ideas. They sat over steins of beer at Schoeffel Hall and thought hard. The thing became for them a national issue. Finally the one perfect title came to Psi one morning before he got out of bed. That day the drawing received its last touch and, wrapping it carefully, he carried it over to the Life Building.

When he got there he was told that John Ames Mitchell, the editor, passed on all drawings personally and that Mr. Mitchell could not see him that day. If he would leave the drawing —— Well, he didn't think he could do that. The secretary was very sorry, but Mr. Mitchell received the artists only on Wednesdays. Psi shuddered—secretaries say these things so lightly. A vision of a hungry landlord came up before the eyes of one young artist. Wasn't there anyone in that office who could pass on a drawing besides Mr. Mitchell? Sorry, but there wasn't.

Coles Phillips and His Three Boys

At that moment a dark head moved along the top of the partition that divided the office, and Mr. Krone, the business manager, appeared in the doorway on his way to luncheon. His eye caught sight of the unwrapped drawing and he stopped and looked at it. Psi Phillips looked at him. Mr. Krone appeared to reflect.

"I think Mr. Mitchell would like to see this," he said after a moment, and he took the drawing with him to the inner office. I think he must have looked like an angel to the slim blond young man he left outside.

Presently a secretary came out. "Mr. Mitchell would like to see Mr. Phillips."

"Thanks," said Mr. Phillips, who felt that he had received the accolade.

The editor looked up from the desk on which the drawing was lying.

"You did this drawing, young man?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Mitchell studied him. "I don't remember seeing any of your work before." Psi explained that this was the first drawing he had ever submitted to a magazine. I think the kind, shrewd, wise eyes of Mr. Mitchell must have looked very hard at him at that. "I consider this a very fine piece of work," he said then. "Is it a flash in the pan, or can you do more as good?"

Psi laughed. "I can do it till the cows come home, sir," he said.

That drawing was printed as a middle-page cartoon two months later. It was called The Cup That Clears Today of Past Regrets and Future Fears. Perhaps it would not have much point in this era, but at that time it made an impression. It showed a table with an old hag sitting at one end—a horrible old wreck, yet with something about her that said she might once have had youth and innocence and beauty—and across from her was a lovely girl. Between them was a bottle with two glasses and the young woman was toasting the old one.

Psi had seen the incident one night in a saloon called the German Village on Twenty-ninth Street. The old woman was sitting at the table and the young one came in, looked around, went over and sat down beside the other and drank. When Psi did the drawing he went to the saloon and persuaded the old woman to pose for him; the young one was drawn from a model from the Art Workers' League.

Before he left Mr. Mitchell's office, he received a check for $150. He celebrated with his friends at Schoeffel Hall, but I don't know where the landlord celebrated.

The First Fade-Away Drawing

THAT was a prodigious winter for him. He made drawing after drawing for Life, and Mr. Mitchell, that great man and great editor, was always there to help and encourage and advise.

One day toward spring Mr. Mitchell told Psi that Life was about to embark on what for a magazine is a great adventure. It was their intention to discard the old type of cover which they had used for years and which had become associated in everyone's mind with the magazine, and use colored covers. Now Mr. Phillips was young and enthusiastic and clever; could he give them something new and different in covers, something that would be distinctive to Life? It was too much to hope, was Mr. Mitchell's idea, that Psi could evolve a new style. One knew everything had been done, but what could he do?

What could he do? He did not have to take himself aside to think that out! For the past few months there had been spinning around in his head a technic that he had tried out in his agency with great success. It was what became afterward his well-known fade-away type of drawing, where the figure fades into the background and is caught here and there by some accessory or high light. He had used it on an advertisement for a brand of cigars and it had been seen all over the country a man in evening clothes against a black background, figure defined by the white of his shirt, and so on. The idea had come to him one night in a friend's room when his host was standing in a dim light, playing a violin. Psi saw that the whole figure was suggested without really having definition—by the high lights on the violin and the patent-leather shoes, and by the white dimness of shirt front and cuffs. He had tried out this idea in the advertisement and he saw that it had great possibilities.

When Mr. Mitchell told him to see what he could do in covers, he knew that if the thing worked out in colors as he expected, he had exactly what he was looking for—something original and distinctive.

A fortnight or so later he was sure he had it. He took his cover over to Mr. Mitchell. It was a girl in a polka-dot dress, with no shadows and no outline, feeding yellow corn to a flock of Wyandotte chickens. The girl's dress and the chickens were white, like the background; her anatomy was suggested by the polka dots, the chickens' by the colors on comb, wings, wattles and feet. Of course it was stunt work, but it was extremely amusing to do, calling for ingenuity and good draftsmanship, and Psi loved it.

Fortunately Mr. Mitchell did too. He looked at this queer new drawing and up again at the man who had made it. Once more he asked: "Can you keep it up? Will it be possible to give us others?" And once more Psi assured him that he could, and it was.

He turned them out one after another—girls in the mode of the moment, with their heads, hands and feet modeled and their figures the same color as the background. The chicken-feeding girl was not the first to be reproduced, but was preceded by several others, beginning with a St. Valentine's cover. From the first these covers were extremely popular and he never had the disillusionizing experience of painting into the void of public indifference.

Imitators of the fade-away drawings sprang up, of course, but somehow they were not quite successful. It

(Continued on Page 221)

This *new* Hupmobile "saves me $1000"

So remarked the man who had intended to buy a $2500 car for his wife

ALL over the country, the new Hupmobile—the Six of the Century—is overturning old habits of buying.

Time after time, men and women, long accustomed to make their selections in the $2500 to $3000 range, are purchasing this brilliant new Six and gratefully pocketing the difference.

This single instance will serve to illustrate. A man was about to buy a personal car for his wife.

He saw the new Hupmobile Six in the salesroom window as he drove by. He returned at once for a closer inspection.

He bought on the spot—and remarked that the Hupmobile had saved a thousand dollars for him.

The same thing is happening all over America, under a score of varying circumstances—swelling sales volume and success to a mighty flood.

Hupmobile quality is a known quantity to all. Also Hupmobile performance.

But those two are now even more sound, more brilliant, as they match the new beauty created in the Six of the Century.

You have only to see the new Hupmobile Six to realize how far it is destined to go in invading the higher price classes.

You have only to drive it and ride in it to know that it meets every wish for the highest conceivable type of performance. 24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles, $1345 to $1625 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

The new Hupmobile—the Six of the Century—has developed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are "taken from life." Names and full particulars may be had on request.

NEW

HUPMOBILE

The Six of the Century

LINOLEUM

that cleans in a wink

Patterns in the modern manner

Here you see an instance of the remarkable soil-proof qualities of the improved Gold Seal Inlaids. *Even when spilled ink dries on their surface a damp cloth removes every trace—without leaving a spot or stain. Pattern shown here is* Gold Seal Inlaid *No. 2/4210.*

YOU don't worry if things are spilled on your porcelain-topped kitchen table. Well, here are genuine inlaid linoleums that you can clean almost as easily when accidents occur!

The Gold Seal Linoleums, manufactured by our *Sealex Process*, have a soil-proof super-finish. Even hot fats, fruit juices, alcohol, ink or full-strength ammonia can be easily removed without leaving the least spot or stain on this improved inlaid linoleum—the tiny, dirt-absorbing pores are *penetrated and sealed*, making the surface almost as easy to clean as glazed tile.

You need only pass a damp mop over the surface. Dust does not cling to this improved linoleum. Dirt cannot grind into it. Greases and liquids cannot penetrate it.

Unlike a surface coat or veneer, the *Sealex Process* greatly increases the durability and enhances the appearance of your linoleum floor. And the colorings—so varied and so attractive—will never wear off. They are inlaid *clear through* to the sturdy burlap back.

Yet with all these advantages, soil-proof Gold Seal Linoleums are very reasonable in price.

The rich *new* lustre given by the *Sealex Process!*

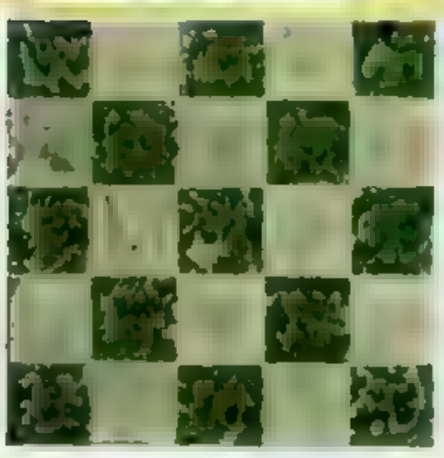
The striking new designs in Gold Seal Linoleum will please you! They enable you to follow the vogue for smart color underfoot. They give a room individuality . . . . character. Luxurious effects for large, formal rooms. Many others for cozy, intimate ones.

But what will surprise and delight you most is the beauty of texture and finish the *Sealex Process* gives Gold Seal Linoleums. Here at last is a linoleum with rich sheen and velvety lustre, yet without a suggestion of glossy slipperiness. And the springy resilience, comfort and quiet of Gold Seal Linoleums are just as remarkable as ever.

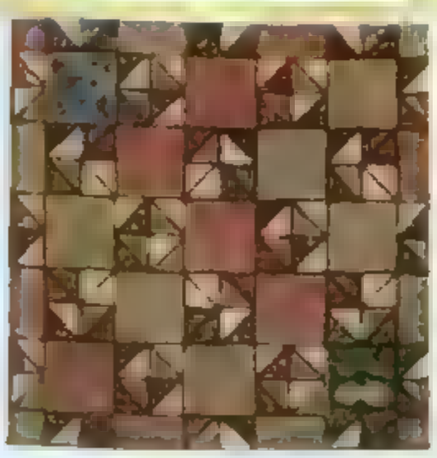
All Gold Seal Linoleums—Inlaids, Romanesq, Plain and Battleship—will be made by the *Sealex Process*. They all bear the Gold Seal Guarantee of absolute satisfaction pasted on the face of the goods. This Gold Seal is a symbol of high quality in genuine linoleums.

It identifies the linoleum products of the world's largest manufacturers of smooth-surfaced floor-coverings. Look for it when you buy!

"Seafoam": Karnean Marbled Pattern No. 6052



Another popular Gold Seal Inlaid Pattern No. 3/4207



"Monte Carlo": Karnean Marbled Pattern No. 6062

Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, Atlanta, Minneapolis, Dallas, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Rio de Janeiro.

The **SOIL-PROOF** *inlaid linoleum—*

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

FREE! The valuable illustrated book on home decorating, *Creating a Charming Home*. It contains practical suggestions and Color Scheme Selector to help you plan up-to-date interiors based on the latest ideas in the use of color. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Name _____

Address _____

OUT-OF-DOORS

"Thirty Years' Gathering"

"THIRTY years' gathering" is what we call our bedroll out here on the range—the cowboy's bed—and "gathering" is a mighty fitting name, for the bedroll answers as a warehouse for all a cowboy might gather in his rambles. And when the cowboy crawls in between the soogans he's right amongst, and laying over and under, all he owns. All, excepting a couple of saddle horses and his saddle by the corral. There's no taxes or overhead expenses worrying him as he goes to rest.

At the head of his bed is the war bag, a flour sack or some such like, which takes the place of a pillow. To make it soft or give it size, there's accumulated in there many things which is part of a cowboy's needs—tobacco sacks and cigarette papers, strips of buckskin and latigo leather to mend things with, some odd spurs, a marlinspike, and wrapped up with care might be the picture of some girl, a few frazzle-edged letters, and maybe some touchy poetry which has been tore out of old magazines. The cowboy might lay a coat over the war bag to make it extra soft, and if a spur rowel or something digs him in the ear, all he has to do is turn the bag over and pound it some. It's pretty well like finding the soft side of a bowlder, but anyway, that's the cowboy's pillow, and he's glad to lay his head on it when night comes.

Under the war bag is a .30–.30 carbine or a six-shooter, or both. That don't help make the pillow soft either, but it seems like it's the only natural place to keep such when a cowboy is at home that way.

Parlor, Bedroom and Saddle Shop

I KNOWED a feller once who'd replaced his war bag with a regular pillow—a real fancy one, but he hadn't been to blame for that—a young lady had sent it to him. She'd even put his first name on it with moonlight-colored threads and worked some more of the same in fancy braiding all around that pillow. It was sure a cute thing and us boys would take turn about keeping it perfumed by bringing wild flowers and scattering 'em around it. Of course we'd always be sure to do that when the privileged cowboy would be missing, 'cause he was sort of sensitive about that pillow, and the flowers we'd bring didn't always smell so good as some others. One time when the wagon was sent in for grub, a few of us chipped in and had a six-bit bottle of perfume brought out. We spilled the whole thing on the pillow at once and covered it up well, and a few months later, when I left that outfit for other ranges, the pillow still smelled, and the cowboy who owned it was still sensitive about remarks on perfume and pink colors on sky-blue silk.

The other things that go to make an average cowboy's bed are the soogans—quilts. Two or three of them, folded double, take the place of a mattress, and they're better than a mattress because they can be took out easier and shook up and aired through; then again, among each fold of them quilts is a great place to lay clean clothes so they won't wrinkle. If a cowboy has a suit, he can lay it in there, and when shipping time comes and he goes to town, he's got a clean suit all nicely pressed to put on.

Shirts and underwear and socks are kept among the folds of the under soogans, too, and every kind of clothing he wears which he wants to keep clean and pressed.

As for the other part of the bed, a light double blanket is used to crawl in between, some heavier ones on top, and maybe a soogan. That all depends on what the weather hands out. The whole bed is inside a long waterproof canvas called tarpaulin, or tarp for short. The tarp, which is about seven feet wide by sixteen feet long, folds over the whole thing and snaps on top so no cold winds or snow or dust can get in the bed.

At the foot of the bed and on both sides between the bedding and the tarp is another handy place to keep things in, such as an extra pair of boots, the pet rope, a spare cinch, clothes that needs washing, and all the things a cowboy don't have to be particular about, so long as they're out of the weather.

Unfolding a cowboy's bed and looking through it, a feller would find things in there that'd fit in with a parlor, bedroom, storeroom, and saddle shop. The kitchen is only a little ways off, by an open fire, and the living room takes in for as far as the eye can see, and away beyond that—all with the sky for a ceiling and the sun for heat and light.

Wherever the cowboy goes, his bed, or "thirty years' gathering," goes with him, even if he goes to town to stay for a spell and uses the hotel bed, his own roll will be in the corner of the room or somewheres close, and only when going on a long trip, like to some rodeo where he might contest, does he leave his bed behind, because that bed, you might say, is his home. With it he's independent even if he's broke, and a cowboy sure does love to be independent.

The cowboy's bed, with all that's in it, weighs around from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds. It's a bed a feller can spread on the ground and sleep into and be comfortable, whether it's sixty below or above. At round-up time the bed is rolled and hauled around in the bed wagon from one camping place to another; and when the cowboy decides to drift by his lonesome and hit for new territories, he spreads the bed over a pack horse's back, the canvas tarp, being turned at both ends and snapped, keeps everything in there as it is; and when the end of the day comes and the squaw hitch is took off, the bed is slipped to the ground, ready to crawl into, and with hardly a wrinkle through the whole length of it.

I knowed riders who sported beds that cost as high as two hundred dollars. There'd be double blankets of fine Mexican weave which was light but would turn water and cold and heat, and all the rest tallying up till it seemed to me like real luxury—a "gathering" of the kind that'd be easier to get into than out of—but the pillow, wherever I went, was most generally always the same—it was always the war bag.

You Know Them by Their Outfit

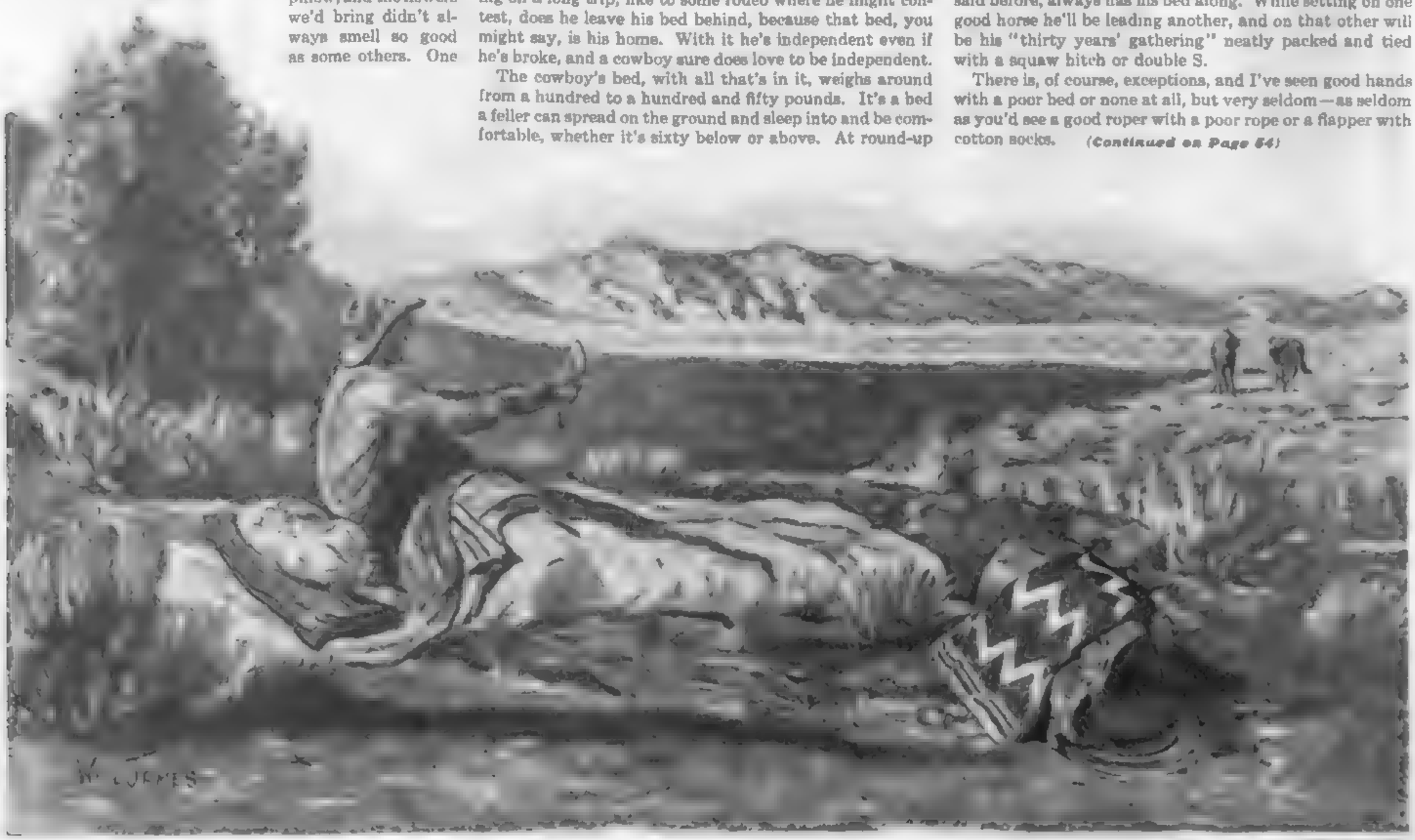
IN THE southern countries, on account of milder climate—which ain't so mild at times either—the beds are considerable lighter than they are up north. A lot of the cow foremen down there didn't allow a cowboy to have much bedding on account of the room and weight the wagons or pack outfits was scarce of when moving camp. Many of the outfits made the boys double up so as to save taking so much bedding, but down there, the same as up north, the bedroll was made up of pretty well of the same "gathering," and anything from a spur strap to a serge suit could be found among the soogans.

The true cowboy, whether he's at a cow camp, among his kind, or anywhere else, never wants to impose on anybody. Like any man who has a profession or trade, he has all that's necessary for him to follow up his line with, and you can always recognize him by that and the way he's got his outfit together.

Like, for instance, the true cowboy is always riding a good horse, the pick of many geldings, and never a shaggy cayuse. His riggin', even though wore, will be neat and strong, and the rider will be setting up on it straight, never slouchy, for a slouchy rider never has rode a bad horse.

And while drifting that way, the true cowboy, as I've said before, always has his bed along. While setting on one good horse he'll be leading another, and on that other will be his "thirty years' gathering" neatly packed and tied with a squaw hitch or double S.

There is, of course, exceptions, and I've seen good hands with a poor bed or none at all, but very seldom—as seldom as you'd see a good roper with a poor rope or a flapper with cotton socks. *(Continued on Page 54)*



Wherever He's at, Whether He's Working or Drifting, When the Cowboy Throws Back the Soogans of Early Morning He's at Home

EVEN though Cadillac is recognized as one of the world's exclusive cars, no price premium attaches to its exclusiveness. Today's Cadillac expresses beauty in its most regal mood. The 90-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder engine is developed to still greater heights. But price is relatively lower. Much that was hitherto obtainable only in custom-built models is now standard. Cadillac stands alone in quality and in value. Consequently two-thirds of all buyers in its price class have already made it their choice.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Maude Parker

(Maude Parker Child

I WAS born in Galveston, Texas, where my family happened to be living temporarily. At the age of six I was taken to Burlington, Iowa, where I lived until I went to the University of Wisconsin. After that it was inevitable that I should move to New York, for I was both a Middle Westerner and an incipient author. Various newspapers in my own section had printed many of my youthful efforts, beginning with an essay written when I was nine. At an even earlier age I had declared that when I grew up I was going to be an authoress—a statement which dates me definitely, I fear. But I wanted not only to write but to earn my living by writing, and this I knew was a broad gulf to bridge. All the best magazines which up to this time had returned my manuscripts with rejection slips were located in that mysterious region we referred to as the East. I was certain that there must be magic words which one could somehow learn there by which the doors of opportunity would be opened miraculously and one would wake up to find oneself arrived

Maude Parker Child and Her Daughters Anne and Constance at Lake Placid, 1927

But it was in 1916—just before my marriage—that I sold my first short story and I have never yet learned what these magic phrases are. Sometimes I have had a horrid suspicion that they may be only hard work and persistence, and that curious belief in one's ultimate success which can be neither rationalized nor killed. I have traveled a good deal in my own country as well as in Europe and the Orient. I have spent various winters in Washington, in Rome and in Paris, but I always return to New York, where my two daughters and I make our home, with enthusiasm. The tremendous vitality which the city expresses in so many varied ways has always retained for me something of the magic which it had when I saw it for the first time. Then I felt certain that some day I might conquer it, although my only equipment consisted of a manuscript and a great many hopes. I still have the manuscript.

Tony Sarg

LET'S start at the beginning. I was born in Guatemala, where my father was a sugar and coffee planter, but owing to the somewhat restricted educational facilities of Central America, I was sent to school in Germany, the land of my father's birth. After six years in German army training schools, and finally as a lieutenant of artillery, I decided to pursue my natural artistic bent in England, my mother's native country. I ought to say, I suppose, that I had the urge to draw from earliest childhood. It might be interesting to admit, too, that I never had so much as an hour of art instruction. One or two criticisms from competent artists have meant more to me, I suppose, than anything a school might have given me

In London, on the strength of the drawings I brought with me, I was allowed to do some advertising designs for a marmalade company. But my great ambition was to do comic drawings and, after learning how to approach editors, I finally sold a few to The Sketch, the famous London weekly.

One thing I discovered at the start: You could always sell a good joke. So I went through piles of foreign magazines in the British Museum, combing them for good stories. My early training in several foreign languages helped a lot at this job. Since the best jokes are almost universal in their appeal, all I had to do was revamp them to fit another time and place, illustrate them and send them in. It wasn't exactly the royal road to fame and fortune, this business, but it gave me a great deal of invaluable practice.

It was along about this time that I first became interested in marionettes. As I circulated among artists and illustrators I found that each had some little side line—some useful accomplishment apart from his art—to distinguish him from the rest. Besides adding to the evening's entertainment at an artists' gathering, this little knack often proved the only means of advertising open to you in this ethics-hedged business.

In casting about for a hobby, then—or call it a useful means of self-expression, if you will—I came inevitably to marionettes. A paragraph in a book lamenting the decay of marionettes was a send-off, so I hied myself again to the British Museum, this time to read up on marionettes. To my surprise, outside of a few historical works, the literature on them was scant. The next best bet was to see a real puppet master in action. Accordingly I spied shamelessly and diligently for fifty performances upon the great Holden, then entertaining the children of London. And by slow degrees I have worked up my hobby into quite a paying business, thank you.

Tony Sarg

My coming to America was a direct result of the outbreak of the war in 1914. Although my three sisters were married to Englishmen and I myself to an American girl, yet the British could not but look askance at me, a former German artillery officer. When I was requested to resign

(Continued on Page 48)

Ellen B. T. Pyle

THE first letter I took in to THE POST after the editor's request for my life story was returned with "Not enough detail; make it more personal; everyday things are of more interest; it may seem egotistical to you, but it won't to THE POST readers." So ——

I live at Westbrae Farm in Greenville, Delaware, about five miles from Wilmington. My home is on top of a high hill, with rolling farm land all around. I love everything about the country, even the hooting of owls on a dark summer night and the fact that we are usually snowed in at least once a winter and have to get the county to dig us out.

Ellen B. T. Pyle and Her Children

Germantown, Philadelphia, was my birthplace, and my dream of life was to be able some day to be an artist. It was a red-letter day for me when I started studying art at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. Lydia Austin, now Mrs. Maxfield Parrish, and Charles Grafly were among my earlier teachers, and it was my privilege later to study under Howard Pyle. He was an inspiring teacher. The sincerity of his own work and his unflagging enthusiasm affected everyone around him and made a deep and lasting impression on his students. I remember walking over to the station after one of his composition lectures and feeling I could hardly wait until the next morning to get back to work and start being a Michelangelo, which I felt sure I would have no trouble in doing.

My one wish at this time was to make painting my life work, but while I was studying at the Howard Pyle summer school at Chadds Ford I met his younger brother Walter, to whom I became engaged soon after leaving school. I had a studio in Philadelphia for a short time, and

then after my marriage came to Wilmington to live.

The absorbing task of raising four children put art work in the background for a time. There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether a woman can keep on with her work and be a competent mother. Probably people vary a great deal, but I found that when there was a young baby in the family, unless the nurse was to have all the joy of caring for the child and the responsibility for its training, it was not practical for me to spend nearly all day in the studio. One or the other had to take second place.

My husband's death a few years ago changed things for me in a good many ways, and I began again to spend more time at my work. Painting, with its absorbing interest, was a relief to my mind, and one cannot be idle when there are four children to be provided for.

I worked at first in the third story of my house, taking the guest room, which had a north window and was a fair size. But working in the midst of your household has its disadvantages. It is hard to concentrate when the telephone rings and you hear "I don't know, but I'll ask her when she comes down"; or when the cook, in spite of the sign pinned on the door, pokes in a plate with the rest of yesterday's chicken "to know if you think that's enough to go around for lunch." This doesn't exactly combine with painting; it's a different side of your brain.

Now I have the hayloft of a barn not far from the house made into a studio. The north window looks out over the orchard, and it is heated in winter with a wood stove. The logs are cut from our own woods.

I painted two cover designs of girl's heads and one of my four-year-old daughter Caroline enjoying an ice-cream cone. THE POST bought the heads and said they might like the ice-cream-cone picture if it had more story. So later I put my sister's dog Scout in front, looking up with his mouth watering. We used up a whole box of biscuits keeping him quiet while I worked.

The girl I am most interested in painting is the unaffected natural American type, the girl that likes to coast and skate in winter, who often goes without her hat, and who gets a thrill out of tramping over country roads in the fall and bringing home branches of scarlet leaves for the living room. I use my children and the young people who come to the house quite as often as professional models.

I love painting children; they are so spontaneous and their color soft and vivid. It is not always easy to get just the baby you have in mind for a model. I often go in to Wilmington and watch the children being wheeled about the street in their go-carts. The reaction of the mothers varies. Some treat you as if you had insulted them, don't want to have the baby painted and stare at you coldly and suspiciously. But most of them are proud to have the child admired. One child was a smiling cherub at its home and burst into tears and loud wailing as soon as it came into the studio.

People ask you how long it takes to do a cover. It varies a great deal. If I find after two or three days that the picture is not working out well, I start all over again. I hate a painting that looks labored and color that has grown dead through being worked over. Then, of course, full-length figures and a design very much detailed take much longer than just a head. You might do a head in a couple of sittings and spend two or three weeks on a design with two figures and a lot of accessories.

I start work about nine, first making out the market list and arranging the meals for the day. I work until about three or sometimes later, and often don't come in for luncheon when I am in the middle of a picture.

After I leave the studio, I like to be out-of-doors, gardening, playing tennis with the children in summer or going for walks in winter.

Two of the children have started along the thorny but exciting path of art. My son Walter is beginning illustration and my eldest daughter Ellen is a student at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. I criticize their work and they often pose for me, and at times it seems as if nearly everyone in the house was either painting or being painted.

Tony Sarg

(Continued from Page 47)

from my clubs I realized that this was but the first of a long series of like painful incidents. I simply could not stay in England. I chose to go to America, although I was aware that there was literally no other place for me to go.

Luck was with me from the start in America. The first manuscript I was given to illustrate was Speaking of Operations by Irvin Cobb, for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Although I had never seen Mr. Cobb, I had seen photographs of him; so I took the galleys home and went earnestly to work. I knew how much depended on this assignment, you see. The day the illustrations arrived, I received a telegram of congratulation from the editor and another manuscript was sent from Philadelphia by post. That is really the end of the story of my start here.

Between my marionette workshop on Forty-fourth Street and my laboratory in Chatham, New Jersey -devoted to the making of animated cartoons for the movies, between writing children's books and drawing for the magazines, I succeed in keeping pretty busy. But my early army training has given me such vitality that I have never been able to use up all the energy I have for the daily stint. If I have been sketching all day, for example, I do modeling at night, or toy with mechanics. All of it is recreation to me. If anyone asks me about working, I say I have never done a day's work in my life—and that's the truth.

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

DAVID BELASCO

praises *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*

DAVID BELASCO, one of the greatest of theatrical geniuses, whose name attached to any production or star is invariably accepted by the world as proof of class, has been to see Universal's spectacular picture, ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin."***

Voluntarily, then, he wrote me a letter about it and I prize his personal tribute more than any I have ever had the good fortune to receive. I am reproducing his letter here in full, with a world of thanks to this masterful leader who knows whereof he speaks.

BELASCO THEATRE
Forty-fourth Street, near Broadway
New York City
January 4, 1928

Dear Mr. Laemmle:

Last evening a kind fate took me to see your picturization of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin."*** Having played "Uncle Tom" myself, as well as almost all the other parts at one time or another when I was an aspiring actor, I felt more than casual interest in seeing Harriet Beecher Stowe's wonderful story on the screen. The way you have handled it thrilled me to the heart. Here is the greatest human story ever written, presented in a fashion worthy of the subject.

We hear much of plays and pictures which should be avoided. Here is one we should hear much of as being a desirable picture to see. Every teacher, minister, rabbi and priest should tell of it to every person, children and adults, with whom they come in contact. Everyone should be encouraged to see it.

It is inspirational as well as educational; full of pathos, humor and life—a great picture in every particular—a fascinating picture.

Congratulations and good wishes.

Faithfully,

Signed: *David Belasco.*

• • • •

Undoubtedly, while reading this column you have many times thought of writing to me, but for some reason you keep on putting it off—why isn't this a good time to let me hear from you?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

THE POETS' CORNER

What the Editors Do Not Know

ALL my songs are sung to you,
All my words are said,
With your eyes of blue
In view,
With your curly head.

All my songs are sung to you!
Though the world may hear,
What is that to you—
To you,
Or to me, my dear?

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

The Little Road

THOUGH I may take a hundred roads
That lead a hundred ways,
And leave one little road behind,
Through all the future days
My heart will ever grieve for it;
And maybe it will break,
Remembering the little road,
The road I didn't take.

Though I may climb a hundred heights
Each glittering with gold,
Pressed like a yellow rose away
Down in my heart I'll hold
A sacred little place for it;
And I will lie awake
When nights are still and yearn for it—
The road I didn't take!

—Daniel Whitehead Hicky.

The Cry of the Lake Boats—Spring

(Their Song for the Season's Opening

FAR thunder! And a silence falls, more still
For the strange sound! We hear the Great Lakes waking
From winter sleep, and breaking
The ice's thwarted will!

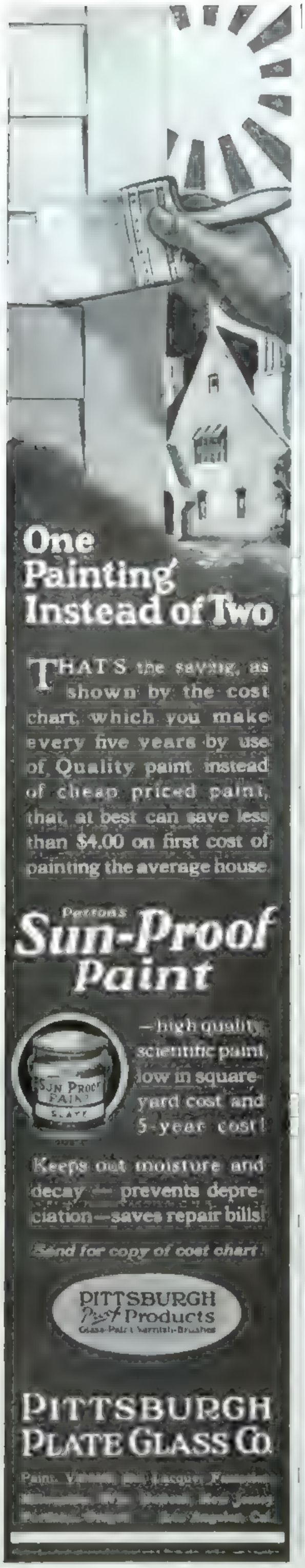
Now send us forth among the open floes,
Ships that have wailed all the winter long!
The first bird wings his song;
Sheer north the wild goose goes!

Duluth awaits! Twin Harbors, red with ore,
And all the islands in the Georgian Bay!
Chicago, vast in day,
And Huron's cilied shore!

So launch us forth! The sunny world's a-hum!
The Soo's locks stream their waters; forests sing.
The Great Lakes' tardy spring,
Their spring, our spring, has come!

—Harry Kemp.

SEVENTEEN years ago Fisher pre-visioned the closed car as the ultimate vehicle of popular use. Guided by that vision, Fisher—through year after year of improved design and engineering—finally achieved the strong, safe, comfortable and compact body of today. How fully and how practically Fisher recognizes the responsibility of its unquestioned leadership is at once apparent in the surpassing comfort, value and beauty of the cars equipped *with* Body by Fisher.


One Painting Instead of Two
THAT'S the saving, as shown by the cost chart, which you make every five years by use of Quality paint instead of cheap priced paint, that at best can save less than $4.00 on first cost of painting the average house.
Pittsburgh
Sun-Proof Paint
—high quality scientific paint, low in square-yard cost and 5-year cost!
Keeps out moisture and decay — prevents depreciation—saves repair bills!
Send for copy of cost chart!
PITTSBURGH Pure Products
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PEOPLE AGAINST BROWN

(Continued from Page 19)

feet and speaking in unaccented English, "I shall make no dishonorable bargain. If I am a thief, have me arrested, but I shall never admit for a moment, nor under any promises, that I had a hand in these thefts."

"Mr. Donofrio," said his employer, "nobody is accusing you. There is no occasion for heat. We suggest only ——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Horton," said Donofrio. "You hinted that those in charge of the stock room had guilty knowledge, and I see a threat in that. I am a man of honor and not a stool pigeon."

"Very well, sir," nodded Mr. Horton. "What you have heard is confidential. You may return to your duties."

Donofrio bowed with formality and left the room. Conlin stepped quickly to the doorway and watched him go.

The police official was not the only person whose eyes dwelt on the fine figure of the retreating stock clerk. The sudden cessation of a typewriter's rattle made Conlin glance at the typist behind her desk outside Mr. Horton's room. She was a very pretty blonde in a green dress trimmed with tan. Her blue eyes expanded; to make sure that her apparent entrancement was not merely an illusion created by her effort to look into the distance, Conlin waited to catch her glance. She looked aside at him, and the light went from her face. She resumed her work. Conlin closed the door.

"To prevent another misunderstanding, Mr. Horton," he said, "it would be a good idea to tell this other young man frankly that we have found the goods. . . . We found them, Brown, in a tenement on Old Broadway, in the keeping of a woman called Abbott. She's under arrest. Consider now if you can do what we want."

Harry Brown looked as if he was going to blubber. He was leaning forward, hanging on Conlin's words; he turned from the inspector to seek resolution and inspiration in his employer's face.

He said now, in a childish and pouting voice, "I'll help you, Mr. Horton. I'll do anything you want me to—anything, Mr. Horton. I only want to tell you that I didn't steal anything. I'll leave everything to you."

"That's the boy!" cried Conlin heartily.

"But you must avow guilt," warned Mr. Horton.

"Oh, no," said Conlin. "Deny it stoutly, by all means. You're not going to take a plea—you won't get to that. Well, son, are you ready to go to jail? You don't need to pack an overnight grip—you'll be sprung on bail before dark. Just do as we tell you and you'll shoot along like a greased pig."

Mr. Horton pressed a button. The fair-haired girl in green came in with book and pencil.

"A statement for the newspapers, Miss Hazeltine," said Mr. Horton, walking reflectively up and down. "One copy; I'll revise it. Take this, please:

"The investigation of the past few weeks into the losses of merchandise by the Horton Silver Company resulted today in the arrest of one of the stock-room clerks under a serious charge. A conspiracy was uncovered of which some details are as yet unexplored, but enough is known for decisive action.

"Orders for merchandise were given the company under fictitious names and addresses. The driver of the delivery car reported that the consignees could not be found; whereupon the goods were checked off as returned to stock. Suspicion was not aroused until an inventory showed that these supposedly returned goods were not in stock. When the hiding place of the stolen goods is discovered the guilty confederates of the stock clerk will be promptly apprehended."

Mr. Horton looked consultingly at Inspector Conlin. Conlin had been studying Miss Ann Hazeltine. The color had left her face; she was bending closely over her pad.

"Have you the name of the stock clerk there, young lady?" asked Conlin.

Miss Hazeltine opened her mouth and then shook her head.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Horton. "Take this: The clerk in custody is Henry M. Brown. . . . Yes, Miss Hazeltine?"

"I only coughed," said the girl.

"I want a word with this young lady in private," said Conlin as she rose to go.

"You may use the next room, if you will," said Mr. Horton surprisedly. "But I can assure you that Miss Hazeltine is the soul of discretion."

"Certainly," said Miss Hazeltine. Conlin followed her into the room, closed the door, and said to her abruptly: "Young lady, what were you doing on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street this morning?"

"I happened to be there," she said, facing him.

"Just happened, eh?" He stalked up to her and thrust his craggy face close to hers. "You know who I am, don't you? You know that I can clap you into the House of Detention as a material witness, don't you? You followed somebody up there."

"Surely not." Her nostrils quivered dangerously.

"What do you know about this man Donofrio?"

"Nothing. He's been with us only three weeks."

"I had my eyes on you. You're trying to cover this Donofrio because you're in love with him."

She tautened, drawing back from him. Her eyes were the blue of heated steel. Her hand swung up sharply and met Conlin's cheek in a sounding smack.

"You vulgar, prying, common policeman," she said whisperingly. She turned on her heel and ran to the door.

He watched her cross Mr. Horton's room and close the outer door behind her. He raised his hand slowly and touched his tingling cheek. There was in his gaze no resentment, but only admiration tinged with melancholy.

"Too good for the rascal," he grumbled. To Mr. Horton, on reentering the room, he said, "Have Miss Hazeltine come down to headquarters when I send for her. . . . About the silver, Mr. Horton—we'll hold something over five hundred dollars' worth as evidence. You may have the rest if you'll give it to us when we need it, or something just as good."

"Something just as good, by all means," chuckled Mr. Horton, greatly amused. "That will be a novelty in the history of the Horton Silver Company. We shall replace the bulk of the sterling with plated ware that will serve you equally well, no doubt."

III

MR. RAOUL DONOFRIO descended from the Subway station at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, entered the cigar store on the Broadway corner and bought himself an excellent eighteen-cent Tampa cigar.

He emerged smoking, stood for a moment in indecision, and then walked northward on Broadway to Lawrence Street. He walked east on Lawrence Street to Old Broadway, and then south on Old Broadway to the tenement house that had been the home of Mrs. Abbott. Going to Mrs. Abbott's house from the cigar store, Inspector Conlin had followed a straight line; it was perhaps the devious mentality of Mr. Donofrio that had caused him to go circuitously. Arriving at the tenement, however, he popped into it with dispatch.

He mounted to the third floor, found unlocked the crazy door that gave into the flat that had been Mrs. Abbott's, entered, looked carefully through the rooms, and came out. He descended to the street and went by his roundabout route to the telephone in the cigar store.

"Hello," he called. A growling voice answered. "I've just been to the Old Broadway place for a look around. I see the goods have been moved, as you said."

"Right," said the harsh voice. "Go on down to our friend by Jefferson Market and describe them to her and give her a chance to find them for you."

He hung up, reflected for a long moment, looked at a handsome gold watch, and called another number. "Let me have Miss Hazeltine, please. . . . Hello! Ann? . . . Ann, I want to talk to you. Will you please come to dinner with me tonight?"

"No," said the voice of Miss Ann Hazeltine with finality. "Good-by."

"Ann! Hello, Ann!"

"Mr. Donofrio, please. If you have anything to explain, you may write me a letter. I shall not see you."

"Oh, very well, Ann. This is merely to say that I'll be on the Christopher Street station platform at half-past six tonight."

He strolled across One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, puffing his good cigar ruminatively. Arriving at the Elevated station on Eighth Avenue, he tossed his smoke away, took the moving stairway to the level of the tracks and entered a Sixth Avenue train. He got off at Christopher Street and went directly to Ma Bonn's curiosity shop.

Ma Bonn's was a double store with a central entrance; one of the two show windows was devoted to a display of silver. Silver was piled up there like so much weight of metal; it wasn't shined up to sell, nor was it artfully posed. Some of it wore price tags, and the values were certainly honest. Donofrio stood before the window and scrutinized the silver for some minutes before entering the shop. At his request Ma Bonn put several pieces into his hands for closer study.

"I see you know silver," said Ma Bonn, her green eyes giving him the study that he was giving her wares. "Well, silver is all your money pays for here. Go over to Fifth Avenue and buy a piece like that, and part of what you pay is for the clerk's college education. Well, a man's a sucker to pay for a college education and then not get it."

"I'm a jeweler," said Donofrio.

"In New York?"

"Oh, no. In Havana. I am in New York for a bit of fun and to do some buying."

"In Havana? You don't talk like a Cuban."

"I was born and brought up in this country."

"What are you buying?"

"Silver."

"Are you buying very much?"

"Oh, I shall spend six thousand dollars if I find just what I want."

"There's ten thousand dollars' worth right in that window."

"This stuff I could not use. I must have new goods, and in sets—not such odd pieces. You have a quantity of it—more than a strong man could lift."

"It's been lifted in its time, just the same, I'm afraid," said Ma Bonn with a humorous twinkle. "You know how it is in this business, mister. We don't get a pedigree with the stuff we buy."

"Very fine," he said, giving her a hammered-silver butter dish to wrap. "I'll take this. I should like to buy a gross at the same price. I must have goods equal to those of your smart Fifth Avenue silversmiths—but without the college education."

"And you'll spend up to six thousand dollars," said Ma Bonn, wetting her lips.

"But only for that grade of goods. Such, for instance, as is handled by the Horton Silver Company. I read in the newspaper that the Horton Silver Company had lost a great deal of money lately by thefts from stock, and it occurred to me that they might be interested in raising cash quickly. I was to see them, but they were impossible."

"Havana, eh?" Ma Bonn had her own train of thought. "Are you acquainted in

(Continued on Page 52)

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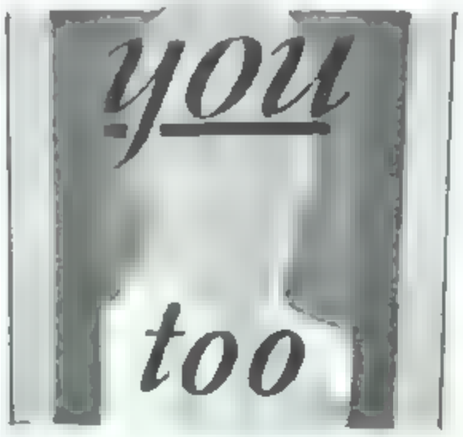

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Send me by return mail full details about how to make money selling the Nogar line free samples etc.—no charge or obligation to me.

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Address

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(Continued from Page 50)

New York at all, mister? Who do you know?"

IV

WITH a menacing look at Harry Brown, Little Amby swung about in his swivel chair, got up and walked to his office window. He stood with his smartly tailored back to the two men in the room and frowned across Centre Street at the gray bulk of the Tombs.

He was angry and somewhat puzzled; he could not understand the stubborn streak in a client who had seemed as spineless as putty.

"There's just one thing to do here, Ben," he snapped over his shoulder. "Surrender him at once and cancel your bond, and I'll withdraw from the case. When complete confidence does not exist between me and a client, I cease to represent him."

"But, Mr. Hinkle," protested Harry Brown tremulously, "I have complete confidence in you. I told you everything, didn't I?"

"Now listen, Harry, my old tomato," growled Fat Ben coaxingly. His left hand squeezed Harry Brown's knee, while his huge right hand thumped the young man's back; his big blue eyes beamed in friendship. "Why don't you come clean with us? All we're asking to know is where you planted the stuff. We treated you white, didn't we? The minute Mr. Hinkle gave me the ring, I jumped up there and took you out, like a true friend. Yes, and I took you out on the cuff, didn't I? Straw bail, you gave me. All you had was two dimes, and they weren't mates. Well, if you will only remember to send me a Christmas card, that is good enough for me, but Mr. Hinkle is a great friend of mine, too, and he asks me to do him a favor and put you back in the coop. So back you go, my boy, if you do not trust us like a couple of good friends."

"But why do you want to know where it is?"

"Why? Because—what do you mean, why do we want to know?" The bondsman's great face darkened; his right hand closed and twitched Harry Brown to his feet. "What do you mean by that wise crack, young fellow?" His heavy arm drove forward, throwing the client against the wall and pinning him there. "I talked you pretty, didn't I, and give you a chance to show yourself for a gentleman? Now I will talk you different. Come, where is the plant, or I will button the back of your collar with your teeth."

"Here, none of that, Ben," interposed Little Amby. "Don't make yourself so at home. Do as I tell you. Surrender him, and we'll start all over."

"Don't let him hit me," whimpered Harry Brown. "I'll pay him. I'll pay you, too, Mr. Hinkle. I'm going to sell it today and get the money for you. You can come right up there and get paid."

"Where?"

"In Ma Bonn's, up near Jefferson Market."

"Not so dumb," said Fat Ben, releasing him. "Well, my old tomato, that explains everything, and I was wrong to get peevish, but the way I am, I am a sucker for a friend every time, and if I think a friend is giving me the runaround it burns me up. Now I will show you how I am—I will go right up there to Ma Bonn's with you and see that you get your money."

"I want Mr. Hinkle to go up there too."

"That'll make it a real race," said Fat Ben. . . . "What do you say, Amby? All set? Pop goes the pistol."

"Who sent you to Ma Bonn?" asked Little Amby, in the cab going north.

"I heard of her from a fellow I used to know. He's up in Sing Sing now."

"A good friend to have. He can introduce you around when you go up there yourself, because that's where you're heading, my lad, as sure as we have Thursday. And it will be the result of bad company and listening to halfwits. He gave you a good steer by accident."

"What should I do, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Associate yourself with the right people. Ask advice of people who are older and wiser, and do what they say. All the average young fellow can see in the sporting life is just sport; he steps out and makes a lucky catch, and he doesn't know what to do with the ball, or where to run, because he hasn't been taught the game. You're beginning to show a little sense. You train along with the right people and you'll wear diamonds." A row of large diamonds winked and sparkled on the little shyster's sallow hand as he gesticulated complacently.

"Hello, Amby," said Ma Bonn, tossing a newspaper aside as they entered.

"Hello, there, ma, my old tomato!" bawled Fat Ben heartily. He swaggered to the counter, grasped the virago's hand and pulled her forward. "Ma," he whispered, "we come for our money. How about it?"

"I'll see you get it," she said. "I have a party coming in right away to take that stuff, and you'll get yours when the kid gets his."

"Oh, very well," said Fat Ben, hearty again. "Harry's my pal; he's aces with me. If he wants to square the account right away, so be it. My bit could ride, and I was only thinking of the fee of the surety company that I wrote the bond for. Come inside, Harry, and we'll take a powder."

Harry Brown said to Ma Bonn, "That stuff is on the way over. But, please, Mrs. Bonn, couldn't you pay me forty-five hundred dollars for it?"

"Don't start that again," she said briskly. "Three thousand dollars I'll pay and not another cent. Go inside and stay there."

The three men walked to the rear of the store. Harry Brown and Fat Ben went into the rear room and to the sideboard; Little Amby lingered in the vestibule whence he could look into the store. Ma Bonn resumed her newspaper.

A small furniture van upon whose side was painted a battle piece full of spirit and inaccurate history stopped at the curb outside. The driver clambered down, threw a blanket over his moth-eaten horse and looked about him. His wandering gaze was fixed for a communing moment upon the hard features of Inspector Conlin who looked from a first-floor window of the tenement adjoining the curiosity shop.

The driver dragged a heavy box from his vehicle, got it onto his shoulders, carried it into Ma Bonn's and let it to the floor with a bang.

"Here," frowned Ma Bonn, "what do you think that is—glass?"

"Dollar and ten," said the driver.

"Wait outside. Maybe you'll take it away again if it's broke."

On his way out, the driver passed Donofrio, who had descended from a closed car behind the van. As he entered, Ma Bonn's clerk was wrenching the top from the box behind a counter. The proprietress went to the street door, locked it, and drew down a green shade. Donofrio pointed questioningly to the clerk; Ma Bonn shrugged her shoulders and nodded.

"If these are the goods you told me to look at in Horton's," said Donofrio, "we have only to agree on price."

"If you looked at them in Horton's, mister," said Ma Bonn, "you won't quarrel with a figure of fifty-five hundred for the lot. There are seven complete tea and coffee sets, including the waiters. You want to realize that this is exceptional stuff, of the latest Louis Quinze design, and that a single set weighs sixteen pounds—sixteen pounds of solid silver, mister. Horton's price on a single set is fifteen hundred dollars, and not a dime too much."

"I am entirely familiar with the goods," said Donofrio, "and my last word is five thousand dollars." To the clerk he said, "I'll examine them. Leave them there."

"The junk shop is down the block," said Ma Bonn.

"Beside the goldsmith's, I take it," said Donofrio, drawing a waiter from its cloth bag and placing it on the counter. He brought a sugar and creamer, a coffeepot, a teapot, and the other items of a set, picking specimens apparently at random.

"That tray there alone," said Ma Bonn, tapping the massive and magnificent waiter, "weighs nine pounds, and I don't mean maybe." She lifted it and dropped it on a scale.

Donofrio pulled out a thick sheaf of bank notes and began to count them onto the counter. "One hundred; and fifty; two hundred; three; five hundred and fifty ——"

"Don't show me money," said Ma Bonn with utter contempt; but her green eyes shone with desire. "I'll tell you what I'll do—fifty-four hundred for the lot."

They chaffered. Ma Bonn's face became pale; anguish griped her visibly when she let go of another twenty dollars, of another ten or five. She wet her lips constantly; her eyes, battling the implacable glance of Donofrio, were full of hardly veiled hatred. Her frank and casual manner fell from her, showing her as she was—small, mean, consumed with avarice. Her voice sharpened; her movements were jerky. Making a point, she rushed to the box and snatched forth a sugar bowl, and came back slapping it. He watched her with vigilance while she was at the box.

"Fifty-one hundred and twenty-five dollars," he said. He had counted the items in the box without taking more out.

"And thirty-seven and a half!" she haggled.

He shook his head, ordered the heap of bills, and moved to pocket it. "Well, another time, Mrs. Bonn. Good day to you."

"Wait," she said.

He smiled, replaced the money, went to the door and unlocked it. "Have your man nail up that box again and put it in my car. Take your money."

He leaned toward her with an insinuating smile. "I know where this stuff came from. It's the stuff that was taken by that stock clerk named Brown who was arrested. Isn't it so?"

She was staring at the sugar bowl in her hands. Her face was livid with disgust.

"What's that?" she asked creakily.

"Hurry up," urged Donofrio. "Put that piece back and get the box out to my car. Take your money away. The door's open."

She went to the box, picked a piece of silver at random and jerked its cover off. She snatched up another and another.

"Let me get out of here," exclaimed Donofrio.

"Bring that Brown in here!" she shouted.

The ex-clerk came in, followed by Fat Ben and Little Amby.

"Here, mister," said Ma Bonn, gathering the bank notes and thrusting them on Donofrio, "take your money. There's no sale." And then to Harry Brown: "You dirty little crook!"

"What's the matter?" he demanded. He looked at Donofrio, recognized him, and opened his mouth in wonder.

"You dirty little double-crossing crook," gritted Ma Bonn, advancing on him. "You try to put anything like that over on me? You rat! You bring that kind of goods into my store?"

"What's he been up to?" growled Fat Ben, moving forward beside her.

Harry Brown paled and ran behind a counter. He pulled out a police whistle and blew it.

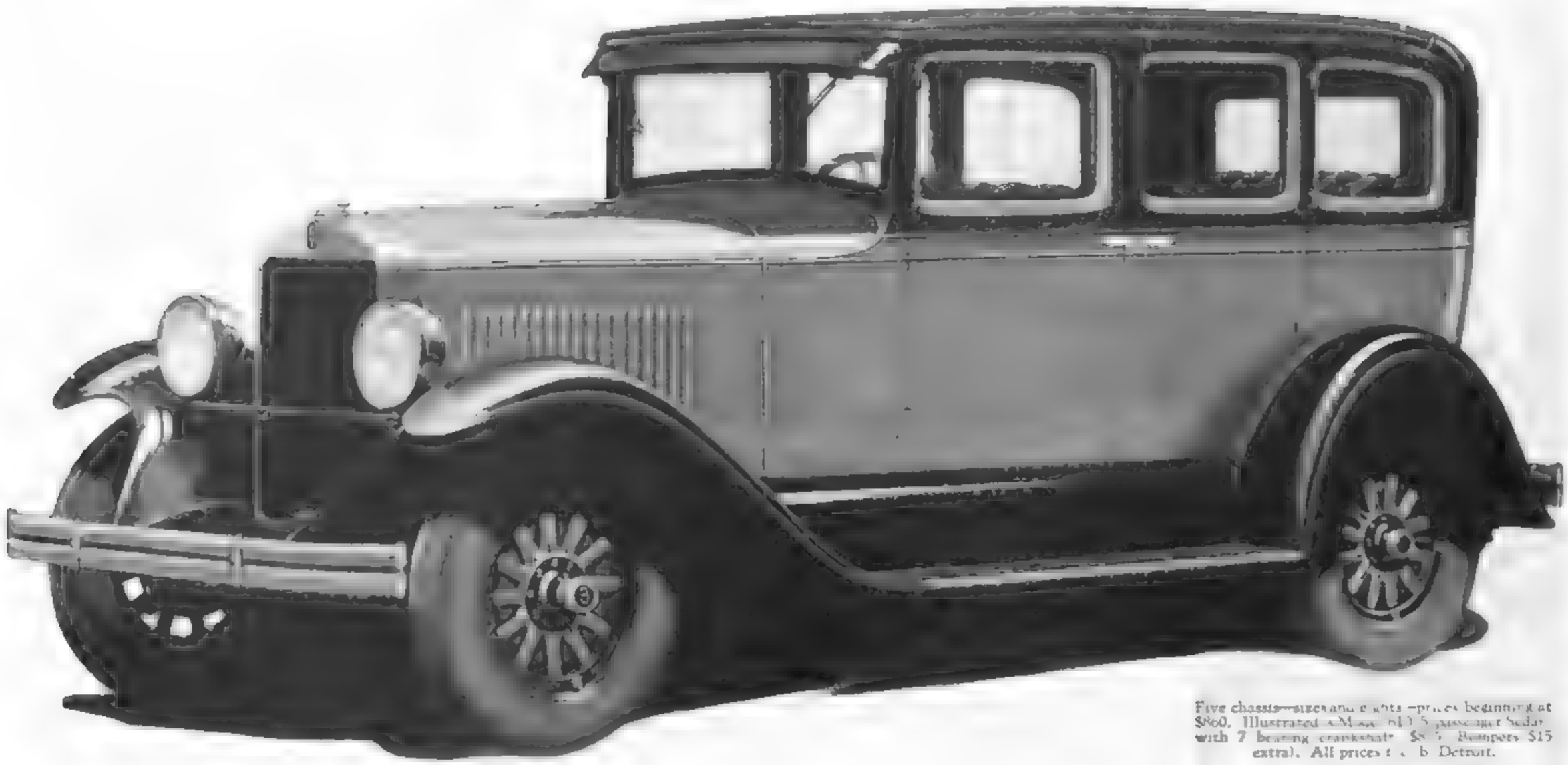
"Shut the door!" screamed Ma Bonn.

But Inspector Conlin was already in the doorway, and four burly plain-clothes men were at his back. "Hold it, everybody!" he barked, gesturing with his service revolver. "There's the Horton Company's goods, Layden. Arrest that woman."

"On what charge, may I ask?" said Little Amby.

"We'll attend to you, too, in a moment, counselor."

"You'll attend to me right away, inspector," said the little shyster, strutting forward. He directed at Harry Brown a look in which bitterness and triumph were mingled. (Continued on Page 54)



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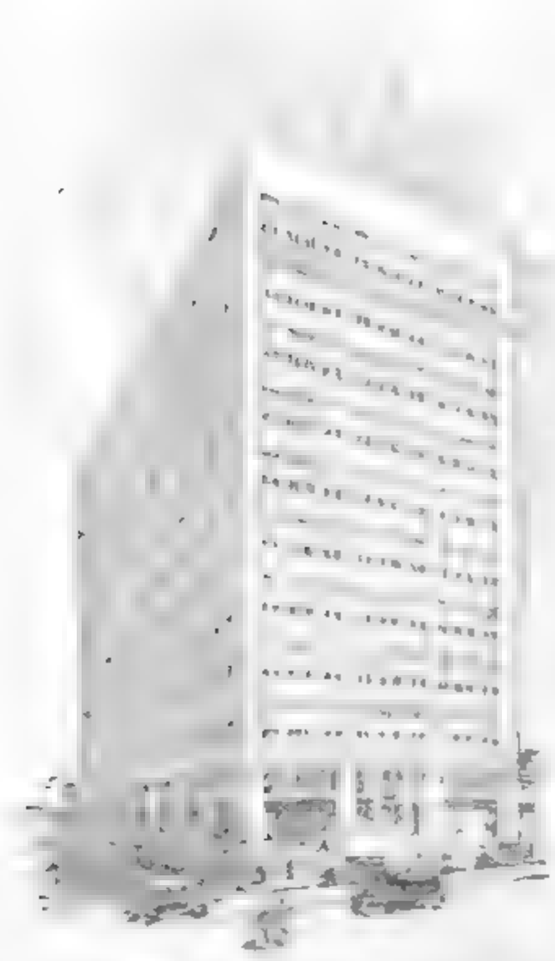

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(Continued from Page 52)

"Don't be too hasty, inspector. I can explain this situation in a very few words."

"I know all about it!" thundered Conlin. "Frisk these men! Go through them! They have it on them!"

"If I may speak while being searched," insisted Little Amby, holding up his hands compliantly, "the situation here is simply that Mrs. Bonn was offered stolen goods by your stool pigeon, and refused to buy them. Bite on that, inspector. This gentleman," indicating Donofrio, "whom I absolve of all evil intent, was about to buy this merchandise, when, upon examination, he expressed the suspicion that it was bent. Mrs. Bonn promptly returned him his money and accused your stool pigeon of being a thief. This gentleman will substantiate what I say, I am sure."

"How about it?" demanded Conlin of Donofrio.

"That's about how it was," said the latter slowly. "She refused to take the money and called this man a crook. He blew the whistle because she was threatening him."

Conlin looked at him hard and steadily, and said, "Tipped. Where's the money then?"

"Here," said Donofrio, exhibiting it.

"Tipped!" exclaimed Conlin more loudly, and he transferred his menacing regard to Harry Brown. "Young fellow, I'll sweat you for this. Take him out."

"This is an outrage on an honest business woman," protested Little Amby, "and it's not going to stop here. It's an aspersion."

"Poppycock," said Inspector Conlin, driving him back with a look. "Mrs. Bonn is a notorious receiver of stolen goods. I make that statement publicly, and I'd like her to sue me for it. It won't stop here—right. I'll have her in the Tombs yet. And if you don't watch your step you'll be with her. As for your client Brown, he'll regret that he jobbed us, for we have complete proof of his deal with a driver to get that stuff out of the Horton store."

He went out. Little Amby lit a gold-tipped cigarette and puffed it hard. "How did you know?" he breathed. "A close squeak. He had us all in his hand."

"I didn't know!" cried Ma Bonn delightedly. "I threw the deal down because most of that stuff isn't sterling at all. It's only plated copper!"

"But what difference ——" He glanced at Donofrio.

"Counselor," said Ma Bonn, "you're a pretty hard case yourself, but there are some things you won't do. Well, there is one thing, and I don't mean murder. You won't give up a client. And that's why you have a rather fair practice, and then some. Well, there is a thing I don't do, and I handle some merchandise in the course of a year. I won't sell a customer a beer bottle and tell him it's a diamond. It's just as I represent it. That's business, understand?"

"Your reputation for honesty is established, madam," said Donofrio with a bow of homage. "And it is good for business too. For example, if you had sold me those goods as sterling and I had discovered the fraud in Havana, I should have sent the stuff direct to the New York Police Department, with the statement that I bought of you in good faith and was defrauded. That is why your customers return to you. It is why I shall return to you again."

He bowed again and strode out. In Sixth Avenue he hailed a cab and said, jumping in, "Police headquarters, please."

Down in police headquarters on Centre Street, Inspector Aloysius Conlin was in the throes of acute disappointment, and yet there was a glint of harsh humor in his small black eyes. He was raging at the circumstance, as yet unexplained to him, that had robbed him of a success that would have been historic in the annals of the department—a success that would have outshone his sensational trapping of the grafter Grannett in the lurid days of the police board. The old thief taker had had three of the ablest scoundrels of the underworld in his grasp at once, and they had slipped through his knobby fingers. He had had Ma Bonn all but convicted of receiving and selling stolen goods; he had had a notorious bondsman and a formidable shyster lawyer almost in the act of putting marked money in their pockets—money that was the proceeds of crime. His comprehensive plan had netted him merely a common store thief in the person of Harry Brown; and yet he found cause for a dry and smothered chuckle in a small incident of the campaign.

To him entered Donofrio. "Good afternoon, inspector."

"Afternoon, sergeant. What's the situation up there?"

"I found out why Ma Bonn didn't go through."

"Tipped! Brown gave us away."

"No. Ma Bonn threw the deal down because the stuff was only plated, whereas she was selling me sterling."

"But of course it was plated. I held onto five hundred dollars' worth of the original loot so as to make the crime grand larceny, and I let Horton substitute imitations for the rest and take back the sterling. What difference could that make? She was buying and selling at the same time and was paying Brown out of your money. So long as you were willing to take the goods, it was nothing to her. If you were buying on the level you'd have a fat chance for a refund."

"That's about how Little Amby argued," said the sergeant with a wry smile. "But it seems that's not how our friend does business. In her own way, she's an honest business woman, inspector."

"Poppycock," grumbled Conlin, but there was doubt in his tone. "The trouble, sergeant, is that you're a better counter-jumper than a detective. When I put you into Horton's I thought you were going to keep your eyes about you and see what everybody was up to. But I guess you were just a dozy clerk, watching the clock and reaching for your hat."

"Yes, sir."

"For instance, sergeant," said Conlin, cutting a black cigar with loving care, "one of the young ladies employed up there noticed some queer things about one of the men clerks. She noticed that he was doing a lot of dodging about and looking under his eyelids and, being a bright girl, she heard about the stealing and decided that this artful dodger knew more than his prayers. Now this clerk found that he was under close observation, and he deliberately played for this girl and tried to make her fall in love with him. I saw what was going on the day I was up there, but you didn't see it at all, did you, sergeant?"

The alleged jeweler of Havana looked narrowly at his superior, but did not commit himself.

"That young lady is here in the next room. I want you to talk to her. I'd like her to keep this former clerk of Horton's under surveillance in the future—to observe his comings and goings, his associates, his habits, to know what money he is getting and spending—to be his private detective, in other words. For this work she will get the pay envelope of a detective sergeant, and—this for your private ear—I think she'll touch the money of a lieutenant very soon. I'll recommend it. Sergeant, have you enough executive ability—as much ability, I'll say, as is required by a lieutenant of police—to get her to take the job?"

He got up, opened a door, and announced "Detective-sergeant Ralph O'Donovan, miss." He closed the door behind the sergeant and sat again at his desk. Twenty minutes passed before he was interrupted by a clarion voice.

"Reporting, inspector! The answer is 'Maybe.' And 'Providing that recommendation for the lieutenancy ——'"

"Tipped again!" cried Conlin, jumping up and throwing out a grasping hand. "I'll see Miss Hazeltine about that myself. Show her in, O'Donovan."

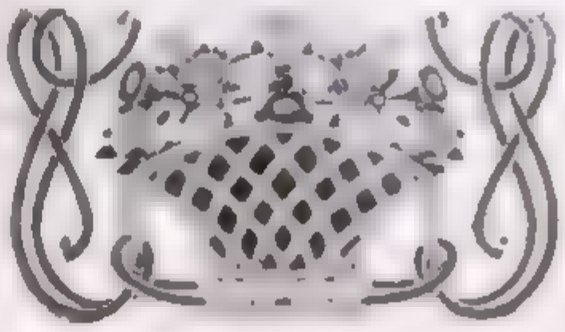
OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 45)

I've heard old-timers tell of how they've slept in their saddle blankets more than in beds. I've slept lots of times without a bed, too, and so has every cowboy, but I can't say I'd refused a bed if it'd been around, and when I did cuddle up among the rocks and sagebrush without my bedroll, you can bet your boots it wasn't my fault. It was either that I'd stayed in town a few days too long or else I'd left my pack horse and bed behind so I could travel light and unhindered.

Like the old-timers, the reason they couldn't have much bedding with 'em was because they had to do a lot of light traveling. Indians would often make 'em leave their "thirty years' gathering" behind on account that leading a pack horse a feller couldn't travel so well, and speed meant life, or freedom, if it was a posse. Then again the old-time outfits didn't allow a cowboy many blankets on account they'd take too much room in the round-up wagon; and even though them old-timers liked to tell of how few beds they'd seen in their days, I don't reckon any of 'em would of refused one if it'd been handy, and I notice nowadays that it takes a mighty good pack horse to travel along under all they've gathered in soogans and blankets.

It's natural for a feller to get all the comforts there is, and the cowboy is as inclined to them comforts as anybody else, but when I see folks going camping nowadays, it strikes me like the cowboy took very little even if he'd went the limit. I never seen a cowboy use a folding cot on the range—the ground is always plenty good—and the new-fangled sleeping bags and air mattresses and pillows are not being used by the riders. Them things might break or puncture. The cowboy's bed is still the same as it ever was; he still uses the soogans and blankets, and covers it all up with the same long canvas tarp.



With that "gathering" on a good pack horse he can drift along, and he never cares, when night comes, whether he finds a camp or ranch to put up at. He's free as the hawk above him, and when he strikes a cow or horse outfit that's worth his talents he's still free. It's the kind of work he's cut out for, he savvies, and nobody tells him what to do. He gets plenty of horses to ride, new country to see, and when he's ready to drift again, there's always his two private horses which 's had a long rest and are just as hankering to hit for new territory as he might be.

So, wherever he's at, whether he's working or drifting, when the cowboy throws back the soogans of early morning he's at home. Among his "thirty years' gathering" with his two ponies close by and the sun coloring up the big country around, he's more than a king in a castle and kingdom, for he can go to sleep and wake up with no fear of ever being dethroned.

—Will James.

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AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

SECOND MATE OF OCEANS

Continued from Page 11)

The sea outside was very calm, shell gray in the dusk. Presently there were stars and a wash of light along the Jersey shore. A tanker spends seven-eighths of her time at sea.

A few men were scattered about the stern deck, talking quietly, and the door of the petty officers' mess showed a foreshortened rectangle of yellow light. Dunham wondered if the pinochle game were about to start. Almost every night since he had been on board he had played pinochle a while between supper and his watch. There was a regular four—himself, the bos'n and the two pump men. He left the rail and strolled leisurely forward; then, after glancing into the mess room, he drew back with painful suddenness. The game was already under way, his old place taken by an A. B. seaman. There didn't seem much to do except to go back on deck and wait until time to go to the wheel.

The weather continued fine, and after supper the next evening most of the men stopped on deck for a smoke, the long after house between them and danger of fire.

When Dunham first came from the mess room he stood at a corner of the galley, filling his pipe. It was a long straight brier of aristocratic lines; but he used plug tobacco, so that shaving and crumbling a load was a lengthy process. Mike Connor was sitting on a wooden bench, ranged against the after bulkhead of the deck house, moodily sucking a short black clay, and when Dunham found his pipe going satisfactorily he crossed over and sat down beside him.

"Mate says we'll be cleanin' tanks tomorrow," said Mike with sudden violence. "Nice job, huh?"

Dunham nodded guardedly. "What's the idea? Load gasoline next?"

"No; just to give the men somethin' to do. It's a fact, though, that there's about six inches of muck and corruption in the bottom o' them tanks."

"Never forget the first time I tried that job. Wore brand-new dungarees and work shoes. Threw 'em overboard at the end of the [illegible]k."

"Ay, but ye're a bridge flunky now and won't need to get dirty. Everybody from the Old Man down will be in it soon or late except you wheel twisters."

"Oh, well, they'll be easier to strip when they're clean."

Mike's lips were drawn hard against the stem of his pipe and he did not reply. The sun was burning low above the water off to starboard, laying the shadows of ventilators and awning stanchions black upon the deck, and in the new coolness the men began to show signs of life. A deck of cards appeared at the other end of the bench and a game of careless penny ante began.

A cockney A. B., half lying in a coiled hawser near the stern, struck up Rule Britannia very badly on a mouth organ, and a young Swedish ordinary tried to do hand stands against the starboard rail.

Whitey came out of the port alleyway, grinning carelessly, with a set of twelve-ounce boxing gloves hanging over his shoulder like sofa cushions. He halted before the bench where Dunham and Mike were sitting and dumped the gloves down on deck. He stood there, still grinning, looking down, and without any particular rush the men began to draw in from different parts of the deck. Dunham picked up one of the gloves and studied it appraisingly. It was finely made of soft leather, originally brown, but now dull black with grease and sweat. The white tab of a famous maker was sewed at the base of the thumb and the padding over the knuckles was at the same time firm and springy

Dunham tossed it back on the pile. "Nice mitts."

The oiler nodded. "Yeh, Sol Levenson's."

Two or three of the other men picked up gloves and began pinching and squeezing them tentatively. The Swedish ordinary pulled one on without tying the laces and in a sudden burst of playfulness pushed the seamen's mess boy in the face. The mess boy was a sixteen-year-old Italian, broad-shouldered and smooth-skinned, but soft as a young cat. He whirled about, caught up another glove by the laces and swung it deftly. Even without a hand inside, it stung, and the two boys sprang for each other with shining eyes.

The sailors hauled them apart eagerly and the next moment each one found himself in the hands of half a dozen chuckling handlers, who stripped off his shirt and pulled the heavy gloves over bewildered half-unwilling paws.

"T'ree rounds to no decision," someone called out. "Catchweights."

"Up on da boat deck. Too much crowd here."

The men went scrambling up the ladder, hauling the boys with them, and gathered about an open space between the forward end of the engine-room skylight and the funnel. The chief pump man, who had a watch, was established as timekeeper, with a hose spanner and a fire bucket for the bell. He sat on the edge of the skylight, a clean, yellow-haired giant, vastly but quietly amused. The two boys looked at each other sheepishly and breathed hard through their noses. The pump man raised the spanner and seamen cleared the ring hurriedly, laughing. Dunham leaned forward over the smooth round back of a ventilator.

Clang!

The boys came out with a rush, swinging wildly. Neither landed on the first exchange and then they were so close together that most of the punishment they took was in the small of the back. The men shouted derisively and the light-haired oiler stepped forward in a businesslike way and pried them apart.

There Was Whitey, Anyway, Only a Few Feet From the Ladder, His Hands Stretched Toward It, Face Down in the Muck

"Break clean, youse guys," he warned.

The two combatants charged again, brows drawn down and lips protruding ferociously. One of the young Swede's gloves landed squarely on his adversary's nose and the mess boy looked indignant.

"Shut up!" he said in an injured tone, and stood quite still, one arm at his side, while he felt his nose solicitously. A troubled shadow spread over the other boy's face and when they looked at each other again he smiled tentatively. The Italian smiled back, then without any warning both began to giggle. They giggled and laughed convulsively, without seeming able to stop, until the spectators took their gloves away and dismissed them with a kick in the trousers.

The soft black gloves again lay in an idle heap on deck. Enterprising matchmakers began looking about the crowd. Black-browed Mike Connor sat impassive on the edge of the skylight beside the chief pump man, making a formidable pair, and it was not long before someone called out:

"Hey, Mike, you and Pumps try it!"

The bos'n merely shook his head, but when the demand became more insistent he spoke around the stem of his pipe.

"I can't play that way. When a man lays his hand on me, he's got to be a better man than me—that's all."

A moment's uncomfortable silence followed, and the cockney A. B., who had been sitting on deck at Mike's feet, drew unobtrusively away. The owner of the gloves slipped his hands into a pair and held them out to the bos'n to be laced.

"Come on, some o' youse guys," he invited. "Spar a couple rounds—just foolin'."

The fact that he was looking, not at his gloves, as the boys had done, but searchingly around the ring, was disquieting, and there was no immediate acceptance.

The oiler's blue eyes fell on Dunham, draped comfortably over the ventilator, and danced oddly.

"How 'bout it, Q. M.? You're my weight."

Ever since the gloves made their first appearance, Dunham had been conscious of a slight nervous hollowness. He had boxed before many times, yet the acrid smell of sweat-soaked leather still produced a peculiar sensation beneath his belt. It was not fear, he was certain, and it was not eagerness. He did not know what it was.

The oiler's side was turned toward him and he could see the arch of his chest and the deep ridges of muscle beneath his stained singlet. Dunham agreed silently that they were about the same weight, though he himself was two or three inches taller. He looked up lazily and smiled.

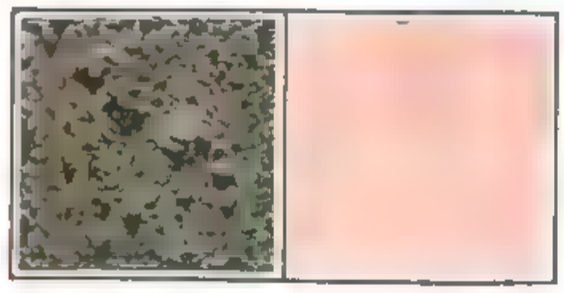
"All right."

Leaving his khaki shirt hanging over the ventilator, he stepped forward in his white sleeveless undershirt. His arms were almost as dark as olive, not conspicuously muscled, but firm and smooth-skinned. His brown oxfords were soft and, with their rubber heels, not too slippery on the steel deck plates. He noticed, while one of the sailors was lacing up his gloves, that the oiler was wearing leather gymnasium shoes.

Mike Connor slid down from his seat and crossed over to the ventilator where Dunham had been standing. He gazed at the two men somberly and said nothing. The rest of the crew were interested but not excited. Pumps looked at his watch and picked up the hose spanner again. Two or three more men came up from below and

Continued on Page 61

It's TRAFFIC FILM *that hides the lustre of your car*



A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. Soap and water will not take it off. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

THAT dull, dirty coating which accumulates on the finish of your car is Traffic Film—a result of modern highway and traffic conditions. There is one sure and harmless way to combat Traffic Film, to retain the original lustre of the finish, or to bring back that lustre from under the dull coating which sometimes covers it.

An Auto Polish Made to Combat Traffic Film

No. 7 Duco Polish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco. It is made specifically to combat Traffic Film, which soap and water cannot remove. It is a neutral polish, with no harmful abrasives. It quickly penetrates and loosens the Traffic Film—"puts the skids under" the dirt particles—and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull coating which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing.

No. 7 Duco Polish revives the color, restores the lustre, and leaves a dry, hard surface which sheds dust. Once again the finish glistens, the high lights gleam, and your car looks as new as when you bought it.

Traffic Film is Forming on Your Car Today

Modern motoring conditions have created Traffic Film. Minute particles of oily, sticky dirt are constantly settling on your car—in the city streets, on the country roads, and even in your own garage. These particles collect dust, and, baked by the sun and the heat, are cemented together to form a hard, dull film on the finish. This Traffic Film is forming on your car today.

Buy a can of No. 7 Duco Polish and use a little every week or two. If you prefer to have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish to restore the beauty of the finish. No. 7 Duco Polish will not only protect the finish against Traffic Film, but will keep it new and gleaming, season after season.

No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acid—acid polishes cannot be sold in cans. Leading automobile manufacturers recommend No. 7 Duco Polish and many of them put samples in all their new cars. Look for the sample can in your auto tool kit.

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, have developed two other products to make your car more beautiful. No. 7 Auto Top Finish will waterproof the top and bring back its original lustre. It is also an excellent dressing for spare tires, and tire covers. No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiators and lamps. It is also an ideal polish for metal surfaces of all kinds in the home

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Beautify your car at our expense. Send us this coupon (with 10 cents partially to cover cost of mailing) and we'll send you the following:

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Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay mailing cost.

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CHRYSLER "52

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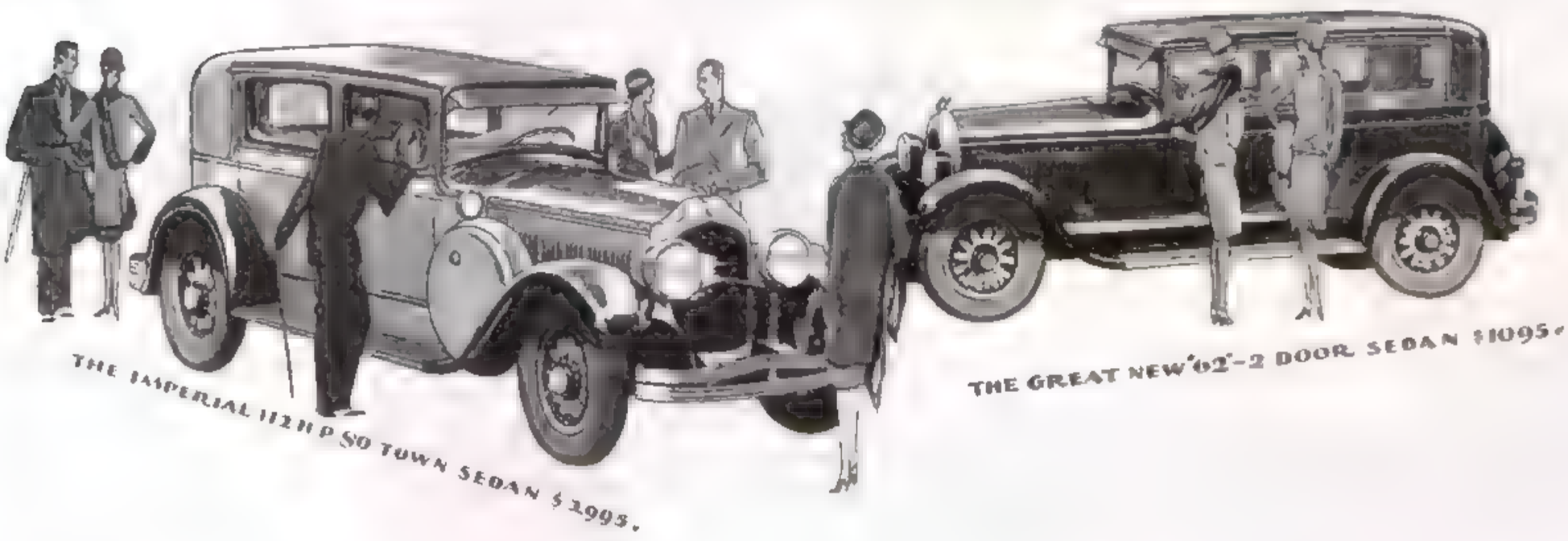
ONLY by taking a demonstration can you understand Chrysler superiority. ✦ Only by riding in a Chrysler—whether "52," "62," "72" or 112 h. p. Imperial "80"—can you realize how much the improvements and refinements, initiated for its cars of higher price and passed on through Standardized Quality to its cars of lesser price, mean in unparalleled comfort, ease and safety. ✦ Only by taking the wheel yourself and driving in the manner you are wont to drive and over accustomed roads can you appreciate just how different are Chrysler's extraordinary power, dash, alertness in traffic, smoothness at all speeds. ✦ You will then learn for yourself that Chrysler is superior not only to those cars selling at the same price, but that it surpasses the performance even of cars costing many hundreds of dollars more. ✦ Through Chrysler, value in motor cars has taken on a new meaning. Ever-growing public recognition of the fact that Chrysler gives more for the motor car dollar is responsible for lifting Chrysler from 27th to 3rd place in volume of sales in 42 months. ✦ Any Chrysler dealer will gladly give you a demonstration of any model of the four great lines of Chrysler cars.

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine—*designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, giving 12% greater torque with greater speed, power, hill-climbing ability and fuel economy—is standard equipment on the roadsters of the "62," "72" and on all models of the new 112 h. p. Imperial "80" and available, at slight extra cost, for other body types.*



62 72 and the New 112 H.P. Imperial 80

Partner to the sandman

THERE'S a new partner to the sandman in our house. Junior has an Eveready Flashlight. Off to the Land of Nod he goes, armed with a trusty lance of light. He's not afraid of the dark, now. Bring on the bogey-man!

We've found a flashlight indispensable with the children. It gives them self-confidence and courage. We use one ourselves to examine their teeth and throats—a precaution all parents should take.

And speaking of precautions, be sure you use Eveready Batteries in your flashlights. They make any brand of flashlight burn longest. A good name to remember, Eveready. Gets you started *right* with the flashlight habit.

What's the idea?

IF YOU have ever done a houdini with a clothesline in the dark, or been knocked ga-ga by an unexpected fence-post, you'll get the idea—the flashlight idea.

"Eveready" is a flashlight's first name—is, was, and always has been. What makes an Eveready Flashlight such a great little detective of ambushed mud-holes, missing steps and lost ways is its batteries. That's right, they're Eveready Batteries—good enough to make any flashlight burn brighter for a longer time.

Get the flashlight habit. It has turned many an uncertain step in the right direction.

A handful of daylight

A GOOD flashlight is worth another pair of eyes. Especially when there's a neat little repair job to do. It hits the spot with bright, white light. Nothing like it for investigating the "innards" of a radio set, trouble-hunting around a machine, solving mechanical mysteries or just plain tinkering.

And don't forget that to make your flashlight a real go-getter, load up with Eveready Batteries. They are brimming with life and power and sure-enough LIGHT.

Get the flashlight habit. Work with a handful of daylight. And always use Eveready Batteries—the same make that you find on the best radio sets.

In a flashlight, the battery's the thing—and Eveready's the battery!

YES, sir, it's what's inside your flashlight that matters. It's the battery that makes a flashlight "flash" and "light," every time. Eveready Batteries mean more light. They are packed full of life and energy—crowded to the brim with power that flashes into daylight on instant demand.

Endurance is built right into Eveready Flashlight Batteries in the same factory that produces the famous Eveready Radio Batteries. You know they are *dependable*—that they will be *there* with bright light and plenty of it when you need it.

Exclusive, patented features make Eveready Batteries the marvels of performance they are. Extra care and precision in manufacture insure uniform current-flow, perfect contacts and freedom from the short-circuits that reduce battery life.

Load up with Eveready Batteries and you carry the best kind of light-insurance. Eveready Batteries fit all makes of flashlights. Remember this, when you reload—the battery's the thing and Eveready's the battery.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York—San Francisco

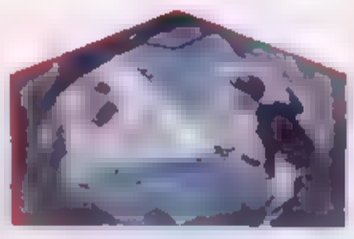
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

It doesn't have to be Christmas

to make somebody a present of a good flashlight. That's one gift that is welcomed by anybody any time. Man or woman, boy or girl, will find a hundred uses, indoors and out, daytime and night, for a flashlight. Always a convenience, often a life-saver, a flashlight proves one of the most sensible and most thoroughly appreciated gifts you can give.

Of course, I'd be choosey if I were making the present, and I'd be certain the one I gave was a genuine Eveready—loaded for darkness with those long-lasting, power-packed light-makers—genuine Eveready Batteries. That'd be my way of making *sure* that my gift was as trusty as it was good-looking.

The flashlight habit's a good one for everybody in the family.



If I ever went hiking

I'D TAKE a good flashlight with me. Ready to explore caves, light the way home after dark, and to help out in a hundred other ways. I'd make it a part of my hiking kit, and I wouldn't set out without it.

I'd see, too, that it was always ready with bright, white light to say "Follow me." In other words, I'd get only Eveready Batteries—nothing else but! They're power-full—packed with pep and power and potential light.

Every good hiker has the flashlight habit. Don't you be caught in the dark without a handy gloom-chaser.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

–they last longer

What, no flashlight!

YOU certainly wouldn't drive at night without a flashlight in the car! Great guns, Man, there are a hundred uses for it. What if you had to change a tire? Or examine a dripping carburetor? Or went back to look at the gas gauge? Or wanted to find a tool in a hurry?

Get yourself an Eveready Flashlight and keep it handy in a door-pocket. It's one of those little investments that pay big dividends. Just as the motor makes the car, the battery makes the flashlight. Keep yours loaded with Eveready Batteries, always—those little light-generators pack a powerful lot of usefulness.

(Continued from Page 56)

joined the group of spectators. The deck was steady and the sound of the engines rose in hypnotic rhythm from the skylight.

Clang!

Dunham came out cautiously, leading a long left, his open right glove guarding. The oiler, still grinning, stepped around lightly, both hands low. He eluded Dunham's first jabs simply by moving his head, so smoothly that it all seemed part of a dance. Dunham was not deceived into swinging his right. He knew that when a man holds both hands low he can hit hard with either. He jabbed again with his left, stinging the oiler's shoulder, and received two hard blows in return, one in the ribs and the other on the side of the head, making his ears ring. He let his own right go then, but was too late, and he covered up hastily. Whitey began to step faster, weaving in and out bewilderingly, slapping him about the arms and shoulders.

Dunham jabbed in reply, still holding his right. His head was clear and he was breathing easily. His right arm felt like a coiled steel spring; he knew it would fly of its own volition in a moment. He felt the prickle of sweat over his face and saw the oiler's bare shoulders and arms glistening. In the course of their maneuvering Dunham was bothered by a row of fire buckets at one side of the ring and now he definitely stumbled against them. He grinned and half lowered his hands to walk clear, but to his surprise the oiler kept crowding in so that he almost fell. The grin faded and he charged his way out without a word.

The oiler's eyes were still smiling, but his lips were set. A glove stung Dunham's mouth and he hooked the right with his shoulder and body muscles behind it. The blow glanced from the oiler's forearm into his ribs and the same instant there was a flash of fire before Dunham's eyes and the deck met him with a flat hard jolt. He was not sure where he had been hit, so it was surprising to be on the floor. He heard someone counting in a loud hearty voice, and at four he got up without difficulty and raised his guard again.

Someone else was asking, "Yuh ain't hurt, are yuh, Jack? Yuh ain't hurt, are yuh?" So he shook his head impatiently and jabbed his left again. For the first time he noticed how heavy the gloves were. It was foolish to rub so much grease into them. There was the faint beginning of coldness in the pit of his stomach.

The oiler, he noticed, was frowning now, and breathing hard, his two gloves swaying menacingly.

Dunham went back a step and at the same time the bos'n signaled the end of the round. The oiler dropped his hands and began walking around the ring, his chin resting on his breast, breathing deeply. Sweat was pouring down his face in streams and there were several red blotches on his shoulders and arms.

Dunham sat down on the edge of the skylight, his arms limp at his sides, and rested. His face and neck prickled hotly and his right thumb ached. He could not be sure whether the sensation in the pit of his stomach was cold or hot.

The spectators moved around a little and grinned carelessly. Dunham found Mike Connor watching him with a speculative look in his eyes; then the spanner clanged against the empty bucket again.

The two men came together at close quarters, pumping both hands to the body. A glove struck Dunham fairly in the pit of the stomach, producing an odd sensation like being stabbed with an icicle, and he felt his knees buckle. It was becoming harder and harder to keep the left jab going, almost as much as he could do to hold the hand out, and his stomach seemed tied in knots. The half-formed idea of the end of the round flashed through his mind, but a minute would scarcely be gone yet. The oiler was dancing again. He slammed Dunham twice in the ribs at long range and ducked the reply easily. He crouched low, body weaving gracefully, and made Dunham miss three leads in succession.

The spectators snickered. Then Dunham remembered the trick, turned on his heel abruptly and walked across the ring, his hands at his sides. The oiler looked foolish, straightening up and running after him, and the spectators howled.

"Git him fer that, Whitey!"

"Hey, Jack, yuh goin' home?"

At close quarters again, Dunham got the worst of an exchange and the end of the round became a definite objective. Muscles all along his left arm ached numbly and he could not jab at all. The oiler feinted at his battered stomach and as his guard came down a five-ton truck collided with his ear. The blow hurt sickeningly and he skinned both elbows on the deck plates. The hearty voice reached "Eight" before his knee left the floor. He was half leaning backward in his effort to keep that left arm up, and when the oiler decided to come close again it offered no obstruction. The body blows left Dunham reeling and more acutely sick than he had ever been. He grinned mechanically and drew in his elbows to protect his stomach. Pain was all over him, but he knew some of it was because he couldn't breathe. Then as he was wondering if one minute was up yet, the bell clanged.

During the terribly short rest he thought about laughing and laying down the gloves. It was a friendly bout, and in a friendly bout you can quit any time. He had quit once before in a bout, a friendly bout, but this gang aboard here didn't know he had ever quit. He hoped he could get that left working again.

The oiler rushed on the stroke of the bell, swinging both hands, but the left did put over one good jab and a short straight right to the face sent Whitey back on his heels. Dunham was surprised to find himself crowding in, sending over jabs and hooks to the head. He felt strong and light on his feet and swung a hard right at Whitey's jaw. The oiler ducked, came up inside his arm, and a mule planted both hoofs just below Dunham's ribs, so that he curled up on the deck, choking.

The voice that counted was loud and excited. The deck spun and floated dizzily about Dunham's head, his breaths were like short, dull coughs and his whole middle was wrenched with icy agony. His knees drew up slowly and by the time the voice reached "Six" he began to pull himself together. It was like running away in a nightmare; incredible effort crushed back and smothered by something huge and horrible. When the voice said "Eight" he was on elbows and knees, methodically trying to straighten his arms. The voice said "Nine" and Dunham discovered that he was on his feet. The floating, unsupported feeling was unmistakable, but the ship must have run into a sudden squall, because it was hard to keep his balance.

As he stood wavering back and forth, chin resting on his breast and arms hanging limp, the oiler stepped forward suddenly.

"Hey, don't hit him!" called the pump man sharply. "He iss finish."

The oiler grinned. "I ain't goin' to hit him. I don't need to. Look!"

One open glove reached out and pushed Dunham lightly in the chest. He staggered back, caught the cowl of the ventilator and clung to it stubbornly still on his feet. His lips moved without making a sound and the cockney A. B. leaned over him anxiously.

"Yuh eyn't 'urt, are yuh, Jack?"

He barely caught the gasping answer: "No! Can't yuh see I'm out o' wind?"

Pumps rose and put his watch back in his pocket. "I say," he announced emphatically, "dot it iss a technical K. O. Anyhow, I don't keep no more time."

The cockney A. B. had already unlaced Dunham's gloves; now he pulled them off and handed them to the oiler, who was standing a yard or two away, breathing easily and looking sternly businesslike.

"'Ere's yer mitts, Whitey. 'At was a lively go."

The oiler's face lighted with pleasure. "Tink de boys liked it, huh?"

The sailor nodded solemnly and then trailed away toward the head of the ladder.

Dunham and Mike Connor were the last to leave the boat deck. Dunham's midsection was warm instead of ice-cold now, and he walked steadily enough. The bos'n smiled down at him contemptuously.

"Well, Mr. Dunham, a common member o' the crew warmed yer pants fer ye, didn't he?"

Dunham shot him a startled glance, then shook his head ruefully. "Sure did, Mike."

Mike's face twisted half convulsively, but he said nothing more.

That night the pinochle game did not start until after Dunham had gone to the wheel.

Next morning the bos'n came into the mess room wearing sea boots, a gray shirt with the sleeves torn out, ragged dungarees and, as shown by a missing button on the shirt, no underwear. Dunham was already at the table.

"Mornin', bose. Gettin' ready to give her hell?"

The bos'n's mouth drew into lines that should have been a smile. "Yes."

"Those tanks ain't been open any too long, have they, bose? Still gas in 'em?"

"All but one been open two days and it since yesterday morning. But what the devil! Gas is good enough for a common sailor to breathe, ain't it?"

After breakfast, when Dunham reached the door of the pilot house, the chief mate was telling Captain MacMasters that he was going to put all hands and the cook on the tank-cleaning detail and get it over with; but the quartermaster saw nothing of the actual operations until he went below at ten o'clock for his morning smoke.

On the flying bridge above Tank Number 10 on the starboard side he stopped to watch. The big square top was standing wide open, showing the inside of the coaming and the top of the narrow steel ladder leading below. The bos'n and one sailor were on deck, hauling up the black, dripping buckets of sediment sent up to them by those who scraped and scooped and dug in the muck below. A long rubber hose and the wire of a cluster light arched over the edge of the coaming and disappeared, while a hollow splashing of water and thump of scrubbers rose from the bottom of the tank. Presently a bucket came up half full and an unintelligible hail followed it.

"Right," replied the bos'n. "Come up."

The sailor unhooked the bucket and sent the line down by itself. As he was hauling up the jumble of brooms, scoops and swabs, the men began to appear at the head of the ladder and scramble out on deck. Several were stripped to the waist, glistening gray, daubed with dark brown and black. Hair sticky and sodden, corded muscles outlined beneath ragged drenched dungarees, slimy boots or bare feet. Their faces were drawn and grim, and one or two wavered slightly where they stood. A changing draft of air brought the odor of gas to Dunham's nostrils, heavy and sweetish like ether.

The last man out of the tank, he noticed with surprise, was the new oiler with whom he had boxed the evening before. His shoes were wet and oozing and his hands were black, but otherwise he was much cleaner than the rest. A streak of perspiration showed plainly in the middle of his back as he came up the ladder, and, when he turned, his face was clean enough to contrast with a ring of discoloration about his left eye. At sight of the eye Dunham's heart warmed. At least he had landed one good blow.

The oiler had brought out of the tank with him a hack saw and Stillson wrench, so Dunham judged that some odd job of pipe fitting had taken him from his regular work. The men stood about for several minutes, breathing deeply. Then, having had their blow they began to drift across to the next tank on the other side of the deck. The hull of the ship was divided into twenty main compartments, besides others in the wings called summer tanks.

The hose and cluster light were drawn up and shifted over, the man who lowered them into the new tank leaning well back from the coaming.

"The hot motor scorched my face"

"I am an aviator. About a week ago I had to make a forced landing in a Curtiss Boat—which has the engine overhead. In the excitement afterward my face and chin came in contact with the hot motor. I was painfully burned. My mechanic recommended Unguentine. I got a tube and applied it. Relief was immediate. The burn healed rapidly, completely. From now on Unguentine will be a main article in my tool kit." * * *

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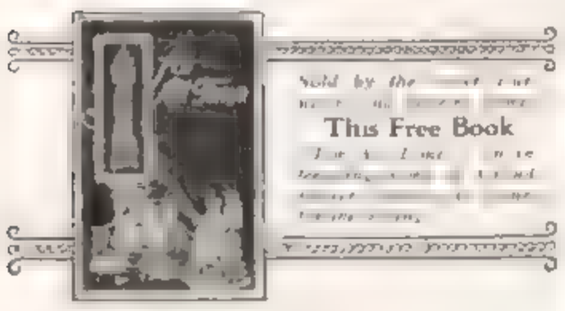

COLONIAL CLOCKS

"The gas is bad in this un, bose," he said plaintively. "Like to knocked me down."

The bos'n grinned bitterly. "Worse'n the other one, Sam. The mate says it's good fer what ails ye." He picked up an armful of gear, then hesitated.

"Hey, Whitey, ye goin' to do any work in this tank here?"

The oiler peered down the opening inquiringly. "De foist says dere was one jernt needed tightenin'. Won't take a minute. Keep dat hose out till I git t'rough."

He hitched up his sagging dungarees and threw a leg over the edge. "Phooey! Wot a stink!" Then he was gone.

The others stood about, waiting, glad of the extra breath.

The young Swedish ordinary, with a dazed, sullen look in his eyes, came lumbering around from behind the tank top, caught his foot in the cluster of light wire and fell against the coaming, swearing aimlessly. There was a clash of metal below and from the flying bridge Dunham could see the grayness inside the tank darken.

The men crowded about the open top, listening for Whitey's profane comments. None came. Sam thrust his head over the edge, roared, "Hey, Whitey, where yuh at?" Then he threw himself back, choking.

Mike Connor caught him by the arm. "What's matter?"

"Gas! Nobody couldn't stand that!"

"Whitey's down there." Mike was scrambling after the heaving line they had been using to lower tools. Then he swore at its worn grayness and snapped a length between his hands. "This ain't no good. Sam, get that bos'n's chair out the paint locker. Run! Damn ye, run!"

On the flying bridge, Dunham leaned forward, gripping the chain rail with both hands. He had heard that a few minutes of that gas would take a man so far he'd never come back. Sam and the bos'n's chair! Suppose the paint locker were locked! Mike had given him no key.

Dunham felt the stinging shock of landing and was surprised to find that he had leaped the clear eight feet to the steel deck below. The tank top was blocked with men. Someone was fooling with the cluster-light connection, but it was still dark inside

"Git away, you guys! Look out!" Dunham heard his own voice, thin with exasperation, while he forced his way through. The men made way mechanically. His legs were inside the tank and he was leaning forward for a last full breath of air, when he heard running feet on deck and a voice screaming, tearful with rage, "Bose, she lock! Gimme key! Queeck!"

Dunham drew a slow normal breath and started down the ladder. It was narrow and vertical, of thin steel rods, still slippery with oil, forty feet long. The darkness and not breathing made things unpleasant. To move fast and not slip was the idea. Moving fast made him want to breathe.

He reached the bottom sooner than he expected and put a foot out to make sure it was not just an angle iron. Soft muck. He was surprised to find that he could see fairly well. There was Whitey, anyway, only a few feet from the ladder, his hands stretched toward it, face down in the muck. There were dim gray walls on every side. Holding his breath had become so hard that he could attend to nothing else, so he let his breath go. The refill made his head swim sickeningly, but he was on his knees now beside Whitey.

It would be necessary to get him over one shoulder, leaving both hands free. He realized angrily that he was fumbling the job; he had more strength than that. He came to his feet suddenly, took a step and then slipped to one knee. His stomach muscles seemed to bear the whole strain of keeping Whitey on his shoulder, and even of getting up again. He had taken another breath and found that he could climb, one step at a time, bringing both feet on each round. There was probably a good deal of light directly under the opening, but he was not conscious of seeing anything. He realized that it was a very solemn occasion, but all his life he had been obliged to assure himself sternly that solemn occasions were solemn. Otherwise they didn't seem so. He had known the feeling briefly, once or twice, when things had gone wrong aloft.

He breathed again without quite intending to, and in the swimming vacancy that followed he reconciled himself to the idea that he and Whitey were falling. He had climbed quite a distance, he thought, and when they struck the bottom it would likely be the end. Surely, though, it took a long while to fall.

Presently he noticed that he wasn't falling, after all, but that he had a good firm grip upon the ladder. The thing to do was to climb some more if he could. Stomach and legs were dead rather than suffering, but they still seemed to answer the same kind of effort that had got Whitey on his shoulder. It might help if he counted steps. That was one—and two. Breathing wasn't bad at all. He had been foolish to try to hold his breath. You couldn't even smell any gas. There was a flash which might have been daylight or might simply have occurred when he took a deeper, gasping breath, and he felt Whitey suddenly grow weightless. Something was taking hold of his own shoulder. His knee struck a rivet head a glancing blow and he scowled peevishly, then there was a blinding glare of light -light—light.

Definitely, he had not lost consciousness, because—lying flat on deck with blurred faces over him—he was growing sicker every minute. He groaned and rolled over, then staggered to his feet. The sea and the broad red deck weaved fantastic figures with each other, but there was the overwhelming objective of the rail.

"Look out, boys, I'm sick!" When he came back from the rail he could see and think quite clearly. "Where's Whitey?" he asked.

"Dey tak heem aft." It was Sam speaking. "He look pretty bad, but he breathe. He live all right, you know. Eet was de bos'n pull you out."

Mike Connor was standing by silently. On the deck at his feet lay the bos'n's chair, a dark paint-blotched board two feet long, rigged with lines. The suspending line was still wrapped round and round it, like wool on a card. Mike picked the chair up and turned it over in his hands.

"That's been here since ye were halfway up, Mr. Dunham. Maybe it would have saved time to use it."

Dunham could think of no reply and grinned foolishly. Mike's eyes lifted suddenly from the chair, and Dunham was further bewildered by the strained horror in them. Mike wrenched the line clear of the board and threw it across the deck. It was not more than eighteen or twenty feet long and would scarcely have reached halfway to the bottom of the tank. Mike's face was warped with hopeless pain.

"I remember now. It's th' one I used to paint the name on th' bow. About three fathoms in the gantline." His voice rose desperately, "Oh, Jack, for th' love o' heaven, why didn't ye kill me long ago with a shovel?"

Captain MacMasters and the chief mate, who had been looking after Whitey, came forward then and stopped by the open tank top. The captain thrust his head momentarily over the edge and sniffed.

"Don't try 'em when they're that bad," he said. Then he looked at Dunham and grinned. "Better take things easy. One of the men's gone to the wheel. You'll get a gold watch out of this when we get back."

In his quarters below, Dunham lay down to rest for a few minutes and slept like a log until suppertime. Later, when he was sitting on the port mooring bitts, watching night come, the bos'n called roughly from the alleyway, "Hey, Jack! Play pinochle?" And he rose and went forward toward the mess room.

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

(Continued from Page 5)

waxy records were too perishable. Children played with the thing for half an hour, when it was given to them at Christmas, and then broke it.

Nevertheless, the phonograph, like everything else, was being improved and could take its place as one of the miracles of the triumphant *fin de siècle*. And now that the X ray, performing the incredible, penetrated to the mysterious heart of solids and brought human vision to bear upon what had been immemorially secret, so that a living man might see his own skeleton, what more was left to be done? No wonder we thought that after us must indeed and inevitably come the decadence!

VI

AND yet within gunshot of our comfortable boarding house there were slums more tragic than any to be found in New York now; and the Tenderloin, like the Red Light of all American cities, renewed a vivid septic life with every nightfall. The top floor had little curiosity about the Tenderloin and never entered it; but we knew something of one miserable tenement quarter, for we had a reverend comrade who was in charge of a mission there. So we learned something of mission work—so much more desultory then than now, but no less devoted—and even tried to help the missionary in small and easy ways. And after all these years it is still not difficult to remember the smell of that district; it was a smell to be rivaled now only by the smell of some quarters of the cities of Araby. American cities no longer contain such smells; municipal health officers are providentially more effective than they were in the 90's.

The top floor had other comrades, some of them highly plutocratic, and these asked us to dinners and dances, congenial gayeties, but not directly helpful to surgery, law, engineering, literature and the drama. These last two advanced most slowly of all; for the thresholds of managers, editors and publishers remained cold and uncrossed by the top-floor aspirant. The medical student, the law student and the engineer made visible progress; they followed straight roads symmetrically set out with milestones; their destinations were fixed and they knew always just how far they had come on the way. But the young man who was trying to write groped in a thick mist, not knowing whether his feet were upon a road or walking circles in a desert.

His stories all came back promptly from the magazine offices; he rewrote them and they came back again with the same printed rejection slips. His plays never reached a manager; they were returned by the dramatists' agents to be rewritten; and, rewritten, were returned again. The top floor was sympathetic, and a nonresident comrade, who had already become an actual newspaper man on the advertising end of a journal down in Park Row, tried to bring the aspirant into contact with people who could advise him to his profit. The undergraduate nickname of this friendly helper was Big, which applied both to his heart and his body; and he was so long that when he spent the night with us on the top floor, as he did sometimes, a chair had to be placed at the lower end of the adjustable bed where he slept, for his feet.

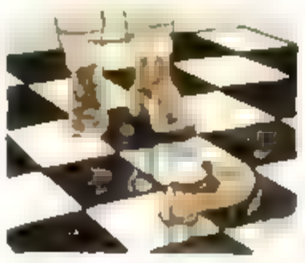
"You've got to meet some of these people and ask 'em what's the matter with you," he said. "You'll never find out by just sending manuscripts around. You've got

(Continued on Page 64)

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Today, Armstrong's Linoleum has the new, satin-smooth finish of

ACCOLAC



Dirt comes right off. Even rubbers and muddy shoes won't permanently mar the new Accolac surface. A damp mop . Presto . and Clean!

A BRAND-NEW idea! It marks a welcome stride forward—a boon to busy housewives—a real joy and satisfaction to those who seek lasting beauty in floors.

Months of laboratory work . . . experiments . . . trials . . . then practical tests—months of patient, careful effort, and NOW—

Armstrong announces a new, easy-to-clean, and beautiful lacquer finish for Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

This new finish is called Accolac. It is applied at the factory by a process that fills the pores of the linoleum, forming a hard, tenacious surface.

This surface has the smoothness of polished marble. Yet it is not brittle, not slippery, not glaringly shiny. Instead it gives to Armstrong Floors a finish such as few floors have ever boasted—*the beautiful, soft-luster effect of a rich, rubbed-down surface.*

You'll see this striking beauty when you see the new Accolac-finished Armstrong Floors. But there's a second virtue—important to you—that reveals itself only after Armstrong Floors are in your home. It is a hitherto undreamed-of cleaning ease.

The new Accolac finish will seldom need scrubbing. For all dirt is practically surface dirt, quickly removed. Even spilled, greasy liquids wipe right up from the satin-smooth surface. In fact, Armstrong's Linoleum with the new Accolac finish sheds dust as easily as your finely lacquered furniture.

Floor waxing and polishing, too, are now quick, easy tasks, for this very good reason: The Accolac surface of Armstrong's Linoleum is smooth, non-porous. Wax *is not* rubbed down into it. Rather, the wax you apply spreads out evenly *on the surface* for a quick, uniform polishing. No waste. No lost energy

More beauty, and less care to keep that beauty—these are floor virtues worth paying extra for. Yet no matter what grade of Armstrong's Linoleum you buy today—Plain, Inlaid, Embossed, Jaspé, Arabesq, or Accolac-finished Printed Linoleum—you will find it, as always, reasonably priced. But now you get even more for your money!

And you can easily make sure that you do. Stop at any good department, furniture, or linoleum store next time you are shopping. Examine this special finish of Accolac on the new Armstrong's Linoleum. Rub your hands over its smooth surface. Note its soft sheen. Ask the price of the design you like best. Never before has the American housewife been offered so much in built-in, easily-cared-for floor beauty—even in Armstrong's Linoleum

An Armstrong's Linoleum Floor, permanently cemented over builders' deadening felt. It is Marble Inlaid No. 79, with a double border of tan and black. This floor has the new Accolac finish.

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FLOORS

for every room in the house

PLAIN ~ JASPÉ ~ INLAID ~ ARABESQ ~ EMBOSSED ~ PRINTED

(Continued from Page 62)

to talk to 'em face to face and then they can tell you."

"Yes, but how do I ——"

"I'm going to take you to a dinner at the Lantern Club," he said. "Irving Bacheller's the toastmaster; Steve Crane's a member and he knows Harold Frederic. Has anybody ever written a better novel than Frederic's Damnation of Theron Ware?"

"No, it isn't possible to write a finer novel; but ——"

"Well, Crane could probably help tell you what's the matter with you—he's been having a fairly rough time himself, though it's true people are beginning to talk a lot about his writing. But if he couldn't, Frederic could. But that's not all. Edward Eggleston is coming to this dinner and they have hopes of getting William Dean Howells himself. I guess he could tell you what's the matter with you, couldn't he?"

"Good heavens, yes! But ——"

"Begin asking at the top," Big said. "If Howells comes to that dinner, go right up to him and tell him all about it and ask him what's the matter with you."

Mr. Howells did come to the dinner, though Stephen Crane didn't, having gone away from New York just then in search of a cheaper place to live; but the literary young man from the boarding house failed to make any inquiries of the chief practitioner of his adopted vocation. The apprentice was reverentially in a state of nerves to find himself at the foot of the long table at the head of which sat that gentle and most unleonine of lions. The aspirant could not possibly have asked him any question whatever; it was too frightening merely to be in his presence, remembering what he knew about writing: and besides, there befell a disaster.

With coffee, the toastmaster, who was the president of the club, rose urbanely.

"Before we proceed to the speech-making," he said, "I will announce that we have with us tonight a young man, lately out of college, who sings."

Then, to his utmost horror, the nervous guest perceived that Mr. Bacheller was looking down the table at him. Stricken instantly with stage fright, he heard Mr. Bacheller request him to rise to his feet and burst forth in song.

It wasn't possible to offer any excuse or to decline; there was nothing on earth for it but to get up and make sounds. Without accompaniment then, the dazed and shaking young man lately out of college put forth a quavering voice upon the air. He was irrecoverably off key; he squeaked and blatted on misplaced octaves and knew that although upon occasion he had sung villainously before, he had never equaled this. Somehow, though it is still an unexplained mystery, he lived through his own performance and sat down, praying for unending oblivion thenceforth.

"Well, did you get a chance to ask Howells what's the matter with you?" Big asked as we walked home after the dinner.

"Good heavens, no! I didn't go near him! He'd have thought I meant my singing!"

VII

IN THE fine arts and literature American apprentices knew then that names of true masters shone high above them. In literature we had Howells, James and Mark Twain, fixed stars no matter what later ephemeral fashions in reading and criticism might temporarily make of them. We had Stockton, Cable, James Lane Allen, Miss Wilkins, the exquisite Bunner; we had a people's great poet, Riley; Bret Harte, outliving his vogue but not his enormous influence upon the short story, was a consul in Britain. Over the water, two surpassing novelists were writing, Meredith and Hardy, and in the South Seas the master craftsman of writing, Stevenson, was dying. Kipling had emerged over the Far Eastern horizon, and a lively Irishman named Shaw was beginning to puzzle London with its own laughter, though he had yet to wait for an American actor, Mansfield, to waken general audiences to a first comprehension of his plays.

"There were giants in those days." It is a fashion among the vulgar now to fall upon the body of the giant and rend it the moment he is dead; and in Paris the young vultures, screeching to be talked about for their daring and their originality in following the fashion, feared to wait until Anatole France was buried; eagerer vultures might have flown in ahead of them and stolen the advertising.

What aids the vultures is Nature's technic in the production of progress. We are carefully so constituted that the generation just passed must ever appear ridiculous to us, its thought both pretentious and primitive, its taste abhorrent, its manners absurd and its fashions ludicrous. Our own generation, we feel, is the only one truly sophisticated; that of our parents must be picked to pieces, though that of our grandfathers, dimmed and prettily remote, cannot threaten our new ideas or our revolt against everything from which we are struggling to emerge; and so we look upon it more leniently, investing it with a captivating air of quaintness and buying what remains of its furniture and ornaments. And in its art and literature the rediscovery of beauty begins.

This present new generation, obedient to that ancient mechanism of progress, has found a word to express its hatred of the musty absurdities preceding its own enlightenment—a word curiously sprung out of Anglomania and inappropriate in the Western Hemisphere—"Victorian." Our young intellectuals have a habit of using it as an eraser; and with a lively historical and geographical recklessness they will tell you that the United States of America, during the reign of Edward VII in Britain, was Mid-Victorian. Almost the wickedest of their printable words is "Mid-Victorian"; and what they mean, usually, is something their fathers and mothers believed in or liked.

Thus those giants we revered are now Victorians and Mid-Victorians, obsolete to the young, along with the mansard roof, the tandem bicycle and the two-step. The new generation lumps together the great men, the songs, the dances, the manners and the clothes of the *fin de siècle*, and, with the derision of established superiority, laughs at all.

The *fin de siècle* was less sweeping and more courteous; we did not scorn great men lately dead; though we did laugh—among ourselves—at the songs and the dancing of our elders; we laughed at their photograph albums, at the clothes and whiskers there portrayed, we laughed at their sports, we were beginning to laugh at crochet.

When the young gentlemen of the top floor went down to the mission to sing for the entertainment of the missionary's protégés, they did not sing Tonight You Belong to Me; they sang Workin' on the Railroad, medleys from Robin Hood and college nonsense jingles. When we went forth to dance we dressed almost precisely as youths lately graduated would dress today, except that our collars were circular walls of linen three inches high. We kept a distance between us and our partners—it was the fashion just then to make the distance as great as possible—and we danced—glidingly, not wriggling or hopping—only waltzes and two-steps. Square dances had disappeared except from pastoral and proletarian fêtes where the lancers and quadrilles might still sometimes be capered through for the benefit of middle-aged or old-fashioned people. The polka and the schottish were dropped early in the decade.

The girls with whom we danced had hourglass figures. Tiny feet and hands were adjuncts to beauty, but the small waist was a necessity. Schoolgirls, not yet allowed to wear stays, sometimes secretly strapped torturing belts night and day about their middles to prepare for the hourglass fashion they would follow when they came out. Physicians attacked the hourglass bitterly and persistently, with complete futility. The race was being ruined by this abominable harnessing, they said; and they had no more effect than did the moralists who scolded when the girls, long after, left off the rigid harness entirely and made themselves into slim sacks with no waists at all.

The hourglass girls danced gracefully in spite of their harness; indeed, they danced more gracefully than do their sack-shaped daughters and granddaughters; for dignity, which may still be maintained in consonance with the airiest lightness, is ever a part of grace; and dignity vanished when the tight clasp and the negroid and Oriental dancing began with the incredible turkey-trot. Moreover, the hourglass girls, apparently not incommoded, played tennis; they rode horses and bicycles; they were known to sail catboats and paddle canoes; and even the ladies of the ballet and those of the circus were hourglasses. But of course the girl with stiffly armored body, balloon sleeves upon her upper arms, and her sacred and mysterious legs lost in petticoats and skirts that touched the ground, was not easily an outdoor girl. To be, even moderately, an athlete was not part of her destiny.

She was still—even that little time ago—the sheltered dependent—and therefore the diplomat—that she had been through all the Christian centuries. We of the top floor were well-brought-up young men; which means that we revered her and had no idea she was a human being. For us she was a lady, and that was something higher, finer and more ethereal than no matter how good a gentleman. Bodily, she consisted for us of a head of hair, a face, an hourglass of silk or satin or cloth, gloved hands and multiplex bells of stuffs that hung from the hourglass to the ground. Within these her locomotion was somehow mysteriously accomplished; it was not permissible to imagine how, and the nearest we came to that was in our verses about the "rustle of her skirts upon the stair." She had no feet—that is to say, she had slippers and at the most an instep. At a dance she had actual arms and shoulders, and coquettish hints of bosom. Spiritually, she consisted of perfection—that was a matter of course—and mentally she consisted of mystery, which we had no great concern to solve.

Ourselves being of clay, we could only try to atone to her by the utter respect we paid her. No one except a mucker had any other view of her; and yet, as we knew that there were muckers here and there among our own sex, so we knew that there were members of hers who had forfeited public respect, exchanging it for contempt from some and compassion from others. That is to say, there distinctly appeared to be two classes, or castes, of girls. There were the girls we knew—the sheltered, perfect and revered girls, whom we and our comrades would one day marry—this was one class; and the other consisted of all the other kinds of girls.

Sometimes a girl of the upper caste was forced by family misfortunes to go to work; and there were a few kinds of genteel employment—governessing and teaching principally—that she could accept without descending substantially out of her caste; but work that brought her much into contact with men was thought roughening, at the best; it was not advisable. Something was pardoned to a girl of special talent; she might be admired and fêted, but even in such case the word "bohemian" threatened her if her gift made her professional. Her talents were best confined to the amateur field, it was felt; and if she must have ambitions at all, the single correct and useful one was to fit herself to be the inspiration and helpmeet of the man she would wed. Her true business, of course, was to get herself satisfactorily married, though that was the last thing in all the world she must permit to become visible.

Sometimes when we went to dinners given by the mothers and fathers of the hourglass girls, sherry and claret were served, though sparingly; sometimes, at the more plutocratic dances, there was champagne with the supper; but usually both dinners and dances were dry. There was a general prejudice against offering even the milder intoxicants to young men and it was thought better not to put temptation in their way. There was no feeling about the girls in this matter; they were out of the question entirely; for they were not conceivably affected by temptations of any kind whatever. Cocktails and potent distillations were unknown at the dinner for young people, except among hosts willing to be called fast, or here and there in the South, where eighteenth-century hospitality still lingered in the mint julep. In general, when a young man appeared among ladies, his breath could not be aromatic of alcohol without damage to his reputation.

Our boarding-house top floor had no concern in such a matter. At remote intervals we spent a temperate evening in a respectable big German beer hall where there was a good orchestra; but most of our evenings, like our days, meant work; and the literary aspirant, who was arriving nowhere in spite of his struggles, burned gas latest of all. This was hard on the law student, who roomed with him; for the writing frequently went on until three in the morning and sometimes even later. The law student didn't mind the cigarette smoke that accompanied the writing; but he couldn't sleep with the gaslight full on his eyes and he was too chivalrous to insist upon its being extinguished; so he developed a technic to meet the difficulty successfully.

At eleven, his customary hour, he amicably opened two large black umbrellas, placed them upon his couch and retired to sleep in peace within their shadow. Quiet would settle down upon the boarding house and upon the street outside; and except for the far-away rumble of Elevated owl trains and the spasmodic tootings of distant ferryboats in the river, there would be silence. There was no Subway, there were no taxicabs; building went on in daytime; New York had only a million people then, and nearly all of them went to bed at night.

The great modern night roar of the metropolis had not developed; strangers could sleep in quiet in almost any part of the city not too close to the L; and for hours the scratching of the thin aspirant's pen would be, barring an occasional cat in a brownstone areaway, the noisiest sound on our whole street.

So the gaslit windows of our top floor front were the only windows bright after midnight on that street, while the unfortunate thin young man went on writing and rewriting and rewriting, and getting thinner and thinner.

At last, when there were hints of coming summer upon the winds of the city and evening sunshine began to linger upon the roof of the church opposite the top-floor windows, he perceived that instead of approaching the thresholds he had come to cross those forbidden entrances to editors and managers and publishers—he had slid even backward from them; and he was now so thin he feared that if he lost any more weight he would alarm his relatives when he went home. Therefore, ere this might happen, he thoughtfully packed his new rejected manuscripts in a parcel with the old, and one rainy morning went down on the Ninth Avenue L to recross the Cortlandt Street Ferry, going West.

Thus the top floor had a vacancy, but the companions did their best to provide a substitute. The medical student had long desired an articulated skeleton; when I left he bought one, and the law student and the engineer went with him on a drizzly evening to bring it home. They put a raincoat upon it and carried it through the streets, not without arousing comment and being somewhat earnestly questioned; but they brought it successfully to the top floor.

They attached it to the wall, supplied it with a cigarette and gave it my college nickname. It had only one defect, the engineer wrote me—the law student couldn't argue with it.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Tarkington. The next will appear in an early issue.

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SINGLE ROW TIMKEN BEARING

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TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

(Continued from Page 29.)

"What's that?" the woman cried. "Outrageous! You mean we are prisoners here?"

"Oh, but, Eileen ——" protested her husband.

"I'm very sorry," said the girl. "I shall protect you as much as possible from the annoyance of further questioning. But you really must wait."

Mrs. Enderby flung angrily away and a filmy scarf she was wearing dropped from one shoulder and trailed after her. Chan reached out to rescue it. The woman took another step and he stood with the scarf in his hand. She swung about. The detective's little eyes, she noticed, were fixed with keen interest on the front of her pale blue gown, and, following his gaze, she looked down.

"So sorry," said Chan—"so very sorry. I trust your beautiful garment is not a complete ruin."

"Give me that scarf!" she cried, and snatched it rudely from him.

Paradise appeared in the doorway. "Miss Morrow, please," he said. "Captain Flannery is below."

"You will kindly wait here," said the girl—"all of you. I shall arrange for your release at the earliest possible moment."

With Kirk and Charlie Chan she returned to the twentieth floor. In the central room they found Captain Flannery, a gray-haired, energetic policeman of about fifty. With him were two patrolmen and a police doctor.

"Hello, Miss Morrow," said the captain. "This is a he—I mean, a terrible thing. Sir Frederic Bruce of Scotland Yard—we're up against it now. If we don't make good quick we'll have the whole Yard on our necks."

"I'm afraid we shall," admitted Miss Morrow. "Captain Flannery, this is Mr. Kirk. And this—Detective Sergeant Charlie Chan of Honolulu."

The captain looked his fellow detective over slowly.

"How are you, sergeant? I been reading about you in the paper. You got on this job mighty quick."

Chan shrugged. "Not my job, thank you," he replied. "All yours, and very welcome. I am here in society rôle, as guest of kind Mr. Kirk."

"Is that so?" The captain appeared relieved. "Now, Miss Morrow, what have you found out?"

"Very little. Mr. Kirk was giving a dinner upstairs." She ran over the list of guests, the showing of the pictures in the dark and the butler's story of Sir Frederic's descent to the floor below, wearing the velvet slippers. "There are other aspects of the affair that I will take up with you later," she added.

"All right. I guess the D. A. will want to get busy on this himself."

The girl flushed. "Perhaps. He is out of town tonight. I hope he will leave the matter in my hands."

"Great Scott, Miss Morrow, this is important!" said the captain, oblivious of his rudeness. "You're holding those people upstairs?"

"Naturally."

"Good! I'll look 'em over later. I've ordered the night watchman to lock the front door and bring everybody in the building here. Now we better fix the time of this. How long's he been dead, doctor?"

"Not more than half an hour," replied the doctor.

"Humbly begging pardon to intrude," said Chan. "The homicide occurred presumably at 10:20."

"Sure of that?"

"I have not the habit of light speaking. At 10:25 we find body, just five minutes after lady on floor above rush in with news of man escaping from this room by fire escape."

"Huh! The room seems to have been searched." Flannery turned to Barry Kirk. "Anything missing?"

"I haven't had time to investigate," said Kirk. "If anything has been taken I fancy it was Sir Frederic's property."

"This is your office, isn't it?"

"Yes. But I had made room here for Sir Frederic. He had various papers and that sort of thing."

"Papers? What was he doing? I thought he'd retired."

"It seems he was still interested in certain cases, captain," Miss Morrow said. "That is one of the points I shall take up with you later."

"Again interfering with regret," remarked Chan, "if we do not know what was taken, all same we know what was hunted."

"You don't say!" Flannery looked at Chan coldly. "What was that?"

"Sir Frederic English detective, and great one. All English detectives make exhausting records of every case. No question that records of certain case, in which murderer was hotly interested, were sought here."

"Maybe," admitted the captain. "We'll go over the room later." He turned to the patrolmen. "You boys take a look at the fire escape." They climbed out into the fog. At that moment the door leading from the reception room into the hallway opened and an odd little group came in. A stout middle-aged man led the procession; he was Mr. Cuttle, the night watchman.

"Here they are, captain," he said. "I've rounded up everybody in the building except a few cleaning women who have nothing to do with this floor. You can see 'em later if you like. This is Mrs. Dyke, who takes care of the two top floors."

Mrs. Dyke, very frightened, said that she had finished with Kirk's office at seven and gone out, leaving the burglar alarm in working order, as was her custom. She had not been back since. She had seen no one about the building whom she did not recognize.

"And who is this?" inquired the captain, turning to a pale, sandy-haired young man who appeared extremely nervous.

"I am employed by Brace & Davis, Certified Public Accountants, on the second floor," said the young man. "My name is Samuel Smith. I was working tonight to catch up—I have been ill—when Mr. Cuttle informed me I was wanted up here. I know nothing of this horrible affair."

Flannery turned to the fourth and last member of the party, a young woman whose uniform marked her as an operator of one of the elevators.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Grace Lane, sir," she told him.

"Run the elevator, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Kirk had sent word that one of us must work overtime tonight on account of the party."

"How many people have you brought up since the close of business?"

"I didn't keep count. Quite a few—ladies and gentlemen—Mr. Kirk's guests, of course."

"Don't remember anybody who looked like an outsider?"

"No, sir."

"This is a big building," said Flannery. "There must have been others working here tonight besides this fellow Smith. Remember anybody?"

The girl hesitated. "There—there was one other, sir."

"Yes? Who was that?"

"A girl who is employed in the office of the Calcutta Importers, on this floor. Her name is Miss Lila Barr."

"Working here tonight, eh? On this floor? She's not here now?"

"No, sir. She left some time ago."

"How long ago?"

"I can't say exactly, sir. Half an hour—perhaps a little more than that."

"Humph!" The captain took down their names and addresses and dismissed them. As they went out the two patrolmen entered from the fire escape and, leaving them in charge, Flannery asked to be directed upstairs.

The dinner guests were sitting with rather weary patience in a semicircle in the living room. Into their midst strode the captain with an air of confidence he was far from feeling. He stood looking them over.

"I guess you know what I'm doing here," he said. "Miss Morrow tells me she's had a talk with you, and I won't double back over her tracks. However, I want the name and address of every one of you." He turned to Mrs. Kirk: "I'll start with you."

She stiffened at his tone. "You're very flattering, I'm sure. I am Mrs. Dawson Kirk." She added her address.

"You." Flannery turned to the explorer.

"Col. John Beetham. I am a visitor in the city, stopping at the Fairmont."

Flannery went on down the list. When he had finished he added: "Anyone got any light to throw on this affair? If you have, better give it to me now. Things'll be a lot pleasanter all round than if I dig it up for myself later." No one spoke. "Some lady saw a man running down the fire escape," he prompted.

"Oh, I did," said Eileen Enderby. "I've been all over that with Miss Morrow. I had gone out into the garden ——" Again she related her experience.

"What'd this man look like?" demanded Flannery.

"I couldn't say. A very dim figure in the fog."

"All right. You can all go now. I may want to see some of you later." Flannery strode past them into the garden.

One by one they said their strained farewells and departed—Mrs. Kirk and her companion, Miss Gloria Garland, then the Enderbys, and finally the explorer. Charlie Chan also got his hat and coat, while Miss Morrow watched him inquiringly.

"Until dark deed shaded the feast," said Chan, "the evening was an unquestioned joy. Mr. Kirk ——"

"Oh, but you're not leaving!" cried Miss Morrow. "Please! I want to have a talk with you."

"Tomorrow I am seagoing man," Chan reminded her. "The experience weakens me considerably. I have need of sleep and relaxing."

"I'll keep you only a moment," she pleaded, and Chan nodded

Captain Flannery appeared from the garden. "Dark out there," he announced. "But if I'm not mistaken, anyone could have reached the floor below by way of the fire escape. Is that right?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Kirk.

"An important discovery," approved Chan. "On the gown of one of the lady guests were iron-rust stains, which might have been suffered by —— But who am I to speak thus to keen man like the captain? You made note of the fact, of course?"

Flannery reddened. "I—I can't say I did. Which lady?"

"That Mrs. Enderby, who witnessed fleeing man. Do not mention it, sir. So happy to be of slightest service."

"Let's go back downstairs," growled Flannery. On the floor below he stood for a long moment, looking about. "Well, I got to get busy here."

"I will say farewell," remarked Chan.

"Going, eh?" said Flannery with marked enthusiasm.

"Going far," smiled Chan. "Tomorrow I am directed toward Honolulu. I leave you to the largest problem of your life, captain. I suffer no envy for you."

"Oh, I'll pull through," replied Flannery.

"Only the witless could doubt it. But you will travel a long road. Consider. Who is great man silent now on couch? A famous detective with a glorious record. The meaning of that? A thousand victories and a thousand enemies. All over broad world are scattered men who would do him into death with happy hearts. A long road for you, captain. You have my warmest wishes for bright outcome. May you emerge in the shining garments of success."

"Thanks," said Flannery.

"One last point. You will pardon me if I put in final oar." He took up from the table a little yellow book and held it out. "Same was at the dead man's elbow when he fell."

Flannery nodded. "I know. The Cosmopolitan Club book. It can't mean a thing."

"Maybe. I am stupid Chinese from tiny island. I know nothing. But if this was my case I would think about book, Captain Flannery. I would arouse in the night to think about it. . . . Good-by, and all good wishes already mentioned."

He made a deep bow and went through the reception room into the hall. Kirk and the girl followed swiftly. The latter put her hand on Chan's arm.

"Sergeant, you mustn't!" she cried despairingly. "You can't desert me now. I need you."

"You rip my heart to fragments," he replied. "However, plans are set."

"But poor Captain Flannery—all this is far beyond him. You know more about the case than he does. Stay, and I'll see that you're given every facility ——"

"That's what I say," put in Barry Kirk. "Surely you can't go now. Good Lord, man, have you no curiosity?"

"The bluest hills are those farthest away," Chan said. "Bluest of all is Punch Bowl Hill, where my little family is gathered, waiting for me."

"But I was depending on you," pleaded the girl. "I must succeed—I simply must. If you would stay ——"

Chan drew away from her. "I am so sorry. Postman on his holiday, they tell me, takes long walk. I have taken same, and I am weary. So very sorry, but I return to Honolulu tomorrow." The elevator door was open. Chan bowed low. "The happiest pleasure to know you both. May we meet again. Good-by."

Like a grim relentless Buddha he disappeared below. Kirk and the girl reentered the office, where Captain Flannery was eagerly on the hunt.

Chan walked briskly through the fog to the Stewart Hotel. At the desk the clerk handed him a cable, which he read with beaming face. He was still smiling when, in his room, the telephone rang. It was Kirk.

"Look here," Kirk said. "We made the most astonishing discovery in the office after you left."

"Pleased to hear it," Chan replied.

"Under the desk—a pearl from Gloria Garland's necklace!"

"Opening up," said Chan, "a new field of wonderment. Hearty congratulations."

"But see here," Kirk cried, "aren't you interested? Won't you stay and help us get to the bottom of this?"

Again that stubborn look in Charlie's eyes. "Not possible. Only a few minutes back I have a cable that calls me home with unbearable force. Nothing holds me on the mainland now."

"A cable? From whom?"

"From my wife. Glorious news. We are now in receipt of our eleventh child—a boy."

▼

CHARLIE CHAN rose at eight the next morning, and as he scraped the stubble of black beard from his cheeks he grinned happily at his reflection in the glass. He was thinking of the small, helpless boy child who no doubt at this moment lay in the battered old crib on Punch Bowl Hill. In a few days, the detective promised himself, he would stand beside that crib and the latest Chan would look up to see, at last, his father's welcoming smile.

Continued on Page 72

Adding

The New Essex Super-Six 4-Door Sedan, $795, f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax.

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New Values *to their* Long Leadership

Qualities That Men Admire Made Beautiful for Women

Men have pre-empted as altogether masculine the great qualities by which the Super-Sixes always led the values of the day; irrespective of the fact that dealers have always reported most Hudson and Essex purchases were made or influenced by women.

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Sympathy and—Sauerkraut

"Hello—Jean? Mabel. Why haven't you been over?"

* * * * *

"Is that so? What's the matter?"

* * * * *

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Both of you, eh?"

* * * * *

"That's just the way Harry felt—until he began eating Sauerkraut."

* * * * *

"Yes, Sauerkraut! Didn't you ever—"

* * * * *

"Well, I should say it is! Dr. Law told Harry to eat it. He says he's put lots of his patients on it."

* * * * *

"Well, he gave us a little booklet that tells all the things that doctors have found out about it. You'd be surprised."

* * * * *

"I should say we do! Why we both feel so well, and Harry sleeps much better now."

* * * * *

"Is it! We're awfully fond of it. And the children are just wild about it. We have it three times a week—in different ways, you know."

* * * * *

"You don't? Why, there are lots of new recipes in the booklet, and they're perfectly delicious!"

* * * * *

"I'll bring the booklet over tomorrow. Then you'll know all about it. Goodbye."

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Name

Address

(Continued from Page 69)

He watched a beetle-browed porter wheel his inexpensive little trunk off on the first leg of its journey to the Matson docks, and then neatly placed his toilet articles in his suitcase. With jaunty step he went down to breakfast.

The first page of the morning paper carried the tragic tale of Sir Frederic's passing, and for a moment Chan's eyes narrowed. A complicated mystery, to be sure. Interesting to go to the bottom of it, but that was the difficult task of others. Had it been his duty he would have approached it gallantly, but from his point of view the thing did not concern him. Home—that alone concerned him now.

He laid the paper down and his thoughts flew back to the little boy in Honolulu. An American citizen, a future boy scout under the American flag, he should have an American name. Chan had felt himself greatly attracted to his genial host of the night before. Barry Chan—what was the matter with that?

As he was finishing his tea he saw in the dining-room door the thin, nervous figure of Bill Rankin, the reporter. He signed his check, left a generous tip and joined Rankin in the lobby.

"Hello," said the reporter. "Well, that was some little affair up at the Kirk Building last night."

"Most distressing," Chan replied. They sat down on a broad sofa and Rankin lighted a cigarette.

"I've got a bit of information I believe you should have," the newspaperman continued.

"Begging pardon, I think you labor under natural delusion," Chan said.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I am not concerned with case," Chan calmly informed him.

"You don't mean to say ——"

"In three hours," went on Chan, "I exit through Golden Gate."

Rankin gasped. "Good Lord! I knew you'd planned to go, of course, but I supposed —— Why, man alive, this is the biggest thing that's broke round here since the fire! Sir Frederic Bruce—it's an international catastrophe. I should think you'd leap at it."

"I am not," smiled Charlie, "a leaping kind of man. Personal affairs call me to Hawaii. The postman refuses to take another walk. Very interesting case, but as I have heard my slanging Cousin Willie say, I am not taking any of it."

"I know," said Rankin. "The calm, cool Oriental. Never been excited in your life, I suppose."

"What could I have gained by that? I have watched the American citizen. His temples throb. His heart pounds. The fibers of his body vibrate. With what result? A year subtracted from his life."

"Well, you're beyond me," said Rankin, leaning back and seeking to relax a bit himself. "I hope I won't be boring you if I go on talking about Sir Frederic. I've been all over our luncheon at the St. Francis in my mind, and do you know what I think?"

"I should be pleased to learn," returned Chan politely.

"Fifteen years make a very heavy curtain on the Indian frontier, Sir Frederic said. If you ask me I'd say that in order to solve the mystery of his murder last night, we must look behind that curtain."

"Easy said, but hard to do," suggested Chan.

"Very hard, and that's why you —— Oh, well, go on and take your boat ride. But the disappearance of Eve Durand is mixed up in this somehow. So, perhaps, is the murder of Hilary Galt."

"You have reason for thinking this?"

"I certainly have. Just as I was about to sit down and write a nice feature story about that luncheon, Sir Frederic rushed into the Globe office and demanded I hush it all up. Why should he do that? I ask you."

"And I pause for your reply."

"You'll get it. Sir Frederic was still working on one or maybe both of those cases. More than that, he was getting somewhere. That visit to Peshawar may not have been as lacking in results as he made out. Eve Durand may be in San Francisco now. Someone connected with one of those cases is certainly here—someone who pulled that trigger last night. For myself, I would *cherchez la femme*. That's French ——"

"I know," nodded Chan. "You would hunt the woman. Excellent plan. So would I."

"Aha, I knew it. And that's why this information I have is vital. The other night I went up to the Kirk Building to see Sir Frederic. Paradise told me he was in the office. Just as I was approaching the office door it opened and a young woman ——"

"One moment," Chan cut in. "Begging pardon to interrupt, you should go at once with your story to Miss June Morrow. I am not connected."

Rankin stood up. "All right. But you're certainly beyond me. The man of stone. I wish you a pleasant journey. And if this case is ever solved I hope you never hear about it."

Chan grinned broadly. "Your kind wishes greatly appreciated. Good-by and all luck possible."

He watched the reporter as he dashed from the lobby into the street; then going above, he completed his packing. A glance at his watch told him he had plenty of time, so he went to say good-by to his relative in Chinatown. When he returned to the hotel to get his bag Miss Morrow was waiting for him.

"What happy luck," he said. "Once again I am rewarded by a sight of your most interesting face."

"You certainly are," she replied. "I simply had to see you again. The district attorney has put this whole affair in my hands and it's my big chance. You are still determined to go home?"

"More than usual." He led her to a sofa. "Last night I have joyous cable ——"

"I know. I was there when Mr. Kirk telephoned you. A boy, I think he said."

"Heaven's finest gift," nodded Chan.

Miss Morrow sighed. "If it had only been a girl!" she said.

"Good luck," Chan told her, "dogs me in such matters. Of eleven opportunities, I am disappointed but three times."

"You're to be congratulated. However, girls are a necessary evil."

"You are unduly harsh. Necessary, of course. In your case, no evil whatever."

Barry Kirk came into the lobby and joined them. "Good morning, father," he smiled. "Well, we're all here to speed the parting guest."

Chan consulted his watch. Miss Morrow smiled. "You've quite a lot of time," she said. "At least give me the benefit of your advice before you leave."

"Happy to do so," agreed Chan. "It is worthless, but you are welcome."

"Captain Flannery is now completely stumped, though of course he won't admit it. I told him all about Hilary Galt and Eve Durand, and he just opened his mouth and forgot to close it."

"Better men than the captain might also pause in yawning doubt."

"Yes, I admit that." Miss Morrow's white forehead wrinkled in perplexity. "It's all so scattered—San Francisco and London and Peshawar—it almost looks as though whoever solved it must make a trip around the world."

Chan shook his head. "Many strings reach back, but solution will lie in San Francisco. Accept my advice and take heart bravely."

The girl still puzzled. "We know that Hilary Galt was killed sixteen years ago. A long time, but Sir Frederic was the sort who would never abandon a trail. We also know that Sir Frederic was keenly interested in the disappearance of Eve Durand from Peshawar. That might have been a natural curiosity, but if it was, why should he rush to the newspaper office and demand that nothing be printed about it? No, it was more than curiosity. He was on the trail of something."

"And near the end of it," put in Kirk. "He told me that much."

Miss Morrow nodded. "Near the end—what did that mean? Had he found Eve Durand? Was he on the point of exposing her identity? And was there someone—Eve Durand or someone else—who was determined he should never do so? So determined, in fact, that he—or she—would not stop at murder to silence him?"

"All expressed most clearly," approved Chan.

"Oh, but it isn't clear at all. Was Hilary Galt's murder connected somehow with the disappearance of that young girl from Peshawar? The velvet slippers—where are they now? Did the murderer of Sir Frederic take them? And if so, why?"

"Many questions arise," admitted Chan. "All in good time you get the answers."

"We'll never get them," sighed the girl, "without your help."

Chan smiled. "How sweet your flattery sounds." He considered. "I made no search of the office last night. But Captain Flannery did. What was found? Records? A case book?"

"Nothing," said Kirk, "that had any bearing on the matter. Nothing that mentioned Galt or Eve Durand."

Chan frowned. "Yet without question of doubt, Sir Frederic kept records. Were those records the prize for which the killer made frantic search? Doubtless so. Did he—or she—then find them? That would seem to be true, unless ——"

"Unless what?" asked the girl quickly.

"Unless Sir Frederic had removed same to safe and distant place. On face of things, he expected marauder. He may have baited trap with pointless paper. You have hunted his personal effects in bedroom?"

"Everything," Kirk assured him. "Nothing was found. In the desk downstairs were some newspaper clippings—accounts of the disappearance of other women who walked off into the night. Sir Frederic evidently made such cases his hobby."

"Other women?" Chan was thoughtful.

"Yes. But Flannery thought those clippings meant nothing, and I believe he was right."

"And the cutting about Eve Durand remained in Sir Frederic's purse?" continued Chan.

"By gad." Kirk looked at the girl. "I never thought of that! The clipping was gone!"

Miss Morrow's dark eyes were filled with dismay. "Oh, how stupid! It was gone, and the fact made no impression on me! I'm afraid I'm just a poor, weak woman."

"Calm your distress," said Chan soothingly. "It is a matter to note, that is all. It proves that the quest of Eve Durand held important place in murderer's mind. You must then *cherchez la femme*. You understand?"

"Hunt the woman," said Miss Morrow.

"You have it. And in such an event a huntress will be far better than a hunter. Let us think of guests at party. Mr. Kirk, you have said a portion of these people are there because Sir Frederic requested their presence. Which?"

"The Enderbys," replied Kirk promptly. "I didn't know them, but Sir Frederic wanted them to come."

"That has deep interest. The Enderbys. Mrs. Enderby approached state of hysteria all evening. Fear of dark might mean fear of something else. Is it beyond belief that Eve Durand, with new name marries again into bigamy?"

"But Eve Durand was a blonde," Miss Morrow reminded him.

"Ah, yes. And Eileen Enderby has hair like night. It is, I am told, a matter that is easily arranged. Color of hair may be altered, but color of eyes—that is different. And Mrs. Enderby's eyes are blue, matching oddly raven locks."

"Never miss a trick, do you?" smiled Kirk.

"Mrs. Enderby goes to garden, sees man on fire escape—so she informs us. But does

(Continued on Page 74)

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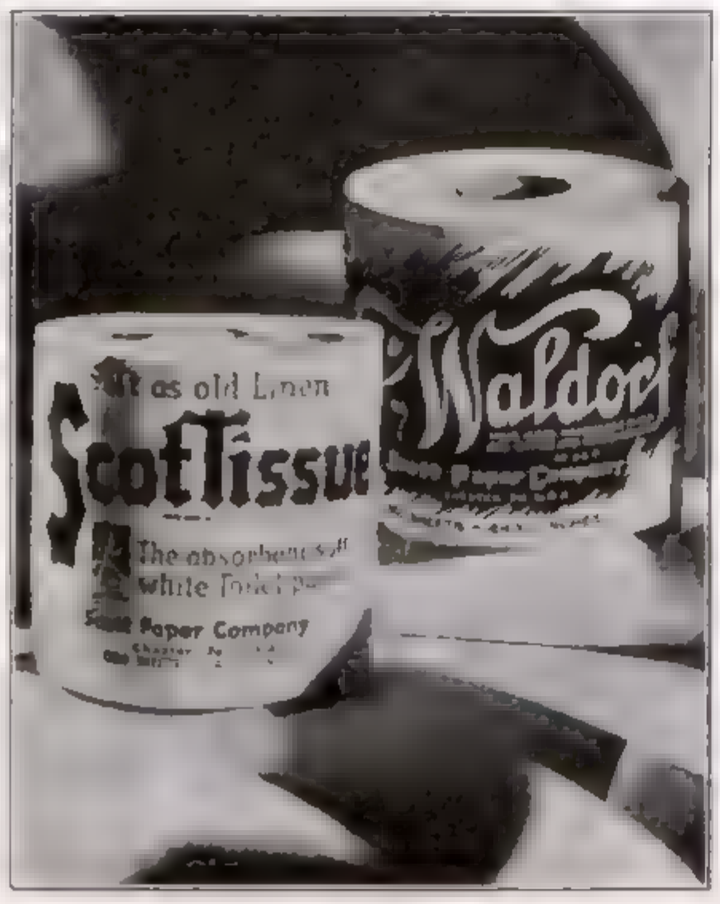

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(Continued from Page 72)

she? Or does she know her husband, smoking cigarette on stairs, has not been so idly occupied? Is man on fire escape a myth of her invention, to protect her husband? Why are stains on her gown? From leaning with too much hot excitement against garden rail, damp with the fog of night—or from climbing herself onto fire escape? You apprehend my drift? What other guests did Sir Frederic request?"

Kirk thought. "He asked me to invite Gloria Garland," the young man announced.

Chan nodded. "I expected it. Gloria Garland—such is not a name likely to fall to human lot. Sounds like a manufacture. And Australia is so placed on map it might be appropriate end of journey from Peshawar. Blond, blue-eyed, she breaks necklace on the stair. Yet you discover a pearl beneath the office desk."

Miss Morrow nodded. "Yes, Miss Garland certainly is a possibility."

"There remains," continued Chan, "Mrs. Tupper-Brock. A somewhat dark lady—but who knows? Sir Frederic did not ask her presence?"

"No, I don't think he knew she existed," said Kirk.

"Yes? But it is wise in our work, Miss Morrow, that even the smallest improbabilities be studied. Men stumble over pebbles, never over mountains. Tell me, Mr. Kirk, was Col. John Beetham the idea of Sir Frederic too?"

"Not at all. And now that I remember, Sir Frederic seemed a bit taken back when he heard Beetham was coming. But he said nothing."

"We have now traversed the ground. You have, Miss Morrow, three ladies to receive your most attentive study—Mrs. Enderby, Miss Garland, Mrs. Tupper-Brock. All of proper age, so near as a humble man can guess it in this day of beauty rooms with their appalling tricks. These only of the dinner party ——"

"And one outside the dinner party," added the girl, to Chan's surprise.

"Ah, on that point I have only ignorance," he said blankly.

"You remember the elevator operator spoke of a girl employed by the Calcutta Importers, on the twentieth floor—a Miss Lila Barr? She was at work in her office there last night."

"Ah, yes," nodded Chan.

"Well, a newspaperman—Rankin of the Globe—came to see me a few minutes ago. He said that the other evening—night before last—he went to call on Sir Frederic in Mr. Kirk's office, rather late. Just as he approached the door a girl came out. She was crying. Rankin saw her dab at her eyes and disappear into the room of the Calcutta Importers. A blond girl, he said."

Chan's face was grave. "A fourth lady to require your kind attention. The matter broadens. So much to be done, and you in the midst of it all, like a pearl in a muddy pool." He stood up. "I am sorry. But the Maui must even now be straining at her moorings ——"

"One other thing," put in the girl. "Last night you made quite a point of that Cosmopolitan Club yearbook beside Sir Frederic. You thought it very important."

Chan shrugged. "I fear I was in teasing mood. I believed it hardest puzzle of the lot. Therefore I am mean enough to press it on Captain Flannery's mind. What it meant, I cannot guess. Poor Captain Flannery will never do so."

He looked at his watch. The girl rose.

"I won't keep you longer," she sighed. "I'm very busy, but somehow I can't let you go. I'm trailing along to the dock with you, if you don't mind. Perhaps I'll think of something else on the way."

"Who am I," smiled Chan, "to win such overwhelming honor? You behold me speechless with delight. Mr. Kirk ——"

"Oh, I'm going along," said Kirk. "Always like to see a boat pull out. The Lord meant me for a traveling salesman."

Chan got his bag, paid his bill and the three of them entered Kirk's car, parked around the corner.

"Now that the moment arrives," said Chan, "I withdraw from this teeming mainland with some regret. Fates have been in smiling mood with me here."

"Why go?" suggested Kirk.

"Long experience," replied Chan, "whispers not to strain fates too far. Their smile might fade."

"Want to stop anywhere on the way?" Kirk asked. "You've got thirty minutes until sailing time."

"I am grateful, but all my farewells are said. Only this morning I have visited Chinatown ——" He stopped. "So fortunate you still hang on," he added to the girl. "I was forgetting most important information for you. Still another path down which you must travel."

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "I'm dizzy now. What next?"

"You must at once inflict this information on Captain Flannery. He is to find a Chinese—a stranger here—stopping with relatives on Jackson Street. The name, Li Gung."

"Who is Li Gung?" asked Miss Morrow.

"Yesterday, when delicious lunch was ended, I hear of Li Gung from Sir Frederic." He repeated his conversation with the great man. "Li Gung had information much wanted by Sir Frederic. That alone I can say. Captain Flannery must extract this information from Li."

"He'll never get it," replied the girl pessimistically. "Now you, sergeant ——"

Chan drew a deep breath. "I am quite overcome," he remarked, "by the bright loveliness of this morning on which I say farewell to the mainland."

They rode on in silence, while the girl thought hard. If only she could find some way of reaching this stolid man by her side, some appeal that would not roll off like water from a duck's back. She hastily went over in her mind all she had ever read of the Chinese character.

Kirk drove his smart roadster onto the pier, a few feet from the Maui's gangplank. The big white ship was gay with the color of women's hats and frocks. Taxis were sweeping up, travelers were alighting, white-jacketed stewards stood in a bored line ready for another sailing. Good-bys, and final admonitions filled the air.

A steward stepped forward and took Chan's bag. "Hello, sergeant," he said. "Going home, eh? What room, please?"

Chan told him, then turned to the young people at his side. "At thought of your kindness," he remarked, "I am choking. Words escape me. I can only say good-by."

"Give my regards to the youngest Chan," said Kirk. "Perhaps I'll see him some day."

"Reminding me," returned Chan, "that only this morning I scour my brain to name him. With your kind permission I will denote him Barry Chan."

"I'm very much flattered," Kirk answered gravely. "Wish to heaven I had something to send him—er—a mug—or a what-you-may-call-it. You'll hear from me later."

"I only trust," Chan said, "he grows up worthy of his name. Miss Morrow, I am leaving on this dock my heartiest good wishes."

She looked at him oddly. "Thank you," she remarked in a cool voice. "I wish you could have stayed, Mr. Chan. But of course I realize your point of view. The case was too difficult. For once, Charlie Chan is running away. I'm afraid the famous sergeant of the Honolulu police has lost face today."

A startled expression crossed that usually bland countenance. For a long moment Chan looked at her with serious eyes, then he bowed, very stiffly.

"I wish you good-by," he said, and walked with offended dignity up the gangplank.

Kirk was staring at the girl in amazement. "Don't look at me like that!" she cried ruefully. "It was cruel, but it was my last chance. I'd tried everything else. Well, it didn't work. . . . Shall we go?"

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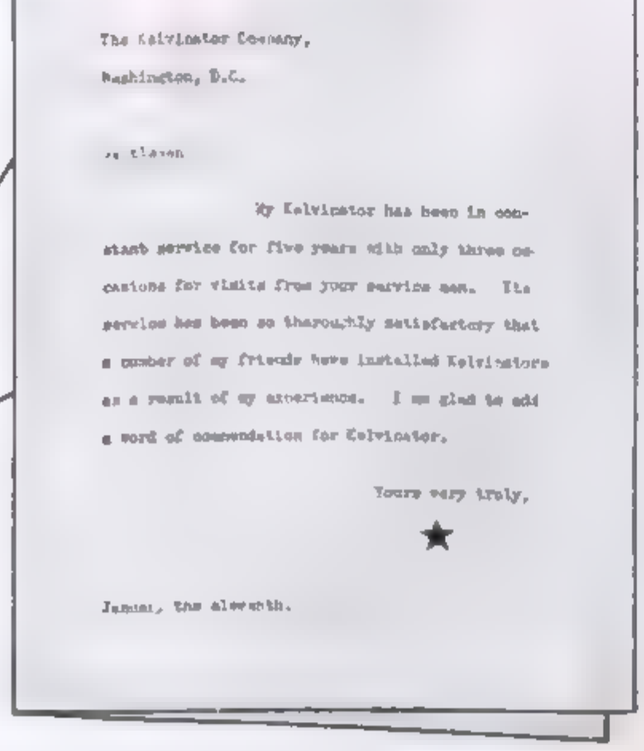
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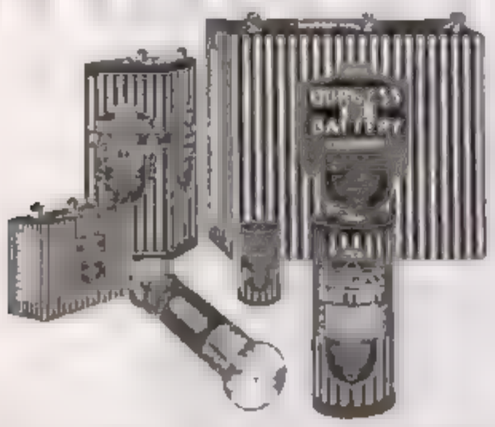

RADIO IS *BETTER* WITH BATTERY POWER

(Continued from Page 74)

"Oh, let's wait," pleaded Kirk. "They're sailing in a minute. I always get a thrill out of it. Look—up there on the top deck!" He nodded toward a pretty girl in gray, with a cluster of orchids pinned to her shoulder. "A bride, if you ask me. And I suppose that vacant-faced idiot at her side is the lucky man."

Miss Morrow looked, without interest.

"A great place for a honeymoon—Hawaii," went on Kirk. "I've often thought —— I hope I'm not boring you?"

"Not much," she said.

"I know. Brides leave you cold. I suppose divorce is more in your line—you and Blackstone. Well, you shan't blast my romantic young nature." He took out a handkerchief and waved it toward the girl on the top deck. "So long, my dear!" he called. "All the luck in the world!"

"I don't see Mr. Chan," said the young woman from the district attorney's office.

Mr. Chan was sitting thoughtfully on the edge of the berth in his stateroom, far below. The great happiness of his long anticipated departure for home had received a rude jolt. Running away—was that it? Afraid of a difficult case? Did Miss Morrow really think that? If she did, then he had lost face indeed.

His gloomy reflections were interrupted by a voice in the next stateroom—a voice he had heard before. His heart stood still as he listened.

"I fancy that's all, Li," said the familiar voice. "You have your passport, your money. You are simply to wait for me in Honolulu. Better lie low over there."

"I will do so," replied a high-pitched, singsong voice.

"And if anyone asks any questions you know nothing. Understand?"

"Yes-s-s. I am silent. I understand."

"Very good. You're a wonderful servant, Li Gung. I don't like to flatter you, you grinning beggar, but I couldn't do without you. Good-by, and a pleasant journey."

Chan was on his feet now, peering out into the dim passageway along which opened the rooms on the lowest deck. In that faint light he saw a familiar figure emerge from the room next door and disappear in the distance.

The detective stood for a moment, undecided. Of all the guests at Barry Kirk's party, one had interested him beyond all others—almost to the exclusion of the others. The tall, grim, silent man who had made his camps throughout the waste lands of the world, who had left a trail of the dead, but who had always moved on relentlessly toward his goal—Col. John Beetham, whom he had just seen emerging from the stateroom next to his with a last word of farewell to Li Gung.

Chan looked at his watch. It was never his habit to hurry, but he must hurry now. He sighed a great sigh that rattled the glasses in their rings and snatched up his bag. On the saloon deck he met the purser, an old friend.

"Homeward bound, Charlie?" inquired that gentleman breezily.

"So I thought," replied Chan, "but it seems I was mistaken. At the last moment I am rudely wrenched ashore. Yet I have ticket good only on this boat."

"Oh, they'll fix that up for you at the office. They all know you, Charlie."

"Thanks for the suggestion. My trunk is already loaded. Will you kindly deliver same to my oldest son, who will call for it when you have docked at Honolulu?"

"Sure." The visitors-ashore call was sounding for the last time. "Don't you linger too long on this wicked mainland, Charlie," the purser admonished.

"One week only," called Chan over his shoulder. "Until the next boat. I swear it."

On the pier Miss Morrow seized Kirk's arm. "Look—coming down the gangplank—Colonel Beetham! What's he doing here?"

"Beetham, sure enough," said Kirk. "Shall I offer him a lift? No, he's got a taxi. Let him go. He's a cold proposition. I like him not." He watched the colonel enter a cab and ride off.

When he turned back to the Maui two husky sailors were about to draw up the plank. Suddenly between them appeared a chubby figure, one hand clutching a suitcase. Miss Morrow gave a cry of delight.

"It's Chan," Kirk said. "He's coming ashore."

And ashore Charlie came, while they lifted the plank at his heels. He stood before the two young people, ill at ease.

"Moment of gentle embarrassment for me," he said. "The traveler who said good-by is back before he goes."

"Mr. Chan," the girl cried, "you dear! You're going to help us, after all!"

Chan nodded. "To the extent of my very slight ability, I am with you to finish, bitter or sweet."

On the top deck of the Maui the band began to play Aloha, that most touching of farewells. Long streamers of bright-colored paper filled the air. The last good-bys, the final admonitions, a loud voice calling "Don't forget to write!" Charlie Chan watched, a mist before his eyes. Slowly the boat drew away from the pier. The crowd ran along beside it, waving frantically. Charlie's great frame shook with another ponderous sigh.

"Poor little Barry Chan," he said. "He would have been happy to see me. Captain Flannery will not be so happy. Let us ride away into the face of our problems."

VI

BARRY KIRK tossed Chan's suitcase into the luggage compartment of his roadster and the trio crowded again onto its single seat. The car swung about in the pier shed and emerged into the bright sunlight of the Embarcadero.

"You are partially consumed with wonder at my return?" suggested Chan.

The girl shrugged. "You're back—that's enough for me."

"All the same, I will confess my shame. It seems I have circulated so long with mainland Americans I have now, by contagion, acquired one of their worst faults. I, too, suffer curiosity. Event comes off on boat which reveals, like heavenly flash, my hidden weakness."

"Something happened on the boat?" Miss Morrow inquired.

"You may believe it did. On my supposed farewell ride through city I inform you of Li Gung. I tell you he must be questioned. He cannot be questioned now."

"No? Why not?"

"Because he is on Maui, churning away. It is not unprobable that shortly he will experience a feeling of acute disfavor in that seat of all wisdom, the stomach."

"Li Gung on the Maui?" repeated the girl. Her eyes were wide. "What can that mean?"

"A question," admitted Chan, "which causes the mind to itch. Not only is Li Gung on Maui but he was warmly encouraged away from here by a friend of ours." He repeated the brief conversation he had overheard in the adjoining cabin.

Barry Kirk was the first to speak. "Colonel Beetham, eh?" he said. "Well, I'm not surprised."

"Nonsense!" cried Miss Morrow warmly. "Surely he isn't involved—a fine man like that."

"A fine man," Chan conceded, "and a hard one. Look in his eyes and behold; they are cold and gleaming, like the tiger's. Nothing stands in the way when such eyes are fixed on the goal of large success—stands there long—alive."

The girl did not seem to be convinced "I won't believe it. But shouldn't we have taken Li Gung off the boat?"

Chan shrugged. "Too late. The opportunity wore rapid wings."

"Then we'll have him questioned in Honolulu," Miss Morrow said.

Chan shook his head. "Pardon me if I say not that. Chinese character too well known to me. Questioning would yield no

(Continued on Page 78)

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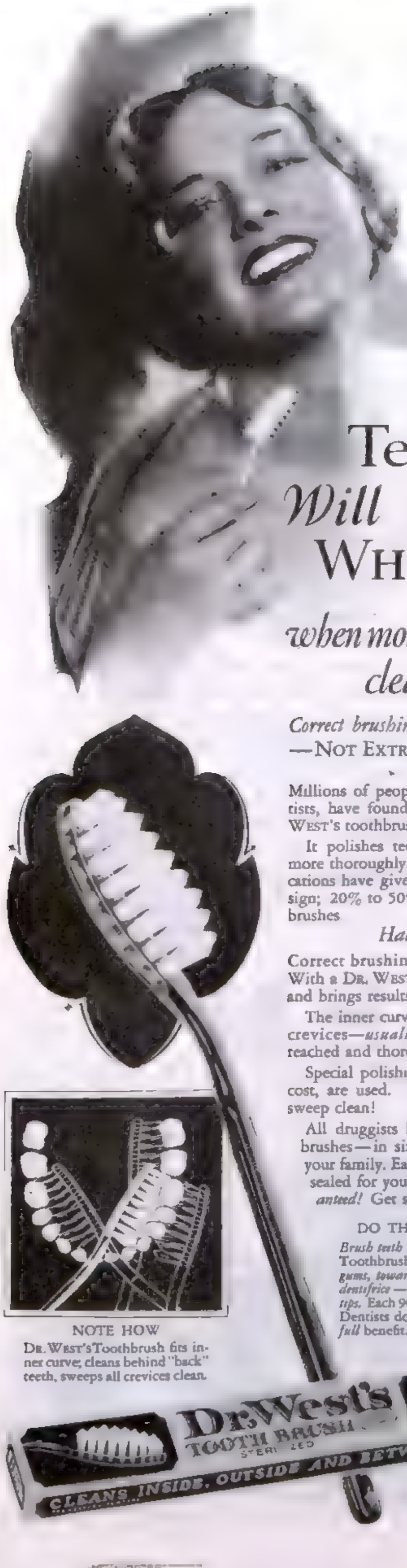

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(Continued from Page 76)

result, save one. It would serve to advise Colonel Beetham that we look on him with icy eye. I shudder at the thought—this colonel clever man. Difficult enough to shadow if he does not suspect. Impossible if he leaps on guard."

"Then what do you suggest?" asked the girl.

"Let Li Gung, unknowing, be watched. If he seeks to proceed beyond Honolulu rough hands will restrain him. Otherwise we permit him to lie like winter overcoat in closet during heated term." Chan turned to Barry Kirk: "You are taking me back to hotel?"

"I am not," smiled Kirk. "No more hotel for you. If you're going to look into this little puzzle, the place for you is the Kirk Building, where the matter originated. Don't you say so, Miss Morrow?"

"That's awfully kind of you," said the girl.

"Not at all. It's painfully lonesome up where the fog begins, without at least one guest. I'm all out of visitors at the moment—er—ah—I mean Mr. Chan will be doing me a real favor." He turned to Charlie. "You shall have Sir Frederic's room," he added.

Chan shrugged. "I can never repay such goodness. Why attempt it?"

"Let's go to my office, first of all," Miss Morrow said. "I want the district attorney to meet Mr. Chan. We must all be friends—at the start, anyhow."

"Anywhere you say," Kirk agreed and headed the car up Market Street to Kearny. He remained in the roadster while the girl and Charlie went up to the district attorney's offices. When they entered that gentleman's private room they found Captain Flannery already on the scene.

"Mr. Trant, I've good news for you," the girl began. "Oh, good morning, captain."

Flannery's Irish eyes were not precisely smiling as they rested on Charlie Chan.

"What's this, sergeant?" he growled. "I thought you were off for Honolulu at twelve."

Chan grinned. "You will be delighted to learn that plans are changed. Miss Morrow has persuaded me to remain here and add my minute brain power to your famous capacity in same line."

"Is that so?" mumbled Flannery.

"Yes, isn't it splendid?" cried the girl. "Mr. Chan is going to help us." She turned to her chief: "You must give him a temporary appointment as a sort of guest detective connected with this office."

Trant smiled. "Wouldn't that be a bit irregular?" he asked.

"Impossible," said Flannery firmly.

"Not at all," persisted the girl. "It's a very difficult case and we shall need all the help we can get. Sergeant Chan will not interfere with you, captain."

"I'll say he won't!" Flannery replied warmly.

"He can act in a sort of advisory capacity. You're a big enough man to take advice, I know."

"When it's any good," the captain added. The girl looked appealingly at Trant.

"You are on leave of absence from the Honolulu force, sergeant?" inquired the district attorney.

"One which stretches out like an elastic," nodded Chan.

"Very well. Since Miss Morrow wishes it, I see no reason why you shouldn't lend her your no doubt very useful aid. Remembering, of course, that neither one of you is to interfere with Captain Flannery in any way."

"Better say that again," Flannery told him. He turned to Chan: "That means you're not to butt in and spoil things."

Chan shrugged. "It was the wise Kong-Fu-Tse who said: 'He who is out of office should not meddle with the government.' The labor is all yours. I will merely haunt the background, thinking tensely."

"That suits me," Flannery agreed. "I'll make all the inquiries." He turned to the district attorney: "I'm going to get after that Garland woman right away. The pearl she dropped under Sir Frederic's desk—I want to know all about it."

"Please don't think I'm interfering," Miss Morrow said sweetly. "But as regards the women involved in this case, I feel that perhaps I can get more out of them than you can—being a woman myself, you know. Will you let me have Miss Garland, please?"

"I can't see it," said Flannery stubbornly.

"I can," remarked Trant decisively. "Miss Morrow is a clever girl, captain. Leave the women to her. You take the men."

"What men?" protested Flannery. "It's all women in this affair."

"Thank you so much," smiled Miss Morrow, assuming his unproffered consent. "I will look up Miss Garland then. There's another woman who must be questioned at once—a Miss Lila Barr. I shall have a talk with her at the first possible moment. Of course I'll keep you advised of all I do."

Flannery threw up his hands. "All right. Tell me about it after it's over. I'm nobody."

"Quite incorrect," said Chan soothingly. "You are everybody. When the moment of triumph comes, who will snatch all credit? And rightly so. Captain Flannery in charge of the case. Others will fade like fog in local sun."

The girl stood up. "We must go along. I'll be in to see you later, captain. Come, Sergeant Chan."

Chan rose. He seemed a bit uncomfortable. "The captain must pardon me. I fear I afflict him like sore thumb. Natural too. I would feel the same."

"That's all right," returned Flannery. "You're going to stick in the background, thinking tensely. You've promised. Think all you like—I can't stop that." His face brightened. "Think about that Cosmopolitan Club book. I'll turn the heavy thinking on that over to you. Me, I'll be busy elsewhere. One thing I insist on—you're not to question any of these people under suspicion."

Chan bowed. "I am disciple of famous philosopher, captain," he remarked. "Old man in China who said, 'The fool questions others, the wise man questions himself.' We shall meet again. Good-by." He followed the girl out.

Flannery, his face brick red, turned to the district attorney. "Fine business!" he cried. "The toughest case I ever had, and what sort of help do I draw? A doll-faced girl and a Chinaman! Bah! I—I ——" He trailed off into profanity.

Trant was smiling. "Who knows?" he replied. "You may get more help from them than you expect."

"If I get any at all I'll be surprised." Flannery stood up. "A woman and a Chinaman! I'll be the joke of the force."

The two whom Captain Flannery was disparaging found Barry Kirk waiting impatiently in his car.

"An inner craving," he announced, "tells me it's lunchtime. You're both lunching with me at the bungalow. Step lively, please."

Atop the Kirk Building, Paradise was ordered to lay two more places, and Kirk showed Chan to his room. He left the detective there to unpack and returned to Miss Morrow.

"You seem the perpetual host," she smiled as he joined her.

"Oh, I'm going to get a lot of fun out of Charlie," he answered. "He's a good scout and I like him. But by way of confession, I had other reasons for inviting him here. You and he are going to work together, and that means—what?"

"It means, I hope, that I'm going to learn a lot."

"From associating with Chan?"

"Precisely."

"And if you associate with my guest you'll be bound to stumble over me occasionally. I'm a wise lad. I saw it coming"

Continued on Page 80

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Barrett Specification Roofs

(Continued from Page 78)

"I don't understand. Why should you want me to stumble over you?"

"Because every time you do I'll leap up and look at you, and that will be another red-letter day in my life."

She shook her head. "I'm afraid you're terribly frivolous. If I see much of you, you'll drag me down and down until I lose my job."

"Look on the other side, lady," he pleaded. "You might drag me up and up. It could be done, you know."

"I doubt it," she told him.

Chan came into the room, and Paradise, unperturbed by the impromptu guests, served a noble luncheon. Toward its close Kirk spoke seriously.

"I've been thinking about this Barr girl downstairs," he said. "I don't know that I've told you the circumstances under which Sir Frederic came to stay with me. His son happens to be an acquaintance of mine—not a friend; I know him only slightly—and he wrote me his father was to be in San Francisco. I called on Sir Frederic at his hotel. From the start he appeared keenly interested in the Kirk Building. I couldn't quite figure it out. He asked me a lot of questions, and when he learned that I lived on the roof, I must say he practically invited himself to stop with me. Not that I wasn't delighted to have him, you understand, but somehow there was an undercurrent in the talk —— Well, I just sensed his eagerness. It was odd, wasn't it?"

"Very," said the girl.

"Well, after he'd been here a couple of days, he began to ask questions about the Calcutta Importers, and finally these all seemed to center on Miss Lila Barr. I knew nothing about the firm or about Miss Barr. I'd never even heard of her. Later he found that my secretary, Kinsey, knew the girl, and the questions were all turned in that direction—though I fancied they grew more discreet. One day in the office I heard Kinsey ask Sir Frederic if he'd like to meet Miss Barr, and I also heard Sir Frederic's answer."

"What did he say?" Miss Morrow inquired.

"He said simply, 'Later, perhaps,' with what I thought an assumed carelessness. I don't know whether all this is important or not."

"In view of the fact that Miss Lila Barr once left Sir Frederic's presence in tears, I should say it is very important," Miss Morrow returned. "Don't you agree, Mr. Chan?"

Chan nodded. "Miss Barr has fiercely interesting sound," he agreed. "I long with deep fervor to hear you question her."

The girl rose from the table. "I'll call the office of the Calcutta Importers and ask her to step up here," she announced, and went to the telephone.

Five minutes later Miss Lila Barr entered the living room under the impeccable chaperonage of Paradise. She stood for a second regarding the three people who awaited her.

They noted that she was an extremely pretty girl slightly under middle height, an authentic blonde, with a sort of startled innocence in her blue eyes.

"Thank you for coming." The deputy district attorney rose and smiled at the girl in kindly fashion. "I am Miss Morrow, and this is Mr. Charles Chan and Mr. Barry Kirk."

"How do you do?" said the girl in a low voice.

"I wanted to talk with you. I'm from the district attorney's office," Miss Morrow added.

The girl stared at her, an even more startled expression in her eyes.

"Ye-es?" she said uncertainly.

"Sit down, please." Kirk drew up a chair.

"You know, of course, of the murder that took place on your floor of the building last night?" Miss Morrow went on.

"Of course," replied the girl, her voice barely audible.

"You were working last night in your office?"

"Yes—it's the first of the month, you know. I always have extra work at this time."

"At what hour did you leave the building?"

"I think it was about 10:15. I'm not sure. But I went away without knowing anything of—of this terrible affair."

"Yes. Did you see any strangers about the building last night?"

"No one—no one at all." Her voice was suddenly louder.

"Tell me"—Miss Morrow looked at her keenly—"had you ever met Sir Frederic Bruce?"

"No, I had never met him."

"You had never met him? Please think what you are saying. You didn't meet him night before last—when you visited him in his office?"

The girl started. "Oh, I saw him then, of course. I thought you meant, had I been introduced to him."

"Then you did go into his office night before last?"

"I went into Mr. Kirk's office. There was a big man with a mustache sitting in the second room. I presume it was Sir Frederic Bruce."

"You presume?"

"Well—of course I know now it was. I saw his picture in this morning's paper."

"He was alone in the office when you went in?"

"Yes."

"Was he the person you went there to see?"

"No, he was not."

"When you left the office you burst into tears." Again the girl started and her face flushed. "Was it seeing Sir Frederic made you do that?"

"Oh, no!" cried Miss Barr, with more spirit.

"Then what was it made you cry?"

"It was—a purely personal matter. Surely I needn't go into it?"

"I'm afraid you must," Miss Morrow told her. "This is a serious affair, you know."

The girl hesitated.

"Well, I ——"

"Tell me all that happened night before last."

"Well, it wasn't seeing Sir Frederic made me cry," the girl began. "It was—not seeing someone else."

"Not seeing someone else? Please explain that."

"Very well." The girl moved impulsively toward Miss Morrow. "I can tell you. I'm sure you will understand. Mr. Kinsey, Mr. Kirk's secretary, and I—we are—well, sort of engaged. Every night Mr. Kinsey waits for me and we have dinner. Then he takes me home. Day before yesterday we had a little quarrel—just over some silly thing—you know how it is."

"I can imagine," said Miss Morrow solemnly.

"It was about nothing, really. I waited a long time that evening and he didn't come for me. So I thought maybe I had been in the wrong. I swallowed my pride and went to look for him. I opened the door of Mr. Kirk's office and went in. Of course I thought Mr. Kinsey would be there. Sir Frederic was alone in the office—Mr. Kinsey had gone. I muttered some apology. Sir Frederic didn't say anything; he just looked at me. I hurried out again and —— Perhaps you know the feeling, Miss Morrow."

"You burst into tears, because Mr. Kinsey hadn't waited?"

"I'm afraid I did. It was silly of me, wasn't it?"

"Well, that doesn't matter." Miss Morrow was silent for a moment. "The company you work for—it imports from India, I believe?"

"Yes—silk and cotton mostly."

"Have you ever been in India, Miss Barr?"

The girl hesitated. "When I was quite young I lived there for some years—with my mother and father."

"Where in India?"

"Calcutta, mostly."

"Other places, too?" The girl nodded. "In Peshawar, perhaps?"

"No," answered Miss Barr, "I was never in Peshawar."

Chan coughed rather loudly, and catching his eye, Miss Morrow dropped the matter of India.

"You had never heard of Sir Frederic before he came here?" she asked.

"Oh, no, indeed!"

"And you saw him just that once, when he said nothing at all?"

"Only that once."

Miss Morrow rose. "Thank you very much. That is all for the present. I trust Mr. Kinsey has apologized?"

The girl smiled. "Oh, yes, that's all right now. Thank you for asking." She went quickly out.

Barry Kirk had disappeared from the room, and now he returned.

"Kinsey's on his way up," he announced. "Grab him quick before they can compare notes—that was my idea. Getting to be some little detective myself."

"Excellent," nodded Miss Morrow approvingly. A tall, dark young man, very well dressed, came in.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Kirk?" he inquired.

"Yes. Sorry to butt into your private affairs, Kinsey, but I hear you are sort of engaged to a Miss Lila Barr who works in one of the offices. Did you know about it?"

Kinsey smiled. "Of course, Mr. Kirk; I have been meaning to mention the matter to you, but the opportunity hasn't offered."

"Day before yesterday you had a bit of a quarrel with her?"

"Oh, it was nothing, sir." Kinsey's dark face clouded. "It's all fixed up now."

"That's good. But on that evening, contrary to your custom, you didn't wait to take her home? You walked out on her?"

"I—I'm afraid I did. I was somewhat annoyed."

"And you wanted to teach her a lesson. What I call the proper spirit. That's all, and please pardon these personal questions."

"Quite all right, sir." Kinsey turned to go, but hesitated. "Mr. Kirk ——"

"Yes, Kinsey?"

"Nothing, sir," said Kinsey, and disappeared.

Kirk turned to Miss Morrow. "There you are. The story of Miss Lila Barr duly authenticated."

"Such a reasonable story too," sighed the girl. "But it gets us nowhere. I must say I'm disappointed. Mr. Chan, you thought I went too far—on India?"

Chan shrugged. "In this game better if the opponent does not know what we are thinking. Assume great innocence is always my aim. Sometimes what I assume is exactly what I've got. Others—I am flying at a low altitude."

"I'm afraid I should have flown at a lower altitude than I did," the girl reflected, frowning. "Her story was perfectly plausible, and yet—I don't know."

"Well, one thing's certain," remarked Kirk. "She's not Eve Durand."

"How do you know that?" asked Miss Morrow.

"Why, her age. She's a mere kid."

Miss Morrow laughed. "Lucky a woman is in on this," she said. "You men are so pitifully blind where a blonde is concerned."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean there are certain artifices which fool a man but never fool a woman. Miss Barr is thirty at the very least."

Kirk whistled. "I must be more careful," he said. "I thought her sweet and twenty."

He turned, to find Paradise at his elbow. The butler had entered noiselessly and was holding out a silver tray in the manner of one offering rich treasure.

"What shall I do with these, sir?" he inquired.

"Do with what?" Kirk asked.

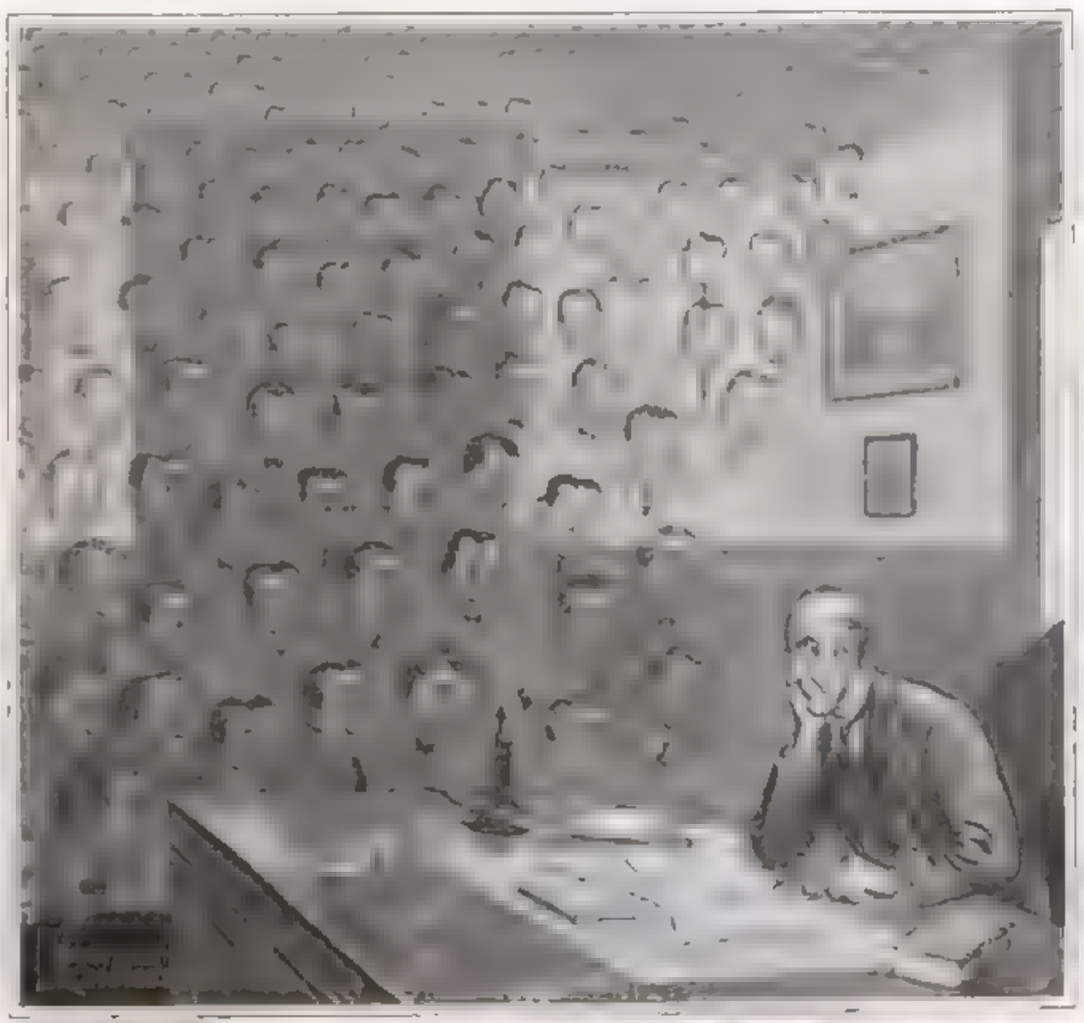
"Letters addressed to Sir Frederic Bruce, sir, in care of the travel bureau. They have just been sent up by Mr. Enderby.

Miss Morrow came eagerly forward. "I'll take charge of them," she said. Paradise bowed and went out. The girl's eyes sparkled. "We never thought of this, sergeant. Sir Frederic's mail—it may prove a gold mine." She held up a letter. "Here—the first thing—one from London. The Metropolitan Police, Scotland Yard."

Quickly she ripped open the envelope and, withdrawing a single sheet of paper, spread it out. She gave a little cry of dismay.

Kirk and Charlie Chan came nearer. They stared at the sheet of paper that had arrived in the envelope from Scotland Yard. It was just that—a sheet of paper, completely blank.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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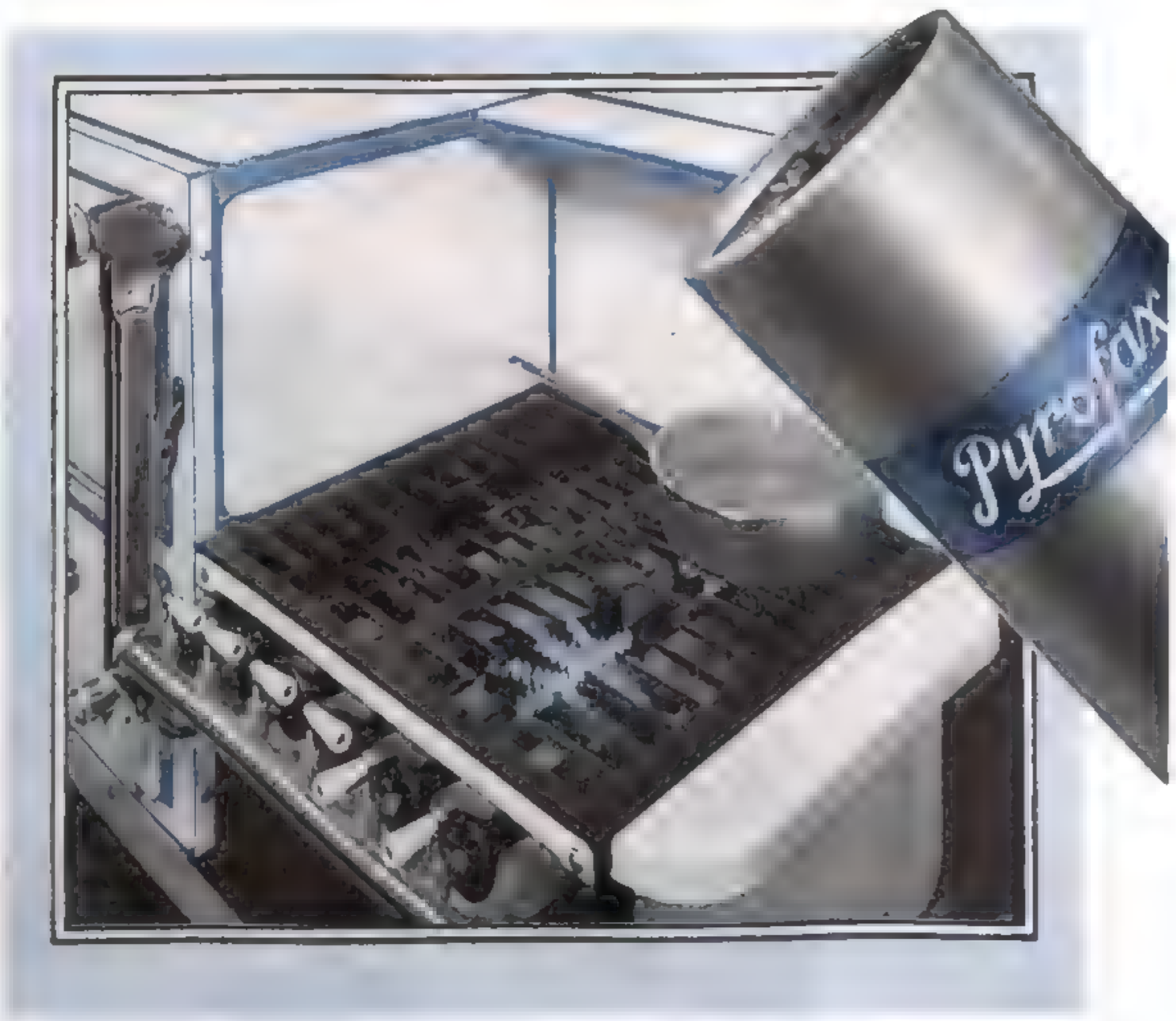

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THE LAST JOURNEY ABROAD OF THE LAST CZAR OF RUSSIA

Continued from Page 21

All the details of the reception were controlled by King Carol himself, who had a great sense of the moral duties and the external splendor of a monarch's task. For him nothing seemed too small in regard to the personal appearance of a sovereign. Everything, being a symbol that touched him, had to be considered minutely as an important matter.

Under his directions an understanding had been reached through wireless with the master of ceremonies of the Russian court. The program ran as follows: In a pavilion constructed for the occasion on the embankment of the harbor the King of Rumania, his wife, Queen Elizabeth, and the whole royal family would await the anchoring of the imperial yacht. As soon as they disembarked the imperial family would be conducted in great array to the cathedral for a Te Deum.

Later on, a banquet at the prefect's palace would bring together the two courts, the members of government and the military officials. In the afternoon, after a short rest, the imperial guests would be taken to a great parade of the troops. The Emperor of Russia would then receive from King Carol the command of a cavalry regiment which would take his name. An intimate afternoon tea on board the Standart, the imperial yacht, would reassemble the two reigning families and their children big and small. In the evening there would be a gala dinner in Queen Elizabeth's pavilion built on the very end of the pier. The great day would now be over, the Standart and the Polar Star would lift their anchors and the imperial visit would have lasted twelve hours in all.

Everything seemed settled, after many references and contradictory discussions, about the uniforms, the number and size of decorations to be worn by the two heads of state. On a single question King Carol hesitated and remained unsatisfied. On this single point the Emperor insisted and would not give way. He would appear on the morning of his arrival in the undress uniform of his marines. In the middle of June the weather was already very warm and his summer uniform would be just plain white linen. King Carol feared that the Emperor, small as he was, would not make a good impression on the crowd when seen for the first time in his *petite tenue*.

Toy Boats on a China Sea

While discussing the matter with his niece, the Crown Princess Marie, King Carol had said, "Nicky is quite wrong. He will look just like a little cook."

The Crown Princess had answered: "Nicky is the Czar of all the Russias and my cousin, but we can't prevent him from looking like a little cook."

This answer had much amused us all, but events proved that King Carol had been wrong to be anxious about the first impression that his guest would make on the public.

I was at my post of observation on the captain's bridge when the guns announced the approach of the Standart and the Polar Star, the two imperial yachts. At the same moment the aeroplanes of our newly born military aviation, of which my husband was the first and very young commander, appeared in the morning sky. They flew in the direction of two columns of smoke advancing on the glittering sea. I was expecting the yachts to be white. I saw two black spots growing; they thickened, they spread rapidly, they became like two marvelous Chinese toys of black-and-gold lacquer.

The Standart, with the imperial family aboard, was advancing ahead. The other yacht, almost as beautiful, was following close, having the suite on board. Their entry into the harbor was an impressive sight. The two beautiful ships, on which the golden eagles spread their wings, approached the landing place with slow solemnity. They had the supernatural attractiveness of things of very high value seen among others of the same kind, but ordinary.

Our boat—all the boats in the harbor—looked quite insignificant in the neighborhood of the superb foreigners. It seemed as if among the ducks and ducklings of the pond two black Tasmanian swans had suddenly appeared.

The crowd, sufficiently impressed already by the striking splendor of the two vessels, broke into cheers when they saw the little white figure of a small man on the bridge of the first boat. They knew it was the Emperor of all the Russias. Nobody thought of criticizing his clothes.

Then we saw the Empress, who even in the distance seemed to remain isolated amid the greetings of the gathering. She was very tall and dominated her family as a solitary poplar dominates the garden. Close to her one could see her son, the czarevitch, a beautiful little boy of ten, in his sailor suit; and behind him, Dérévenko, a sailor who never left his side for a minute. We all knew of what mysterious malady the heir to the throne of Russia was the victim. The handsome child lived under the perpetual menace of death, carried in his blood.

Four light dresses, four gay summer hats—these were the girls, the four grand duchesses, Olga, Tatiana, Marie and Anastasia. Would one of the four become Carol's bride?

A Conversation With the Empress

When the imperial and royal cortège drove from the quay to the cathedral between two lines of troops, everybody in the crowd was keen to see the girls. Which of them was the prettiest? Which of them would become ours? But the public sympathy and curiosity were just a little bit disappointed. Under their pretty light hats the four grand duchesses showed mahogany-colored faces. Their complexions were as brown and ugly as those of peasant women.

After the Te Deum and the reception that followed, my father came on board the Carolus Primus and gave us his first impressions regarding the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna. He alone of all the Rumanian officials had had the privilege of a short talk with the Empress and to retain the attention of one who always appeared in any court function tired and indifferent to all This favor had come to him from the fact that he alone wore the Cross of St. George. He had had the coquetry of wearing no other of his many decorations on this day except his Russian Military Cross. It struck the Empress to see it on the breast of a Foreign Minister, as it scarcely ever happens to be given to a foreigner, and besides, never to a civilian. She asked him where and when and how he had earned the distinction so rarely bestowed and only on the Russian soldiers.

During the conversation, my father told me, he had been bewildered by the expression of her eyes. They looked as if they had seen all the sorrow of the world, and when she smiled at my father her smile had been one of ineffable sadness, like those smiles which play on the faces of the sick and the dying.

In the afternoon, during the great review of the troops, I myself had occasion to observe more closely and for a long time the Emperor, the Empress and their children. The Czar was sitting on his horse at a short distance from the tribune where I was seated. The characteristic of his physiognomy was charm. His eyes were at the same time gay, tender and kind. On account of his expression one could not help

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liking his face. His resemblance to his cousin, George V of England, was extraordinary, as has been so often said. I could well compare the two, as I had seen King George only a few weeks before, watching a defile of troops on a similar occasion at Vincennes, near Paris. The two faces could not be more alike. Only the expression was different. One could compare them to the same landscape seen once in fog and another time in gay sunshine.

From my place I could also watch the Empress seated in the royal tribune just opposite to ours. During all the review, which lasted a full hour, she looked as if she were lost in her sad dreams. She seemed as one who listens without hearing and who gazes without seeing. The young grand duchesses formed an animated group around the czarevitch. One could well see they were trying to entertain and amuse their young brother. They were certainly nice and cheerful girls, but much less pretty than their photographs had led us to suppose. I couldn't understand why their skins were so brown, when looking at their brother's lovely white complexion. He was certainly by far the handsomest. All the attention of his sisters seemed concentrated on him.

The presence of his life guard, the sailor Dérévenko, a giant who followed him everywhere, like his own shadow, reminded every onlooker who might have forgotten it of the horrible truth about this child. At any moment he might need the help of a man strong enough to lift him from the ground and carry him from any distance back to his bed of suffering.

A precocious gravity, gift of affliction, marked the face of that beautiful little boy. He looked haughty and angered. One could see quite clearly on his face how the review bored him. The eager attention of his sisters surrounding him had obviously no other purpose than to distract him and to make him support more patiently the long defile of troops. I noticed the children of the Czar were thus forming a clan quite apart from their cousins, the Rumanian royal children.

"Otma's" Place in the Sun

When the military show was over and the imperial family had left for their yacht, where they were offering an intimate tea to their hosts, we all went back to the harbor and I had an hour's rest on the deck of the Carolus Primus.

The sun was setting; soon the great day would be over. I could see from the chair on which I was lying a small space of the promenade deck of the imperial yacht. On this small space suddenly a spaniel appeared, running after it the czarevitch in his sailor suit. His shrill voice came to my ears, carried on the evening breeze: "Joy! Joy! Come here!" the child called to his dog. I saw them for one short moment, then they both disappeared.

The illuminations of the harbor shone out when the first stars began to glitter. We had a dinner party on board that evening. None of the officials had been asked to the last meal which King Carol was offering to the imperial family before their departure. My father and several of the ministers were present at the table of the Carolus Primus. My husband was warmly congratulated. The small air force that he was commanding had been the feature of the show. Never until then had the Emperor's children seen an aeroplane.

The visit altogether seemed a success—at any rate as far as the weather, the enthusiasm of the crowd and the safety of the imperial family were concerned. As for the hopes of a love match, no one could yet tell. We could only picture at this hour the King's dinner table and Prince Carol seated near the Grand Duchess Olga. Would the spark of love be lighted between those two?

The first comments I heard about the imperial visit came from the Rumanian side. Everybody was delighted with everybody else, but the most enthusiastic of the members of the royal family was the young Prince Nicolas, who had found in the behavior of the czarevitch during the tea party a ravishing example of mischievousness. While eating grapes the Russian heir to the throne had been so clever as to spit the pips into a lemonade bowl standing in the middle of the table. Prince Nicolas admired a good shot and tried his best to learn the trick. How sad the remembrance of those spoiled children's games sounds, now that we all know what became of one of the players.

Then I heard what the impression of the girls had been and why they had appeared so curiously sunburnt on this great occasion. The truth was that Olga did not want to marry Carol and neither did Tatiana. They loved each other and they adored Russia. Neither wanted to leave her family and her country. They had decided between themselves during the cruise on the Black Sea to make themselves as ugly as they could so that Carol should not fall in love with one of them. By wearing no hats in the full sun all the way from Yalta to Constantza they had succeeded in catching

The Carolus Primus in Constantza Harbor

those sunburns which they wore like real masks on their faces the day they arrived in the Rumanian harbor.

Olga had said she was a Russian; she did not want to become a foreigner. Tatiana had said she preferred dark men, and Carol was fair. The younger daughters had encouraged the elders in their resistance. Why be separated when they were so happy together, so devoted to their little brother and so beloved by their parents? "Otma," they used to sign sometimes in jest, taking the first letter of each of their four names; they did not want to be separated yet. Isvolsky's plan was upset by those girlish affections. None of them had wanted to conquer Carol and they had gone away satisfied and happy, like young heiresses, trusting their better chance.

War came, and after the war revolution. The Romanoffs passed away. Bessarabia was again ours.

In the middle of the summer of 1918 I heard in a curious way of the terrible death of the imperial family. A maid who had been for a long time in our house, by birth an Austrian, was found by me one day in the linen room crying bitterly over an unfolded newspaper. She said through her sobs:

"And to think that the Emperor took his little boy in his arms to be sure to die the same time as he! And the four young girls too! And they didn't die at once and someone heard them scream. It is too dreadful—too dreadful!"

Shocked and in deep emotion myself, I had the greatest difficulty in calming the maid's despair. Often have I asked myself since why this poor girl cried so bitterly over the misfortunes of those strangers she had never seen, as if they had been her near relatives or her best friends. It may be that for simple people all through the world an imperial family of whom they have often heard ends by becoming in their imagination like a family which belongs to them regardless of country and social difference. When I remember the tears of this maid I come to the conclusion that perhaps revolutionaries, by killing kings, defeat their purpose. They make them interesting and pathetic in the eyes of the people. Who knows what legends will spring like flowers some day from the unknown grave of those four innocent girls?

Into Oblivion

Since the time of the Christian martyrs, innocent blood has had a strange power of being changed into roses. It was during the summer of 1918 that I heard from a weeping servant what had been the end of the family I had seen so prosperous, surrounded by all the pomp and fame of worldly greatness. About the same time Prince Carol had grieved and distressed his family and the public opinion of his country by his flight, his secret marriage at Odessa and his renunciation of his father's throne.

Indeed, the plan of Isvolsky had failed. If only this mysterious spark which we call love had been lit between those two whom politics had brought together at Constantza, one at least of the daughters of the Czar would have survived the massacre, and the Rumanian throne would have been for her a refuge and a shelter. But Providence decided otherwise. Four years had been enough to destroy the empire and the emperor.

That same night it seemed to me I was dreaming, and I saw with the precision that accompanies a nightmare just that little space of the promenade deck on the imperial yacht. A spaniel appeared, pursued by a handsome child. The last words of the dying czarevitch in my dream were those brought to my ears by the evening breeze: "Joy! Joy!" the child screamed with his shrill voice. "Joy! Come here!"

On the fourteenth of July, 1919, I was in Paris, and I watched from the balcony of a friend's house in the Champs-Élysées the Grand Parade of the Victory. Soldiers of all the Allied nations passed under the arch built for Napoleon—all the nations except one. Not a single Russian was to be seen, not a single flag reminding one of the sacrifice to the Allied cause of so many brave men. The Russian Empire had passed into oblivion.

In the afternoon of this same day a dear and old friend of mine, the Abbé Mugnier, came to see me on an errand. He told me what I did not know—that Mr. Isvolsky, formerly ambassador in Paris, had been operated upon in a clinic, that he was seriously ill and wished to see me.

The next day I went to his bedside. The moment I entered his room a man disappeared behind a door, his head bent as if he were hiding from me his face of sadness. This was Mr. Sazonov, the once powerful minister of a powerful empire. Tears began to run on Isvolsky's pale face when I took his hand.

"Nothing remains of that to which I have given my life," he told me in a low sobbing voice. "All gone, all vanished, all turned into ashes. And yesterday this parade in Paris—not a word, not a sign for us of the fallen empire, the Ally of France."

"History will remember," I said, looking down on his pale emaciated face. "My sister-in-law, Jeanne, is coming soon to Paris to see her married daughter. I will bring her to see you—shall I?"

He looked at me with a faint smile. A few days afterward Isvolsky was dead.

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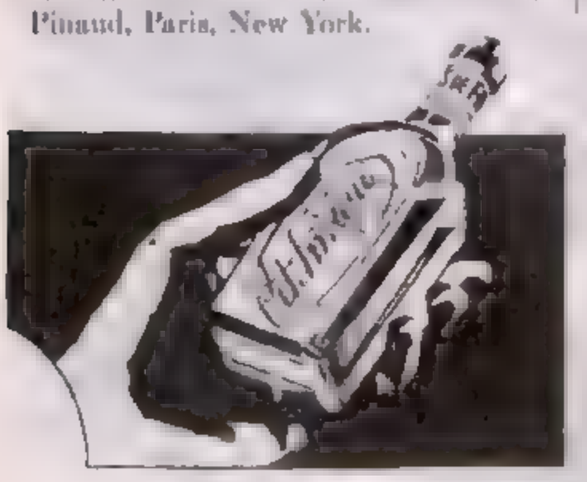

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(Lilas de France)

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A SAGA OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 25)

could not. He might rage and bluster, might attempt cunningly to elude her, but always she brought him back to her with a word, a smile, a caress. Marvelous were yet her caresses. He glanced at her in that long oppressive silence where she sat thoughtful, lost in herself, in a meditation he could not fathom.

Still exotically lovely was that face that seemed exempt from the commencement of age, still lustrous the large eyes darkened with kohl, still exquisite the slightly aquiline nose, still full of ecstatic promise the lips at once delicately and fully curved. Still perfect as that of a goddess was the slim, lithe form to be divined under the silver tissue of her robe, the form he had so many times lifted laughingly in the arms she had laughingly called Herculean. Still intimately disturbing was the sense of her vivid personality, the peculiar allurement which emanated from her. A lurking superstition in him wondered—despite all their years of habitation together—whether she were not indeed a goddess, an incarnation of Isis, as the Egyptians pretended. If only he could be free of her! If only he could evade that hatred which oppressed him!

She spoke. He started nervously at her voice. It was curt, emotionless. She sat in a curious rigidity.

"Marcus!" Her dark eyes were somber with her thoughts. Her mouth seemed to have become thin-lipped. Her tone was peculiarly devoid of their usual familiar intimacy. "For the last time I made that offer. I knew you would refuse. I hoped you would refuse. Already I had decided. As you and your Romans wish, so shall it be. I leave you to your destiny. With my ships and my treasure I go back to Egypt."

He sprang from his seat in his astonishment, scarcely believing his ears. Incredible in its unexpectedness was this release for which he had so intensely craved. She was going back to Egypt without him! He took a deep breath, steadied himself. A professional difficulty, from those details of command which had become second nature to him, shot up in the confusion of his mind.

"With your ships?"

She laughed bitterly, scornfully. "How would you have me go? Through the air, as a bird flies? I do not propose to march my humiliation through Macedonia." It was plain she would not. He dared not attempt the argument.

"But how will you pass the ships of Octavianus?"

"Your fleet and mine can force a passage. Larger and many more than his are our ships."

"Many of them are half manned; many are rotten timbered."

"Those that are not seaworthy can be burned and their crews used in the other ships." She spoke as though she had already thought out every detail of her purpose.

"It means a sea battle," he said hesitatingly.

She laughed again that short, bitter laugh of scorn. "Does Antonius now fear a battle? Would you have me now send my messengers to Octavianus? They can go with the emissaries of your senators."

He flinched under the gibe. "Have I ever shrunk from battle?" he began angrily. "Have I not over and over again wanted to fight Octavianus, but always you refused your accursed Egyptians!"

She gestured him to silence. "I put them at your service now," she said curtly. "You shall have your battle. Win it and you will be master in Rome. But I return to Egypt." Peculiarly hard was her tone.

He looked at her, bewildered, endeavoring to read the hidden purpose in her mind. What was she plotting to do in Egypt? A part of him noted how beautiful she still was. He took a deep breath. His brain worked quickly, seemed for this moment or two of excited stimulation to be what it had been.

"Very well," he said. "With your ships and mine will I fight Octavianus. In any case, your ships will be able to reach the open sea. If we win a complete victory, Octavianus will be cut off from Rome, will be beleaguered here. You will go to Egypt, that none may say it is for Cleopatra that I fight, and with the legions I will seize Rome. When my power is established I will send for you."

Again she laughed as she rose, regally superb for all her slightness of figure, to her feet.

"You will send for me! Listen, Marcus—and listen well! Between you and me this is the end. Contempt for you has grown in me until it chokes me. Never, once parted from you, will I see you again. Never, after this moment, will I speak with you again. If, victorious, you send your legions to fetch me, they will fetch but the dead body of a queen who slew herself and whose last thought was one of hatred for the drunken braggart who degraded her destiny!"

He staggered. Was this what he had been craving for? He was dizzy in the shock of that finality. Something instinctive in him cried out with his lips.

"Cleopatra!" Involuntarily he held out his arms.

She stood contemptuous in vindictive sincerity. "Give your orders to your fleet, as I shall give mine. Delay but a day, and you shall find indeed that my poisoners are skillful." She smiled in the bitter sarcasm of that threat, reached a hand to the hangings behind her. "Wine-skin!"

She was gone. He stared at the place where she had been. It was incredible. This could not be the end, the complete, irrevocable end, of that gorgeously magnificent romance which had flattered his inmost soul as it had thrilled an entire world, which, despite all recent quarrels, had year after year been genuinely an ecstatic intoxication of all his being beside which all his other loves were trifles. He had been mad to wish her gone! There was none other in the world like her! Without her—he stared at a bleak worthlessness of life.

He cried again, "Cleopatra!" There was no answer, no movement of the hangings.

He thought rapidly. No one must know, no one must suspect her abandonment of him. Without her treasure he could not pay his legions. Assuredly they would revolt if they knew. But she must not go, he could not let her go—not thus, in enmity, forever! She must come when he sent for her—to Rome, when he had crushed Octavianus. "Wine-skin!" He would drink no more, would be his old self, a compeller of victory. They must arrange that eventual meeting now—friends, lovers still!—their conjoined destinies magnificently overtopping the world of common men. She must come back for yet another word with him, a word of reconciliation, of promise!

"Cleopatra!" His voice was hoarse.

In the silence he thought of that threatened poisoner, and shuddered.

"*Autocrator! Autocrator!*" The shout of the legionaries was deafening as, lifting high their spears, they tramped rank after rank, cohort following cohort in a long river of flashing bronze and steel, past Marcus Antonius. From his horse, amid a group of mounted generals, he acknowledged with outstretched arm that enthusiastic acclamation of his soldiers marching to the battle he had decreed. Legion by legion—ten legions, twenty-two thousand men in all—they issued from the camp, passed down toward the wide-stretching, calmly blue lagoon where lay, moored close to the shore, the hundreds of ships on which they would embark. Cohort after cohort raised its eagle and its insignia in salute; rank after rank, the iron-capped heads above the alignment of the semicylindrical shields, turned to him their faces all alike contorted in that vehement stirring cry: "*Ave, Antonius! Antonius! Roma! Roma! Autocrator!*" Almost fanatically they dedicated themselves to the fortune of this most-loved of demigods who had at long last roused himself for the salvation of the republic, whose victory meant for him the mastery of the world and for them money and the distribution of lands. His broad, blotchy face quite unusually set and grim under his great gilded helmet, he received that dedication.

Yet when at first he had issued his orders for a sea battle—so alien and so repugnant to the Roman habits of war—there had been no such enthusiasm. Stepping out of the ranks, a centurion had dared to voice to Antonius himself the unanimous opinion of the veteran legionaries, had pointed to his wounds, had implored him to fight on the solid earth "where a man could die where he stood or else gain the victory." In the council tent the Roman generals and legion commanders had emphatically said the same. But he had curtly cut short their protests, had insisted. Was not their fleet more numerous, and with its great quinqueremes and even octoremes and deciremes far more powerful, than that of Octavianus, who had left most of his turret ships in Italy and had in the majority only the light, swift galleys used in the war against the Liburnian pirates? They would burn the ships that were unseaworthy and draft the rowers to make up the complements of those that were undermanned; even so they would be immensely superior.

A land campaign lent itself to all manner of maneuvering and—particularly since they were now in the last days of August winter might be upon them before a decision was reached. Whereas a victory at sea would definitely cut Octavianus from his base in Italy. He would be beleaguered here and forced to surrender, while they could hasten to an undefended Rome which would receive them with open arms. Almost he had convinced himself with the plausibility of these reasons. And Cleopatra? He had frowned because these stubbornly republican Romans refused to call her the queen; still was that a matter of pride with him. Cleopatra, he had said, had generously and self-sacrificingly agreed to retire straightway after the battle to Egypt, where she would be confirmed in a royalty tributary to Rome, as of old. He had kept his countenance, despite their sharp, suspicious eyes upon him. None knew, none should know of the final shattering of their glamorous romance. None must suspect that this naval battle, immense indeed though might be the consequences of decisive victory, was essentially but a screen for her humiliating abandonment of him.

With a feverish energy he had himself personally supervised every detail of those preparations. Under his own eye the Roman troops posted on both shores of the narrow channel from the gulf had constructed yet larger and more powerful catapults and ballistæ, whose projectiles would cover the exit of the fleet. Under his eye the equipment of the fighting legions had been reviewed and made good. Under his eye the great warships propelled by their hundreds of oars in tiers that were fivefold, eightfold, tenfold above the water had been exercised in the gulf for final training of the crews made up from the ships that had been burned. Normally, warships clearing for battle left ashore the great deck-cumbering mainsails used only for navigation; he had peremptorily ordered that every ship should take its sails aboard. The sixty ships belonging to Cleopatra would need them for the voyage to Egypt, but unless every ship alike was ordered to this abnormality, it would at once be manifest that the Egyptians were preparing for immediate departure, whatever happened in the battle, and who could

(Continued on Page 93

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Continued from Page 88

say what demoralization of the rest would ensue? To the protests of the commanders he had harshly answered that the sails would be required for the pursuit of the swift light galleys of Octavianus.

Men shrank from him in those days, so violent were his angers, so arbitrary his decrees. Yet throughout camp and fleet officers and men alike rejoiced in these evidences of his reawakened vigor, felicitated one another that Antonius was himself again. Once more he established his ascendancy over these rough soldiers, inspired them to enthusiasm—all save one or two highly placed commanders—among them Dellius, who years ago had first brought Cleopatra to him for that magnificent almost legendary meeting at Tarsus, who misliked that order for the sails and, believing that he was meditating a flight to Egypt, prepared for a prudent desertion to Octavianus. Wherever he went in camp or fleet he was hailed once more as the victory-compelling demigod of old times. None knew that within himself he felt as though he were a dead man, moving and acting as it were only by a desperate automatism.

For not again had he spoken with Cleopatra, not again had he seen her. Day after day, and several times a day, he had presented himself at her pavilion, had been refused admittance to the inner apartment where she remained invisible.

The queen was strangely sick, said the smooth-voiced Egyptian physicians, their subtle eyes seeming to smile at him as suavely but firmly they opposed his entrance. To see her might endanger his own life.

He had turned away, weak nerved, in a shudder at the menace they perhaps implied. Notoriously skillful poisoners were those physicians. In default, he had written to her again and again, passionately, madly. Those letters had been without reply. The thought of her haunted his every moment, night and day, haunted him now—blurred the reality of those endless legionaries who marched past him in incessant acclamation: "*Ave, Antonius! Autocrator! Antonius! Antonius! Autocrator!*"

That shout smote him like a mockery. "Wine-skin!" she had called him. Since that moment he had touched no drop of wine. He would be himself again, more than himself, would enforce the most magnificent, the most colossally decisive of all victories. When again he presented himself to her, dramatically the irresistible conqueror, henceforth the uncontested master of the world, awesome in his incomparable glory, would she not relent? It must and should be so! He would perform prodigies of generalship. She should admit that she had misjudged him. She should again radiantly open her arms to him, she who was perhaps mysteriously and authentically Isis reincarnated on this earth, she who—goddess or not—certainly, with a disturbing magic power, withdrew his life from him when she withdrew her love. Again she should proudly welcome him as the greatest of men. The most ambitious of her dreams—dreams of old times when they had whispered ardently to each other, locked in each other's arms, trying to imagine fantastic sublimities adequate to each other's merit—would he make real for her.

They should reign together, almost divinely exalted lovers whom all men envied, throned together in an apotheosis of reconciliation, of passionately linked sovereignty above the abased and subject populations of the earth. The vision rose before him in the dust of the marching legions. "*Autocrator! Antonius! Autocrator!*" He would make a special supplicatory sacrifice to the gods, to Hercules, to Dionysos, to Isis herself. "*Antonius! Antonius! Autocrator!*" They marched enthusiastically to give him that victory he must have.

It was five days thereafter—by modern reckoning the second day of September, B.C. 31. The great storm—an omen, perhaps, to be added to those other recently reported nefast omens, the fall of the statue of Dionysos in Athens, the thunderbolt on the temple of Hercules at Patræ—had at last ceased. At last was it possible for the ships to leave the sheltered anchorage of the landlocked gulf, to issue into the open sea no longer running gray-green and white in high-tossed foaming waves that seemed to wrestle with the shrieking wind. The sun rose benignantly into a sky of cloudless blue, blazed upon shimmeringly calm water as Marcus Antonius embarked upon his gorgeously decorated penteconter—the swift, fifty-oared, single-banked, open craft from which he would superintend the initial movements of his fleet.

Away along the beach he saw Cleopatra likewise on her barge, speeding toward the largest of the sixty huge ships which were the Ptolemæan contingent in this swarming armada of hundreds of vessels. He could just discern her, surrounded by her women, under the purple and gold awning at the stern. Eagerly he gazed toward her as his own boat slid rapidly over the lagoon, the rowing slaves straining as one to the rhythmic hammer-thud which set their time. Something gripped his heart, caught his breath, set his great prize-fighter-like hands trembling. Not since—since—no, he would not allow himself even to remember that annihilating humiliation from which he had desperately enforced himself to recover—had he seen her, even from afar.

Already the vast fleet was in motion. Great ship after great ship thrust out its hundreds of oars from its diagonally set tiers, five, eight and even ten in height, dipped them with a precise simultaneity, commenced to glide majestically from its moorings, imposingly formidable with its lofty catapult-armed castles near bow and stern, with its immense bronze ram shearing the water, with its many projecting brass-armored balks of timber which should thwart the rams of other ships. The mainsail of each was furled on the huge yard made of two spars lashed together and called by the plural name *antennæ*, but at their prows a short forward-slanting *artemon* mast was being set with a small square sail to catch the little puffs of warm breeze that ruffled the glassy surface of the gulf. Enthusiastically shouted the legionaries and the archers crowding the decks and the turrets of these monsters, the product of ambitious Alexandrian builders carrying the doctrine of the big ship to a never yet approached extreme. Surely they could not fail of victory against the smaller triremes and quinqueremes, the single-banked Liburnian galleys of Octavianus!

Slowly, their pilots vociferating, the leviathans sorted themselves out from an apparently inextricable entanglement, ranged themselves in the four divisions that had been ordered—the sixty Egyptian ships in rear, the Roman ships in three squadrons commanded respectively by Caius Sosius, Marcus Insteius and Lucius Gellius, leaders picked by the Autocrator for their fidelity, their experience and their skill. A roar of acclamation burst from every Roman ship as the penteconter of Marcus Antonius passed around the lines. Erect and conspicuous on the stern platform, he answered that enthusiasm, shouting back now humorously, now encouragingly to the men who waved their weapons and shouted to him in a frenzy of eager loyalty. Marcus Antonius was himself again! He felt it so himself, thrilled in that incipient battle fever, in that ardent anticipation of conflict contagious throughout that vast armament swarming upon the water; since Carthage had fallen centuries ago, the greatest of Roman fleets, gathered to decide the greatest of issues. He exulted in that excitement, waved his sword, shouted oaths and jests, shouted inspiriting slogans that the men repeated in laughter and united vociferation. For all men to see, was he not indeed his old idolized, infectiously reckless, yet confidently efficient self again? He was joyous in this intimately sensed recovery of his powers. No feint, no mere screen for Cleopatra's departure should be this battle, but an overwhelming victory, annihilating his enemy, putting the conqueror at once upon an unapproachable summit of world supremacy! She should take back her bitter, scornful words, that woman! He laughed in the thought of her diffident plea for forgiveness, her shamed humility.

In that exultation he ordered his penteconter to row around the Egyptian ships also. On this morning of mornings, charged so intoxicatingly with who knew what of immense destiny, Cleopatra would surely show herself to him, would surely wave and smile in an encouragement where that foolish hostility was forgotten. He would perhaps go on board, speak with her. His heart beat uncomfortably under his purple-cloaked, gilded cuirass as he approached her ship, crowded with Macedonian mercenaries who looked over the bulwarks. A commencement of a shout came from them, was abruptly hushed. He passed around the high stern, where the huge, brightly painted steering oars descended into the water. The queen was invisible; only some of her women looked over at him.

He made a trumpet of his hands, shouted exuberantly, like an eager boy, forgetful of his dignity, "Cleopatra! Cleopatra! It is Marcus—Marcus Antonius! Give me good fortune in the battle!"

He waited, his rowers resting on their oars; waited while his heart thudded. No answer came from the ship. His own shipmaster glanced at him, as if expectant of the order to run alongside. He commanded him harshly to proceed, to rejoin the leading division of Roman ships now already moving toward the exit from the gulf. His enthusiasm was suddenly slain in him: there was a pain at his heart. He cursed her in that disappointment.

Presently, however, as, with rowing slaves pulling their gasping hardest to an accelerated hammer-stroke, the penteconter caught up the rearward squadrons again greeting him in a roar of voices, as he drew near to the leading ships, he forgot that discomfiting rebuff in a renewal of the eager excitement vociferous around him, in an exasperated resolve to conquer or die. The battle was now imminent. At the clearly seen immense catapults and ballistæ on both shores of the narrow strait Roman soldiers were shouting and pointing out to sea. On both shores the Roman soldiers of the half of the army which could not be embarked stood massed as eager spectators of the coming fight. He saw their spears go up in a simultaneously erected forest. Their acclamation came to him in a clap of sound across the water.

Slowly, three or four abreast, their high-tiered oars lifting and dipping in a moderate rhythm which prudently spared the strength of the slaves, the great ships slid over the calm sea between the two promontories, their brightly painted hulls vivid upon the blue. He overtook them with his swift penteconter, attained to a view of the open sea. Rather more than a mile away another great mass of ships was in motion. Eagerly he gazed at them, diagnosed their movements. Octavianus was withdrawing his fleet from the mouth of the gulf, was ranging it in three divisions at a little distance outside.

Marcus Antonius waited until the last ship of the three Roman squadrons had cleared the exit—the Egyptian ships, a reserve in any case, were slowly following—and then again was rowed quickly around them, shouting to their commanders his final orders. Each division was to oppose an enemy division, Sosius on the left, Marcus Insteius in the center, Lucius Gellius—with whom he would himself be—on the right. As soon as the whole was in line Sosius was to advance upon the enemy right. Again the legionaries roared their enthusiasm at him. Across the calm sea he could hear a similar roar from the hostile fleet. Similarly in a light vessel, Octavianus was also going round his ships, giving his last orders. Marcus Antonius bade the commander of the penteconter take him now to the great decireme which was the flagship.

He clambered up the ladder dangled for him over the lofty side, mounted to the deck crowded with legionaries. They vociferated, pointed in high excitement. He attained the command-platform, looked to see what was happening. Their oars rising and dipping at their fullest speed, their *artemon* sails puffed out by a slight breeze, the great ships of the left wing were dashing at the enemy right. As they came almost to the shock with those rowing hard to meet them, he saw the center of the hostile fleet—a minority of triremes and quinqueremes, a swarm of light Liburnian galleys—race out to take them in flank. He shouted to hoist the shield which signaled a general advance. The battle had begun.

For more than three hours the battle had continued, in a vast confusion long ago beyond the control of the leaders. From the first, the huge flagship of Marcus Antonius had been in the thick of the fight, had been assailed by trireme after trireme in a furious interchange of every kind of missile, by swarms of the daringly handled Liburnian galleys that again and again dashed at the superimposed banks of oars in an endeavor to sweep smashingly along them before they could be withdrawn. Often had those Liburnians met with disaster.

Now again, amid an immense clamor, a vindictively triumphant shout from the legionaries hurling their javelins over the bulwarks of the blood-slippery corpse-encumbered fighting deck, from the archers and the catapult men in the lofty turrets, yet another one of those audacious open vessels had been grappled by the great iron calipers dangling from cranelike erections over the side. On the deck of the decireme scores of soldiers ran in ferocious joy to help the sailors hauling upon the tackles, hoisting the doomed enemy craft high out of the water by her bows. Loud above the screams of her crew came the stentorian voice of Marcus Antonius, Herculean and conspicuous in his gilded armor upon the poop, flourishing his sword, exultant in the ecstasy of battle:

"*Victoria! Victoria! Antonius! Antonius!* Sink them! Sink them all! Kill them, soldiers!" Fiercely happy he was, revivified in every fiber of him, all his anxieties, his hesitations, his griefs forgotten in this desperate conflict which once more awakened to their full the soldier instincts of a lifetime.

From the deck the legionaries shouted back to him, ecstatic they also: "*Victoria! Victoria! Antonius! Antonius!*" There was a sharp command from an officer looking over the side. The tackles were suddenly released. With a terrific splash of high-flung water, the enemy craft was abruptly dropped back into the sea to plunge stern downward amid struggling men who vainly swam and implored.

It was but an incident in a constant renewal of ferocious incidents. Even as they cheered, exulted, Antonius perceived a big enemy trireme being rowed across their bows. He shouted an order to the ship commander at his side. "Out oars!" There was a shrill blast of a whistle, repeated in shrill blasts from the rowing banks below the fighting deck, a cracking of whips as the overseers stimulated the oar slaves to a prompt thrusting out of the long, heavy shafts passing through the leather-valved orifices. "Dip! Pull!" Again from below came the whistles. "Full speed! At the trireme! Prepare to ram!"

There was a plank-shaking thud and jerk, repeated again and again as the slaves tugged blindly at the immense oars moved to their extreme of swiftness in time to the resounding rapidly rhythmic hammer blows. The men on deck threw themselves prone. There was a sudden odd silence, broken only by the quick multiple thud of the oars, of the whip cracks descending upon sluggish rowers. Antonius knelt, gripping the rail of the command platform,

(Continued on Page 97)

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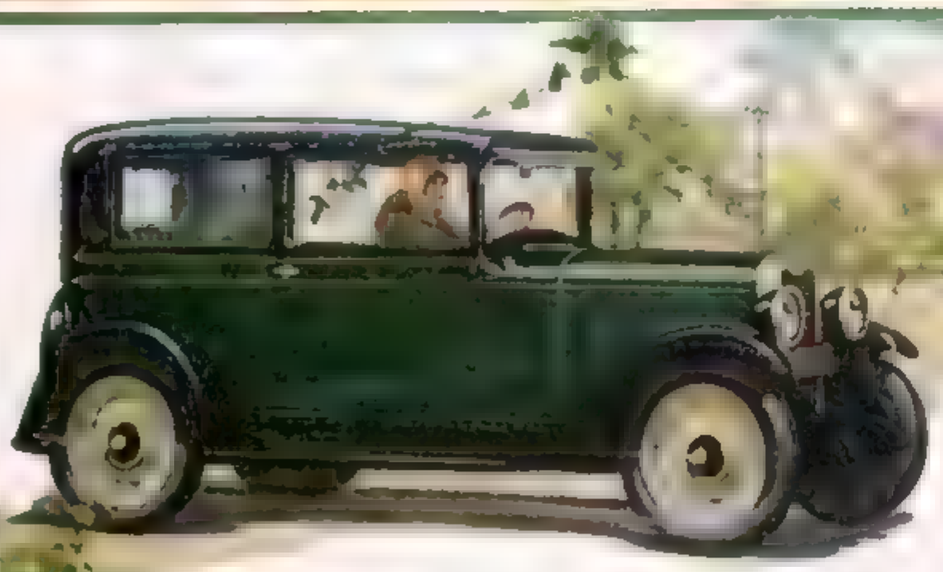

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Bigger and Better

Q U A L I T Y A T L O W C O S T

(Continued from Page 93)

in readiness for the shock. He could not now see the enemy trireme, much lower than themselves, but at the prow a vigilant officer pointed, gestured with his hands a slight alteration of course to the two steersmen at the enormous tiller bar. Yet a brief breath-holding suspense, and then there was a violent impact, a significant dull grinding, a crunching heave of their own vessel, another shrill blast of whistles loud above a sudden many-voiced shriek. "Back oars!" The huge decireme wrenched herself free, drifted astern. Once more on his feet, Antonius looked over the bulwark, saw the trireme sink wallowingly in a blood-curdling screech from her chained rowing slaves.

A moment later there was a shriek from their own slaves, a splintering crash. One of the light Liburnian galleys had succeeded in the audacious maneuver so often attempted, had at full speed smashed along the entire side of outthrust oars. The turrets hurled their projectiles down upon her in vain as, with her own oars dropped again, she sped swiftly out of range. The next instant—while those shrieks and blasphemies were still continuing—a hail of arrows and javelins swished over the deck, immense stones came hurtling murderously among the crowded legionaries. There was a sudden deafening clamor of antagonistic yells.

Profiting by the opportunity, two enemy triremes had come up astern, one on each side of them. Antonius found himself in immediate hand-to-hand conflict as the enemy boarders came swarming over the bulwarks. . . .

That fight was finished. The boarders had been repelled, had been pitched into the sea, dead or merely wounded. One of those triremes had been sunk by ponderous weights dropped from the yard arm to smash right through her bottom. The other still lay grappled alongside, a shambles from which their own blood-dripping legionaries now clambered up in return from their overwhelming counter attack. They drove before them terrified naked rowing slaves to replace those many of their own injured when the Liburnian had smashed along the oars, herded them below, shouted exultantly to Antonius, as blood splashed as themselves, standing with drawn sword on the command platform, "*Victoria! Victoria! Antonius! Antonius!*"

He shouted back to them, exuberantly gleeful as a great schoolboy, "*Victoria!*"

Indeed, so far as he could discern in that appalling confusion of hundreds of ships in furious independent combat over a wide expanse of sea, if they had not yet won the victory, yet they still might well do so. The great octoremes and deciremes, although so ponderously unwieldy in their movements as rarely to succeed in ramming the more agile enemy ships, could not themselves be rammed and were valiantly resisting the ceaseless attacks of the light galleys swarming around them. Those galleys were now hurling iron baskets filled with blazing pitch. Near him a great decireme was in flames from stem to stern, a horror of frenzied shrieks coming from the noisily crackling furnace of her interior. On balance, the gains and losses were approximately even.

The fresh midday wind from the north had now sprung up and the ships were beginning to roll in the roughened sea. As the swell increased so would it be more difficult for the enemy to continue these swift harassing maneuvers on which, evidently, he was chiefly relying. They had but to hold firm, stubbornly to continue the battle, to sink his light craft whenever they came too close.

He glanced round over the sea strewn with floating wreckage, with the bobbing heads of men, with ships that burned or drifted helplessly with broken oars, saw suddenly that the sixty Egyptian ships, far in rear of their own center, had not as yet been engaged. He still had his reserve! The realization of it flashed through him. Now was the moment to signal to them to attack! This fresh force, coming in disciplined array into the battle, would assuredly be decisive. He thrilled exultantly with the certainty of the victory that must ensue. Yet an hour and to Cleopatra's feet, to her affectionate and admiring reconciliation, he could bring the empire of the world!

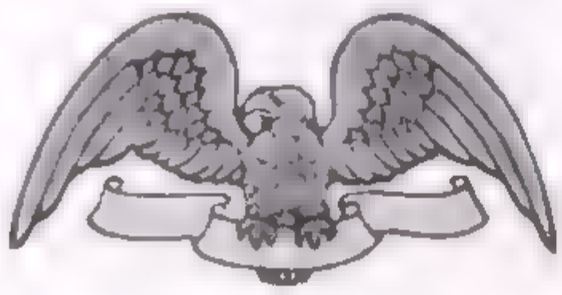
He bade the commander of the ship hoist that signal of shields superimposed in a conventional arrangement—in a second happy thought, bade him signal to one of his own swifter quinqueremes to approach the flagship. When the Egyptian ships drew near he would himself lead them to the overthrow of the enemy! Anxiously he watched those distant vessels in what he could attain of brief glimpses between the smoke clouds vomited from blazing vessels, between the ships that drifted, locked in close and furious combat, on the intervening sea. Had they seen? Were they acknowledging that all-important signal? Absorbed in that intent observation of them, he scarcely noticed that his own ship was again in a pandemonium of conflict with yet another couple of enemy triremes, with a swarm of Liburnian galleys. Yes! He saw a signal hoisted on the mainmast of the ship he knew was that of Cleopatra. The next moment the conspicuous red mainsail had been dropped loose from the yard and imitating it the red mainsails of all those other Egyptian ships were almost simultaneously set. He raged. What were those mad Egyptians doing? They were already far to leeward of the battle. Did they propose to row with unfurled sails against this freshly blowing north wind?

Vaguely he was aware that the commander of the ship was covering him with his shield against the arrows and javelins whistling all around him. He ignored that menace. An agonizing constriction gripped his heart. What was Cleopatra doing? It was suddenly beyond doubt. Obedient to her example, the whole of those Egyptian ships swung round, ran before the wind—on a straight course for Egypt! He stood as if paralyzed, unable to believe his eyes. Cleopatra was abandoning him—cynically abandoning him at the crisis of the battle! Unmistakable was the significance of that gesture. Never indeed would he see her again! Never! She had meant what she said.

For a moment he felt faint and ill, staggered against the massive rail of the platform. The battle ceased to be a reality to him. Only her abandonment of him was a reality, poignant like a sword in his heart, devastating his power for thought. She was going! He stared fascinated at those sixty red sails already diminishing across the sea. She was going! Never—never so long as he lived—would he see her again! What mattered the battle? It was for her that he had fought it! It was to bring her victory—only now did he realize that to the full—that he had himself raged like a lion in the conflict. She cared not whether he won or not! Nor now did he care! He scarcely heard the triumphant shouts and yells of his men as once again the decireme beat off her adversaries.

"Cleopatra! Cleopatra!" He cried her name aloud in his anguish, in that collapse of everything in the world.

At that moment he noticed the quinquereme he had signaled. She rolled gently in the swell, quite close, awaiting his further orders. Her commander was hailing them from the stern. Celebrated as one of the swiftest ships in the fleet was she, able to overtake almost anything that rowed or sailed. He stood gasping, staring at her—the battle forgotten—in that sudden irresistible temptation. He could—he might—he must!—overtake Cleopatra, see her once again, even if it were but to meet her contemptuous hatred. What mattered Rome? What mattered defeat or victory? He could not let her go—he would not. He would prevail upon her—would, somehow, desperately, win her back to him—though insanely at the price of that empire of the world so nearly his!



He turned to the ship commander, bade him man the small boat towed behind every ship of war, transport him to the quinquereme.

In the darkness of the night Cleopatra's ship crashed through the lifting seas under the urge of her widespread sails, under the urge of the rowers kept incessantly to their task by the merciless whips.

Upon the closed door of the cabin at the stern, Marcus Antonius beat like a madman with his clenched fists, cried in a strangled voice:

"Cleopatra! Cleopatra!"

So for hours he had hammered upon that door which would not open. Wearied at last, he sank down upon the deck, careless of the Egyptian sailors who stared at him, covered his face in his hands and wept in that immense abysmal despair. All his life had crashed into ruin. Certain was he that his abandonment of his fleet meant its defeat, meant the triumph of Octavianus. He could not even dare to go back to that disaster. And now she, for whom he had thrown away a world, refused even to see him. He wept convulsively, in dreadful spasms, as a man weeps whose heart is broken, who cares nothing for shame.

Presently the door opened. A female figure issued from it, just visible in the light of a swinging lantern. He looked up to her. It was Charmian, Cleopatra's favorite waiting woman. She beckoned to him.

"Come, my lord!" she said. "The queen will receive thee." There was an unexpected sympathy in her tone.

Stumblingly he entered the cabin, lit by small oil lamps. Cleopatra was reclining on a couch—Cleopatra whom he had thought never to see again! He ran toward her, fell on his knees beside her.

"Cleopatra!" His voice was choked with his sobs, with his humiliation.

He buried his head against her, felt—oh, how strange it was! How divinely consoling!—her hand softly caress his hair, heard her voice, soft and sympathetic, tender in a marvelous pity:

"Marcus! Poor Marcus!"

He glanced up to her. She had no tears. Her eyes glowed. There was a curious ecstatic expression on her face. Could it be that her woman's pride was flattered that for a caress from her the greatest soldier of his age had flung away the empire of the world?

That evening the undefeated fleet of Marcus Antonius had retired in good order into the gulf. Not for ten days thereafter would that fleet and the army on the shore, at last incredulously convinced of their leader's craven desertion, surrender to Octavianus. Antonius could not even imagine that anguished search for him as he lay, blank of thought, emptied of himself, in Cleopatra's arms while the ship bore them, pitching and rolling in the rising sea, to that Egypt where next year both would die by their own hand. The gods had decreed. Octavianus was to become Augustus, first of Roman emperors. In the profound Pax Romana which ensued there would be no need for a battle fleet. To keep down the pirates the Liburnian galleys would suffice, and Liburnus became the current name for a warship. The huge quinqueremes, octoremes and deciremes, exaggerated from ancient Phenician galleys and from the three-banked ships of now-humbled Greece, had fought their last fight. They passed from history at the climax of perhaps the most splendid romance that history has to record.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

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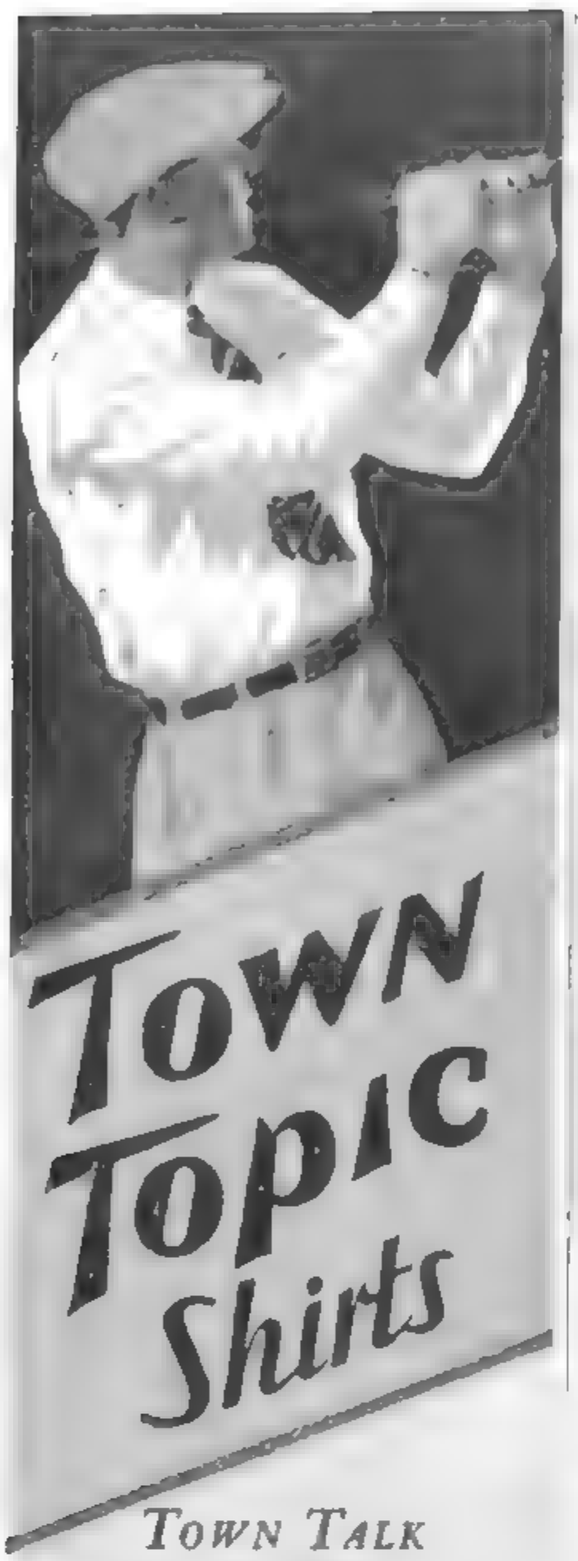

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YOUNG POISON

(Continued from Page 23)

her, he could have stood it indefinitely. But it was outside, in the streets, in Dreamland, elsewhere. Courteous and forbearing he might be with Max; but still, he must remember, he was none other than the former Young Poison of bloody memory.

Not that she insisted on it, or showed that she expected a few assaults or murders to shape off an evening. On the contrary, it was on the rarest of occasions that she mentioned his heroic past. Evening after evening he met her, usually in the drug store in the Times Building. She'd step forward quickly and catch his hand. He looked around always, smiling self-consciously; he was afraid someone would notice and laugh.

"Dreamland?"

They caught the Subway uptown. Dreamland was on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, bright and crowded and cheap. They wise-cracked all the way, with many bantering "Yeh's?" and got out at the express station.

The door of the car, one night, hit Lem's shoulder as a guard, anxious to get moving to keep a schedule, pulled the lever a trifle too quickly, as guards sometimes will. In an instant the former Young Poison stood like a column of cold steel, looking at the culprit.

Then—

"In a hurry?"

The doors of the Subway car had closed, and in the simple question was as much insolence as the young man could muster to his voice.

"An' what if I am?" the guard replied with as much challenge as Lem, he being as safe behind the doors as Lem was on the platform.

"And how," Lem asked coolly, "would you like a clip on the button?"

"An' you're goin' to give it to me, maybe!"

Lem looked at him with what he hoped was a cruel, level eye. "I got a good mind," he said slowly, "to throw one at you just for the fun of it."

The guard's eyes popped out. "Yeh?"

"Yeh."

The train began to move, to Lem's relief. The guard suddenly waved a contemptuous hand at the young man, as one who wished to indicate that he'd learned all he wanted to learn about this young fellow and that he was beneath notice. Then he and his train slid down into the tunnel.

Lem did not move. He stood glaring after the twin red lights wavering far down the dark corridor. He waited with fists clenched, as though he simply could not give up hope that the man, having deserted his train, would come running back up the tracks. Then finally he relaxed. The coward was not coming back! Tess, a star-eyed witness of the bloodless conflict, caught his arm.

"At-a-boy, Young Poison!" she whispered ecstatically. "Don't let 'em give you any lip."

"I wish he'd tried!"

But this, of course, was no life to live. Suppose the train had stopped, the doors opened! Suppose the guard had got out! He shuddered at the thought. Besides, it was bad, dishonorable, shameful. Nothing but true love, he mused, could ever have made him act like this. But it had to be ended sometime; he couldn't be forever fortunate enough to catch victims kept by strong circumstances from leaping out and thrusting his bold words back down his palsied mouth.

Love it must have been that compelled him to pass through evening after evening as a hair-trigger-tempered though excessively wary belligerent; but once the door of the dingy apartment house on Tenth Avenue had closed behind him late at night, he was free to be himself, to be natural, which, in fact, he was. From the stone steps he made a mad dash, like a scared rabbit, down Tenth Avenue to the first cross street, and out that street, eastbound, at a steady gallop until he reached what might be reasonably termed safe ground. White and panting, then, he slowed down, full of fury at himself, full of shame, full of misery. He had to have that transfer—that was all. He couldn't stand this any longer.

"I reckon, once you get down to it," he explained to Ed, "I'm built for a small town, and no two ways about it. I got along in Riverside all right. People never pushed each other around in Riverside. That's the way I like it too."

"And small-town jack," Ed scoffed.

"You just can't get it, that's all. It doesn't seem to matter to you, all this fuss and rush and snapping at people and nervousness and everybody scared somebody else is trying to put something over on them. You've got used to it. But not me. I ain't ever trying to put something over on anybody, and I don't like people thinking so.

"You know," he said, "in Riverside you never had a row. And they weren't saps walking around like a lot of saps. They just didn't have raw nerves. In Riverside ——"

"I know," Ed interrupted; "Riverside is just a little bit of heaven the angels dropped."

"You never spoke truer words!" Lem agreed fervently.

Then, on a Friday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he telephoned her at her office. She'd said she was going to meet him, as usual, but he wanted to make sure. He wanted to make very sure. His voice trembled.

"I got some news, honey—real news."

They met, but he wouldn't tell her there in the drug store. She had to wait. She had to wait until they reached Dreamland and he'd found a table and they'd had two cherry lemonades set before them. Then, without touching his, he sat back and grinned idiotically at her.

"For the love of Pete, what's eating you? What's all this second-act stuff? Come on, kiddo, what is it?"

"I'm leaving tomorrow," he said slowly; "I'm transferred back to Riverside. I'm going ——"

He stopped. The teasing smile had disappeared from her face. She looked at him with slightly open mouth, with sudden pain in her eyes.

"You're leaving, Lem?" He nodded. "For good?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Lem!"

They sat in silence, looking at each other. Tessie's eyes were bright and dry.

"What I want to say, honey," he continued finally with some difficulty—"what I want to say is, I been figuring, we've been having a pretty good time together—that is, you and me, I mean."

"Go on, kiddo."

"Well, what I set out to say—that is—well, the truth is, honey, I was just going to ask, or maybe suggest, that we—well, that we get—well, married, as you might say." He stopped, appalled at his audacity, and stared at her.

Tess relaxed. A slow smile softened her face. "All right," she said quietly. "When?"

"You mean it?"

"What d'you think—I'm kidding?"

For a full minute, with a beatific smile, he studied her eyes, fearful lest she break suddenly into a jeering grin; and then, satisfied, he sat back in his chair.

"Try your lemonade," he suggested.

They danced a little, drank a sickening amount of lemonade and talked.

"You never been in a small town," he said. "It's all different; nothing like this. Not that this isn't a nice place," he hastened to add. "Because it is; it's a dandy place. But in a small town, in Riverside, we

(Continued on Page 100)

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"Gimme a Ticket to Texas"

The ticket agent had been a boy himself. He understood—too well, from the standpoint of this young adventurer!

HE was perhaps eleven, and he made his request with elaborate carelessness. "Gimme a ticket to Texas."

"Where to in Texas?" the ticket seller asked smiling.

"Oh, anywhere in Texas."

"Half fare to Texas," he was informed with mock gravity, "will cost you $35."

The young man produced a roll of bills.

Later, under the kindly but firm questioning of station authorities, he confessed that he had taken French leave from home after scraping together enough cash to get to Texas. He was, he said, going to fight Indians.

He, with the money, was returned to his parents.

* * *

An elderly Quaker woman must return to Iowa to be with a sick daughter. Yet who will meet her nephew from Finland who speaks no English and is even now on the high seas?

The ticket agent solves her difficulty.

* * *

A sick child who must be given special accommodations. A mother who wants to send money and a ticket to her runaway son.

Hundreds of such cases come to the ticket agent's office on the floor of the Pennsylvania Station in New York. Day after day such emergencies are met and woven into the smooth operation of a station through which 150,000 travelers pass daily.

But this is only one phase of the varied and complex work of the ticket agents and ticket sellers.

They must be ever alert to handle accurately and speedily the largest volume of ticket sales and Pullman reservations made at any railroad station in the world—ready at all times to call into play knowledge of transportation facilities to the four corners of the globe and to make suggestions that save the traveling public thousands of dollars every year.

Such men must be travel experts as well as diplomats of unusual tact and discernment.

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THE LIBBEY-OWENS SHEET GLASS COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

(Continued from Page 98)

have private dances. People are invited and you know everybody."

"I know," she said—"like at the Ritz."

"That's it. You see, what I mean is, we'll be somebody in Riverside. We won't be like this, just two people that paid to get in. I'll be manager of the branch a regular business man, you know. What money I'll get wouldn't mean anything here in New York, but it'll be good in Riverside. It means we'll have a house of our own ——"

She leaned forward, incredulous. "No kid?"

"On the level, honey!"

"A brick house?"

"Not a brick house—a wooden house."

"I wouldn't give a thin dime for a blockful of brick houses. I seen all them I ever want to see. But go on, kiddo."

"I mean it's a wood house with a porch and a yard and a tool house or something in the back yard. Trees around. Vines. Flowers. Pretty soon a car—a flivver, maybe. Because what I'll get will mean something there. We'll have parties, go to football games, country club ——"

"You mean I don't have to work?"

He looked shocked. "Why, nice girls, especially married girls, don't work in Riverside, or in any small town. You just look out for the house. Mess around with other girls, you know. Go places in the car."

She shook her head slowly. "I never thought about it that way," she said, "I honest didn't. Oh, kiddo, kiddo, kiddo, kiddo, kiddo, kiddo, kid—when?"

"Tomorrow morning?" he ventured.

"The hour ain't made that's too soon for me," she informed him. "I'd go tonight."

"Tomorrow morning," he repeated. "What'll your folks say?"

"They'll think Santa Claus has come at last," she giggled. "They been wondering when somebody'd marry me."

They went back to Tenth Avenue in a taxi, planning excitedly. Then they mounted the dark stairs and entered the shadowy gaslit parlor.

Max sat with his hat on, biting a finger nail. They paused just inside the door, somehow apprehensive at the sight of him, and then he looked up.

"I'm getting tired of this," he said casually.

Lem and Tess exchanged puzzled looks. "Tired of what?" she asked coldly.

"Tired of this," Max repeated. Then for the first time he addressed himself directly to Lem, which proved to be a courtesy almost without any advantage at all in grace over his former manner. "You better get out, fellow," he said dispassionately. "Get out and stay out—that's all."

"But ——"

"No buts about it. You heard me, didn't you? I said get out, and that's what I mean, see?"

He had abandoned the finger nail and was on his feet. Tess caught Lem's hand and held it tightly, her eyes never leaving Max's face. Then he moved toward them and Lem stepped back.

"You're drunk," Tess said.

For reply his hand darted out and caught her arm. Easily, almost carelessly, he drew her around against the wall.

"Not so drunk," he replied virtuously, "that I can't look out for my sister's welfare, if she can't look out for her own. Now you stand there—and shut up."

He gave her a warning push and turned back to Lem.

"Now, fellow," he said, "I'm telling you I don't want to catch you hanging around my sister any more, understand?"

Lem stood with his tongue glued to the roof of his mouth, with his lips dry, with his eyes fixed in horrified fascination on Max's flushed face. Hot and cold, too, he was then, and his heart almost stopped when the coarse large man before him reached forward and with a sudden flip jerked his necktie out.

"Max!" he said hoarsely.

Then Tess had her brother by the arm. "That's enough!" she said tensely. "That's enough! You've picked on us enough, and it's through, see?—through. He's never touched you, never bothered you—because you're my brother. Well, he don't have to hold off any more."

"Tess!" Lem gasped.

"That's all right, Lem; it's all right. He's gone far enough; now sock 'im! Give him one, Lem! You've held off long enough—he's got it coming to him."

"Tess!" Young Mr. Davis almost moaned in his anguish.

"Give it to 'im, Lem!"

Max had stepped back from his sister. His bloodshot eyes were just visible to Lem below his heavy eyebrows. He listened with ominous patience, breathed heavily and listened, and his eyes never left Lem's face. He heard her through to the end, and then his chest expanded to what seemed about eighty-four inches to the paralyzed Mr. Davis.

"So he's been laying off, eh?" He hitched up his trousers with his wrists, and his lower lip slid up and over the upper. "So he's been going easy because I'm your brother, eh?" He took a step forward. "If I hadn't been your brother, he would of knocked my block off, eh?"

"Sock 'im, Lem!"

Lem watched him come—one step, two steps, and then he stood but a yard away. For an instant he glowered balefully at the former Young Poison and then he went into action—into one enormous action that may best be described as a fine old-fashioned haymaker, which is a blow that apparently begins somewhere around Albany, New York, gathers momentum surely but slowly between Poughkeepsie and Bronxville, and eventually arrives to demolish its target completely—if it lands.

It was Max's one blow, his pride and joy. It had knocked many an unsuspecting antagonist loose from his moorings; its only imperfection lay in the fact that the antagonist had to be unsuspecting, or blind, or careless. No fairly alert and agile man had need to fear it, and it happened that at that moment Lem was nothing if not alert and agile.

He ducked—ducked with the speed of the unchained lightning. Max's large fist whistled harmlessly over his head, with such force, in fact, that its owner went into a surprising twirl that almost spun him to the floor.

Lem stared at him pop-eyed for a brief instant and then grabbed at Tess' hand.

"Come on! Come on!" he gasped.

"Oh, Lem, hit 'im! Hit 'im, I tell you!"

"Please ——"

He ducked again, skillfully and gracefully, and once more the not particularly agile Mr. Max McKee spun heavily and with a mighty grunt.

"Please, Tess ——"

"Lem —— Oh, you coward! You coward! If you'd try ——"

He waited to hear no more. Baffled but undiscouraged, Max was unlimbering his haymaker for the third time. He swung, and once more it was an unsuccessful effort, for its target had made the door, was bounding down the stairs. For as long as it took to open the door, Lem paused, and from above came a long unhappy wail. Then he was out into Tenth Avenue.

III

THIS unfortunate situation on the eve of a man's happy elopement!

Lem ran slowly down the avenue and turned into a cross street. His heart was in his throat. His breath came in short gasps and his eyes were dry and burning. His mind was filled with crazy, incoherent spasms. There was Max—those tremendous blows that might have killed him; Tess screamed "Coward!" at him; that dim sinister room; and then his inglorious dash for the door—everything muddled, mad.

Then he walked, mechanically headed toward home. He began to draw in the cool night air gratefully, and it cleared his head, even if it brought no comfort. On the contrary, clearness of thought brought naught but shame and bitterness.

(Continued on Page 102)

Dull Film On Teeth

How It Fosters Serious Tooth and Gum Disorders

How film turns white teeth dingy and "off color"

Now remove it as prescribed by modern dentists everywhere—a health, as well as beauty, measure.

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

Following the widespread practice of daily removing film by Pepsodent a fast diminishing number of "serious" tooth and gum troubles are noted.

WHY dental science wants you to keep teeth dazzling white is a new and interesting chapter in modern health and beauty.

Teeth, we are told, cannot be white or sparkling unless they are kept free from dingy film that forms each day. And film, it's proved by exhaustive scientific study, fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

Thus teeth and gums to be healthy must be kept beautiful. Today, in accordance with leading dental practice, film is removed by a *special film-removing dentifrice*, called Pepsodent. Made solely for this purpose because ordinary brushing fails to combat film successfully.

Sparkling teeth hold charm that others note and marvel at—for still many do not know how great a change Pepsodent can work.

FILM—What it leads to

Film is that slippery, viscous coating on your teeth. You can feel it with the tongue. It gets into crevices and clings so stubbornly that ordinary brushing fails to remove it successfully. Food discolors film and smoking stains it: thus teeth look dull and tarnished.

Film is the basis of tartar. It invites the acids of decay. Germs by the million breed in it. And germs, with tartar, are an accepted cause of pyorrhea.

Many old ways having failed, dental science evolved this new practice in tooth care—*a special film-removing method* known as Pepsodent.

How new way removes film

Embodying, as it does, the most recent approved dental findings, Pepsodent acts to curdle and loosen film and then in gentle safety to the delicate enamel to remove it. This is the outstanding forward step in years of dental history and the study of oral hygiene.

Embodies other properties

Pepsodent acts to intensify the alkalinity of saliva and thus to neutralize the acids of decay caused by fermenting starch in food.

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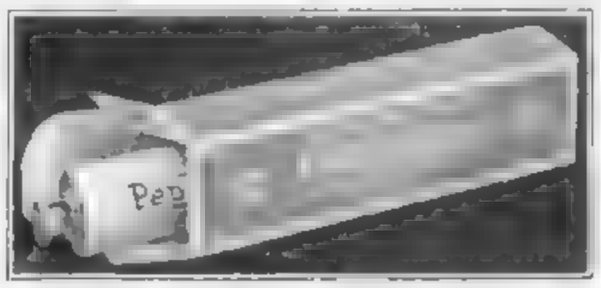

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Now Made With Menthol!

Many revel in the reviving, snowy coolness that a dash of menthol adds to your shave. Now you can enjoy Mennen either way. To get the *mentholized* ask for the Mennen tube with the red ball.

MENNEN
The Improved
SHAVING
CREAM

(Continued from Page 100)

This had been such a wonderful evening. The transfer—Tess at the dance hall, their plans making a gate that led into all of the pleasant things that he wanted, into his home and wide streets and a yard and peace and happiness. It had been perfect, more beautiful than any he'd ever known, and it had been so marvelous to know that it would be but one of as many more such nights as they'd live.

Now it was gone—all gone. There was nothing left—nothing at all. What did peace and a home and a yard mean now? Nothing! What did any of life mean without Tess? Nothing! What did he himself mean, after this evening? Less than nothing!

As he reached his brownstone front he began to sob a little, in sharp jerks, and suddenly his mind spun with insane fury at himself, at what he called fate, at this evening, at Max, at any and every thing in the whole wide world. He hated everything, everybody. Most of all, he hated himself, he loathed himself. He mumbled white, bitter imprecations on himself and on all the rest of the human race.

He had to be alone in his fury and misery, and when he opened the door, there sat Ed, a cross-word puzzle before him. Lem paused nervously, and Ed's eyes opened wide.

"Hello! What's the trouble?"

Lem said nothing, but began to pile into a hand bag the things he had not packed and sent in the trunk. Ed pushed aside the puzzle and rose. This needed looking into.

"What's up?" he asked again, curiously.

Lem turned and fixed two glittering mad eyes on him.

"Nothing," he said thickly. "Nothing, nothing, nothing—you hear?"

"Say!" Ed drew himself up. "What's the big idea? Who do you think you're talking to?" Lem did not answer; he was latching the hand bag. Then he was pulled around firmly. "I want to know who you think you're talking to," Ed informed him. "You can't yell at me like that!"

"Take your hand off!"

"I'll take it off ——"

The former Young Poison gave a sudden furious wrench and his arm was free. He picked up the bag and started for the door, but Ed leaped forward and caught his arm again.

"Look here ——" he began.

Deliberately, then, even though he trembled all over, Lem set the bag on the floor at his feet and turned to his roommate a face so contorted, with eyes that shone with such an insane glint, that the latter stepped back quickly, releasing Lem's arm.

"If you touch me again, if you say another word, if you even make a move, I'll knock you through that window! If I die the next minute, I'll knock you through that window! So say something! Try to touch me! Just make a move!"

Lem stood with his shoulders slightly stooped, with his hands hanging straight down, as though he were about to spring, and Ed was suddenly afraid.

"You're crazy!" he gasped.

"That's it—I'm crazy. I'm crazy'n a hat. But I ain't so crazy I can't throw you out of that window." He paused. "Just make a move—I'd like to bust you one!"

They stood for a full moment facing each other, Lem standing with catlike patience, Ed silent and alarmed. Then Lem picked up his hand bag and went out of the door. With great relief Ed heard the door slam and then he wiped his forehead.

Outside on the sidewalk, Lem looked up at the sky and the tops of tall buildings. That was it—he was crazy. He didn't care. He didn't mind being crazy; it had stiffened him, he had crushed that fool Murray. But what would it have mattered if Ed had knocked him down? Who would have cared? He himself? Least of all! Who cared what happened to a crazy man?

Crazy, eh?

Suddenly he found himself giving an address to a taxi chauffeur, an address on Tenth Avenue. For a flash of a second he was unutterably dismayed, and then he sat back in the cab and closed around himself this invulnerable mantle of maniac depression. What did it matter? What did anything matter? He was going back to hurt Max—to hurt him any way he could. Max would hurt him, too—hit him, knock him down, kick him—but he was going back to hurt Max.

Everything else was gone. A blow wouldn't hurt. A hundred blows wouldn't hurt. He couldn't be hurt now. He was beyond being hurt.

Eighth—Ninth—Tenth Avenue. The cab turned and slowed down and stopped at the curb. He gave the driver his money and then looked at the door. Drawing a deep breath and buttoning all the buttons of his coat, he walked up the steps and set the hand bag down on the landing, on the side where he could get at it easy. Then he pressed the bell button—pressed it as hard and as furiously as he could—nor did he stop until the door opened. Tess stood there, her eyes red, her mouth slightly open with a kind of incredulous relief.

"Oh, Lem!"

"Let me pass!"

His voice was thick again and his eyes felt swollen. His whole face felt full and tight.

"Lem! Wait! I'll get my coat and hat and we'll go ——"

He stepped past her and mounted the stairs, steadily, unhurriedly. His lips moved. "Crazy! Crazy!"

He was coming to the man now. The man was big, strong, but he could be twice as big and strong and still he wouldn't care. He was going to hit him once—just once. He'd be going back to Riverside soon, but he'd be going back with the satisfaction of having hit Max once.

"Stop, Lem!" Tess called, six steps behind him. "He's in there, Lem, he's in there!"

He reached the top of the stairs and turned toward the open door. For a second he paused and closed his eyes, to pull the protection of fatalism about him once more. Then he stepped into the room.

Max sat with his hat on, biting a hangnail. He looked up and his eyes narrowed. A grin of savage pleasure wrinkled his face.

"Back again, eh?"

Then, as he came around the table, the spell ended and Lem stood as frightened as he'd ever been in his life. Desperately he tried to recapture the madness that had brought him there, but it was gone, and there was nothing left but fear and horror. Max's fists were clenched and this time they would not fail. He glanced wildly at the door. Tess stood there, her hand to her mouth, as frightened as he.

"Please, Lem! Please! Let's go ——"

"This time ——"

Max went into the peculiarly involved maneuver which was the preface to his haymaker, and then Lem did something that he'd never counted on doing while in his right senses. He swung his right fist. He shut his eyes and swung blindly. It was the end of everything, so there was nothing to be lost. The blow landed. It was not the first that had ever reached Max's face, nor the heaviest; but it came at a most inopportune second, when he was off balance. He staggered back, and with the panicky reflexes of a thoroughly unnerved man, Lem struck again. With some absence of accuracy, he missed Max's face but hit him in the the chest, a blow that completed Max's uncertainty about remaining on his feet. His left leg caught on the arm of the morris chair and he sprawled backward to the floor, dragging a straight chair down with him.

Unhurt, he struggled to regain his feet, but his speed was not that of young Mr. Davis. One horrified view of the seriousness of his audacity and he started for the door. Tess suddenly found herself being dragged down the stairs, stumbling and clinging to the rail, behind a terrified young man who took four steps to the leap, his determination to reach the street being equaled

(Continued on Page 105)

What do you THINK *when you're hitting* 50 *Miles* an Hour?

The speedometer's showing around 50 . . . Maybe it shouldn't, but, occasionally, it does . . . Do you ever wonder *then* about your steering?

You ought to! Where you're going, and *how*, depends on your steering. . . . An unexpected curve—an unlooked-for car to pass—a bump or hole in the road—fresh gravel—emergencies that come in a flash—you *know* them! And it's then you need the easiest and most responsive steering and car stability—such as *Ross* affords.

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With Ross Steering in your car, you drive with surprising ease, comfort and safety—with a sense of assurance and confidence that will be new to you. Drive a Ross-equipped car (listed below). Know Ross ease, safety and dependability. See that your next car has Ross . . . Meanwhile, you might have Ross installed in your present car. Why not?

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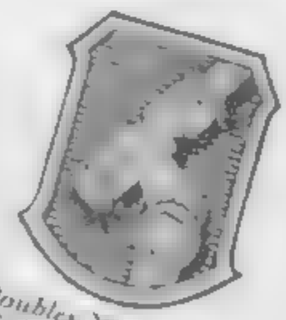

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. . . . *without a hearing!* Why? Well, perhaps that first impression was not good. And first impressions, as we all know, are made mostly by men's faces. How sound and sane, then, the advice that runs—*Keep your Face Fit!*

Turn at shaving time to Williams. Profit by their 88 years of study of what is best for beard and skin. The accumulated wisdom of near a century is in these two things that do so much to leave and keep Faces Fit—*Williams Shaving Cream & Aqua Velva.*

Start the day with Williams Shaving Cream. Pure, uncolored, supermild, it will give you a shave that's smooth, grateful. It gently cleanses facial pores. Tones up facial tissues. Helps to keep complexions clear.

Then Aqua Velva. Made expressly for after shaving, it will wake your skin and liven it. Protect it. Help to heal tiny nicks. Keep it supple, well-conditioned, youthful. Conserve its natural moisture. *Keep* it as Williams lather *leaves* it—Fit, all day long.

(*Fifty cents for a five-ounce bottle.*)

Try this formula—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. Find out what face comfort—*Face Fitness,* really means. Why not tomorrow? And, once begun, you'll continue!

The J. B. Williams Company.
Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM -•- AQUA VELVA

(Continued from Page 102)

only by his determination to take her with him. Behind them were the sounds of tumbling furniture and hoarse, strangled moans of unbridled fury.

The door slammed behind them, Lem snatched up the hand bag and they were in the street and in the path of a taxi that stopped just in time.

"Quick!" Lem gasped. "Penn Station!" They looked back through the little window to see Max stopped on the sidewalk, waving helpless arms after them. Then they turned the corner, out of Tenth Avenue.

The cab rumbled on and presently Tess, sitting bareheaded and coatless, was vaguely astonished to hear chuckles. Lem was sitting forward on the seat, rubbing his right fist affectionately and grinning at the street ahead.

"See it? Did you see me?"

After a few seconds she answered: "Yes."

He continued to chuckle idiotically. "Didn't he tumble, though? My goodness!" He looked at his right knuckles. "See how he went over? Ever see anything like it?"

He sat back then and said nothing more, but Tess saw that he was still smiling happily.

The taxi glided down into the black tunnel at the station and they got out. The chauffeur dropped the flag on his meter. Lem counted out fifty cents.

"Sixty cents," the driver corrected him.

Lem looked at him in surprise; he'd read the meter and it had recorded forty cents.

"A gyp, eh?" he said coldly. "And maybe you think I didn't look at the meter before you turned that flag!"

"And maybe," replied the driver, "you think you're going to get away with paying forty cents."

"And maybe you'd like a nice ripe clip on the button!" Lem shouted, shoving the change back into his pocket and putting one foot on the running board. "Because if you do ——"

Tess thrust a resolute arm through his and pulled him back to the sidewalk.

"Give him his money," she said briefly.

The two men exchanged harsh glances, Lem's much the more blood-curdling, but the driver made no move to carry out any implied threat. Lem tossed forty cents into his lap, and bag in hand went with Tess through the heavy doors into the station waiting room. As they crossed to the ticket window he cast expectant glances at her.

"Did you see that?" he asked presently "See that guy try to rook me like that?"

"Yes."

"Did I stop him? Did you see whether I stopped him or not?"

"I saw."

"My goodness, but I got a good mind to go back right now and throw one at him!"

"Lem!"

"Yes?"

"I want you to promise me something. Before we get on the train, I want you to say you'll try and give up all this arguing and fighting. I'm tired of it, Lem. Just this evening I found I was awfully tired of it. I just got my fill of that Tenth Avenue stuff. It's been a long time, but it's got on my nerves at last. What I want is peace and quiet. Will you promise me you'll try and control yourself?"

He didn't answer at once; he was studying her solemnly. Somehow there was nothing odd to him about her concern, nothing unexpected in any way. Somehow he could not think of himself before that blind swing at Max; his memory went back to that, and it went no further back. That and this stifling of the taxi driver—these incidents came to his mind, and it did not occur to him that he had ever behaved in any other way. The request was sound and reasonable, and it was so that he regarded it.

"Why, honey," he said, "a man's got to take up for hisself. He can't let people run over him. He's got to stand up ——"

"I know that," she said. "What I'm talking about is just this ordinary fighting, just for the fun of fighting."

"Oh, ordinary fighting!" he exclaimed. "Why, certainly, honey, I'm through with ordinary fighting. I'll promise that. Fighting just for the fun of fighting is all right for some people, but me, I'm through with it. Is that all right?"

She nodded with a little smile. She was glad and her eyes showed it. Then he changed the subject.

"I reckon," he said—"I reckon we'll have to ride in a day coach. Fact is I didn't bring a lot of money along. I didn't know we were going, that such things were going to happen this evening. I just never dreamed it, that's all. So we'll have to ——"

"Me," she said—"I'll ride in a caboose. All I want is to get away from Tenth Avenue."

THE BIG SALES TALK

(Continued from Page 13)

"You can keep the change," I said with dignity. "If I cannot talk to this gentleman I can get along very well by putting on a demonstration for him."

"That's exactly what I said before we came in," said Mr. Jones. "If a man has a good demonstration he doesn't need any sales talk. I am glad to see that you are learning something from me."

To this wise crack I made no response. As soon as we reached the place where the two tractors were standing I turned to Mr. Chipman.

"I would suggest," I said, "that you take a little ride in our tractor. It is unfortunate that there is no snow and ice to give you a real demonstration, but if you will seat yourself on the comfortable cushion beside the driver and take a little ride, you cannot fail to realize the superiority of the Earthworm tractor. I do not wish to knock any other machine, so I will let you see for yourself that the Earthworm has more flexibility, more speed, more power, and handles far more easily than any other machine in the world. It can go over the roughest sort of ground, and it is so light and compact that it steers as easily as a velocipede. It can turn right around in its own tracks. It is truly the latest word in engineering science."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Chipman politely, "but you will have to write that down."

He held out the little slate, which he had brought with him and which he wore suspended by a string from a button of his overcoat. With a sinking heart I took the slate. It is impossible for me to describe how it cramps my style to express myself on a filthy square of slate which squeaks and scratches under the strokes of a pencil.

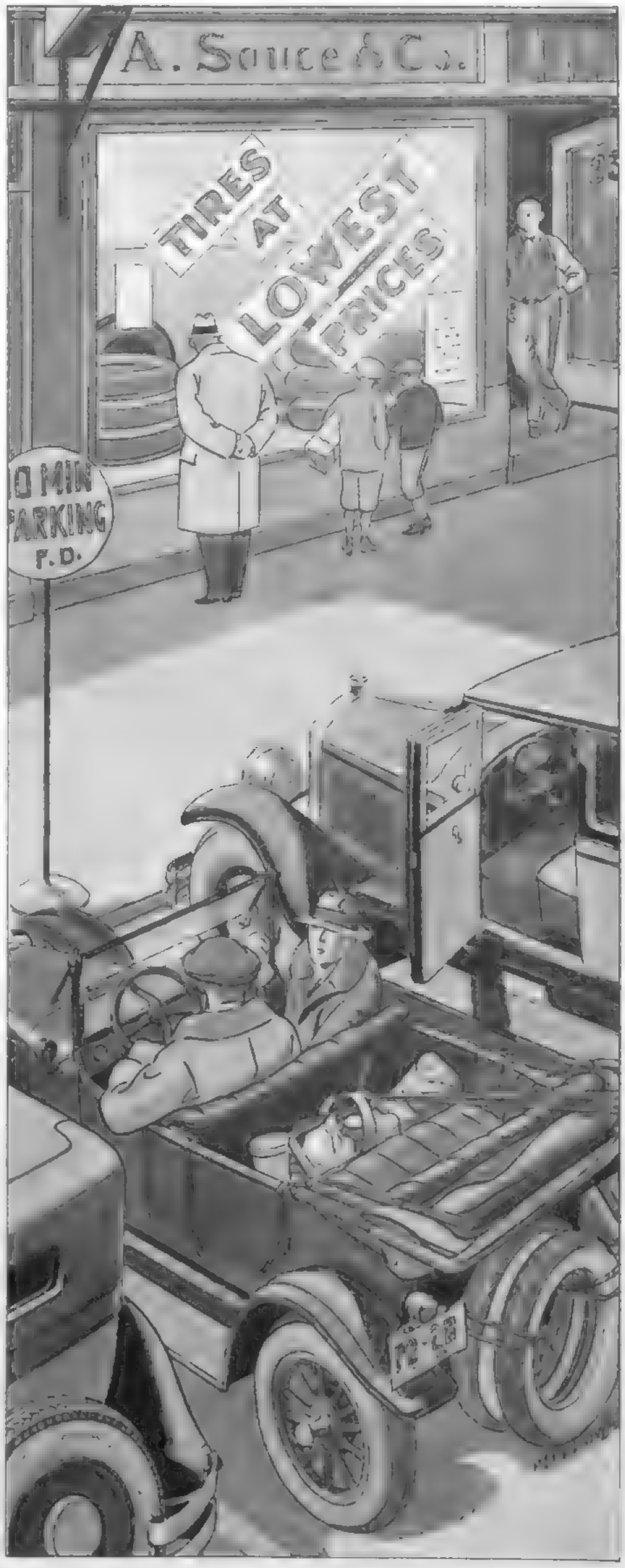
"Do you want a ride?" I wrote.

"Thank you," said Mr. Chipman, "it will give me the greatest pleasure." He climbed into the cab and sat down, and Sam gave him a swell little ride—up and down the road and out over a very rough field. Sam is certainly a peach of a driver. He handled the machine with real artistry, he changed gears with the greatest smoothness; he went over bumps and depressions with no jar at all; and he turned and twisted the machine about so gracefully and beautifully that Mr. Chipman must have been very favorably impressed.

After this ride was over, Mr. Chipman took a short trip in the Mammoth tractor, which lumbered around over the ground in such a clumsy, slow and awkward manner that I almost began to feel sorry for Mr. Jones. It seemed as if the Mammoth had no chance at all. But Mr. Chipman required further demonstration.

"I want you to bring your tractor down the road," he yelled to me.

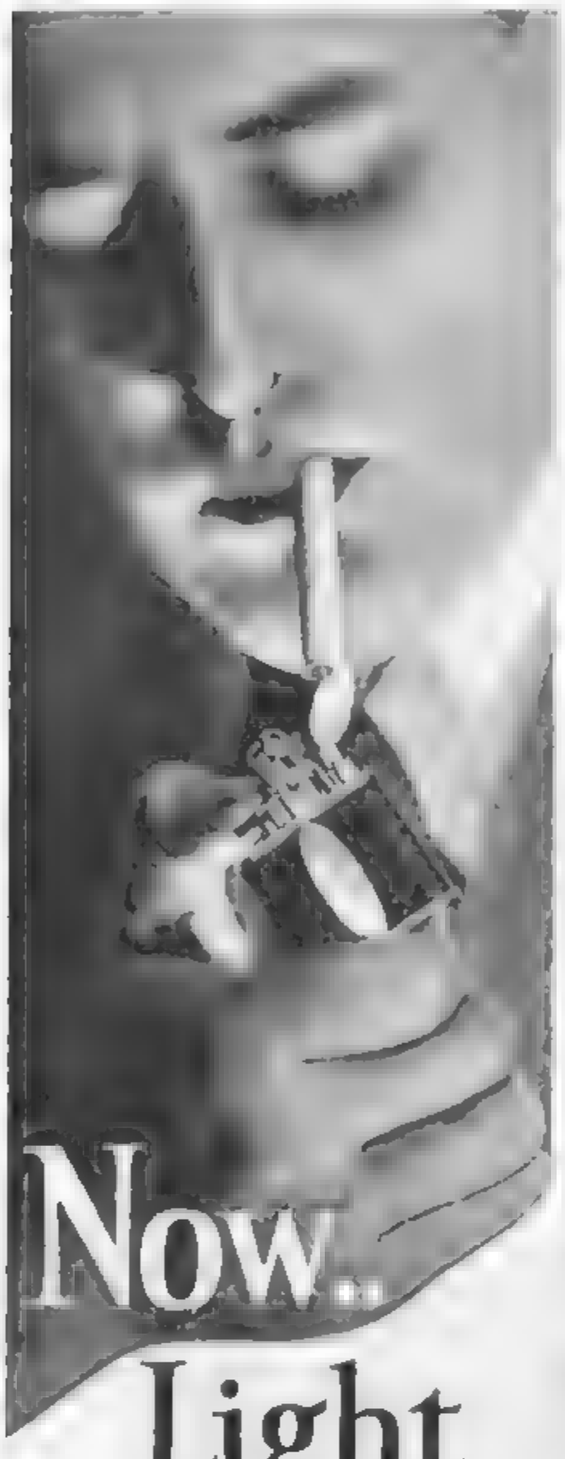
The Mammoth machine, carrying Mr. Chipman, Mr. Jones and the two mechanics,



"Say! If I had the money that man has I wouldn't be hunting for bargains in a second rate tire store—I'd have Kelly-Springfields on all around."

"Yes, and the funny part of it is that he'll end by paying just as much for a couple of bum shoes as he would for a pair of Kellys."

A *FLIP* AND IT'S *LIT!*



Now..

Light *from a Single* Motion!

PRESS your thumb—and it's done. No wheel to spin. Nothing to lift up. No glove-smudge or thumb-laceration. A single, simple action. And a nice, strong flame every time the thumb goes down.

Sturdy construction—watch-like precision—it's an automatic match for a lifetime!

The Ronson De-Light is made for men and women in a wide and comprehensive series of pocket, table and desk models, priced from $5 up. On sale at better cigar, jewelry, drug, haberdashery, cutlery and department stores and sport shops.

THE ART METAL WORKS
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Dealers are invited to write for our complete catalog de luxe

RONSON
DE-LIGHT
THE WORLD'S GREATEST Lighter
$5.00 AND UP

started off. Sam and I followed in the Earthworm. About a quarter of a mile down the road we came to a medium-sized pond which was frozen over tight. The Mammoth ran out over the ice to the center of the pond, with Sam and me in the Earthworm riding behind.

"Bring that machine over here," Mr. Chipman shouted to us.

Sam followed his directions, which were given with much shouting and waving of arms, and backed the Earthworm around until it stopped with its rear end almost touching the rear end of the Mammoth. At this point Mr. Chipman got off and proceeded to hitch the two machines together by means of a large chain which was carried on the drawbar of the Mammoth. At once I began to feel that there might be trouble ahead.

"Here, here!" I shouted. "What are you trying to do?"

Mr. Chipman climbed up into the cab of the Earthworm and sat down between Sam and me.

"I need a tractor," he said, "that can pull sleds over ice. That is why I have brought you over onto this pond and hitched your two machines back to back. I want to see which one of you can pull the most on the ice. You can start any time you want."

"This won't be any test at all," I said. "You will have to give us time to bolt on our grousers. These smooth tracks are all right for pulling on dirt, but they don't have any more traction on ice than a couple of sled runners." I took a quick look at the Mammoth tractor. "Fortunately," I went on, "that other machine is in just as bad shape as we are. Mr. Jones will have to put on some cleats, or grousers, on those big, smooth drive wheels of his before he can do anything at all. You didn't tell us you were going to bring us out on the ice. But just give me time to put on the grousers and I will enter any pulling contest with any machine in the world."

"Please write it down," said Mr. Chipman, holding out his slate. "I don't hear as well as I used to when I was younger."

I grabbed the slate and was just beginning to write when there came a terrific jerk. The driver of the Mammoth had opened his throttle and thrown in the clutch. At once Sam, in self-defense, did the same thing. I looked around and saw that the chain between the two machines was stretched tight. The big bull drive wheels of the Mammoth were turning round and round, and so were the tracks of the Earthworm. But both the wheels and the tracks were slipping on the ice so that neither of the machines was gaining anything on the other.

At first it looked like a draw. But then the driver of the Mammoth, acting under the orders of the obnoxious Mr. Jones, who sat beside him, pulled one of the dirtiest tricks I have ever seen in all my experience in the tractor business. I saw him reach out beside his seat and pull a great big lever which was connected by long steel rods to a couple of sliding collars on the rear axle. The collars slid along the axle, causing a number of dogs, or pawls, to engage in some teeth cut in the hubs of the big drive wheels. As the drive wheels turned, the motion was carried through these pawls to a number of iron rods which in turn forced a lot of heavy iron spikes out through holes in the smooth iron tires of the big bull wheels. As soon as these spikes came out they bit into the ice, and all at once the Mammoth had splendid traction.

I had never before seen an arrangement such as this, and I had to admit to myself that it was a rather clever scheme—in fact it is the only feature of the Mammoth tractor which is any good at all. But it was enough to put me in a very awkward position. The Mammoth at once started rolling off across the ice, dragging the Earthworm behind it. Sam was helpless. He could spin the tracks as much as he wanted, but they had absolutely no hold on the ice.

I at once began to protest, shouting and yelling and writing on the silly little slate as fast as I could. But nobody paid any attention. And I was treated to the heart-rending experience of sitting in a perfectly good Earthworm tractor and being pulled backward across the ice by that big overgrown bunch of stove iron known as the Mammoth. And that was not all. The mechanic who was driving the Mammoth actually had the discourtesy to go on a circular course, dragging the Earthworm—in spite of everything that poor Sam could do—three times around that pond. All this time Mr. Jones kept waving and smiling at me in a most vulgar and insolent manner. When at last we stopped and the motors of both machines had been shut off, I felt like going over and murdering the whole Mammoth crew; but with a great effort I held onto myself.

"Mr. Chipman," I said, with dignity and restraint, "this is an outrage. This demonstration means nothing at all. You didn't give us time to put on our grousers. It's a dirty trick."

"Write it down," said Mr. Chipman, politely pointing to the slate. As everything I had written during the ride appeared to be illegible, I rubbed the slate clean and started again.

"This demonstration is unfair," I wrote. "You should have given us time to put on the grousers."

"What are grousers?" asked Mr. Chipman.

"Points," I wrote, "like those things on the wheels of the other tractor."

Mr. Chipman looked at the Mammoth and then he looked at the tracks of the Earthworm. His face lit up as if he understood, and I began to think I was making some impression on him. But I was wrong.

"I see what you mean," he said. "But you had just as much time as the other fellow. If he can put points on his machine in two seconds, and you cannot, that just shows that his machine is more convenient than yours, as well as being able to pull better."

As soon as I heard this crazy line of reasoning I rubbed out everything on the slate and started to write a full explanation of the true state of affairs. But I had hardly started before Mr. Chipman looked at his watch and then started climbing down out of the tractor.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but I have an engagement to go down the valley to one of my other sawmills, and I will have to get started right away."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" I yelled. And then I wrote on the slate: "When will you be back?"

"Late tonight," said Mr. Chipman.

"How about another demonstration tomorrow?" I wrote.

"It is hardly worth while," said Mr. Chipman. "The Mammoth seems to be the best machine. But I will not sign any orders until tomorrow night, and if you care to do any more driving I will be glad to watch you."

With these words he nodded a cheerful good-by and hurried back to the sawmill. A few minutes later I saw him driving away in his car.

While Sam and I were unhooking our Earthworm from the Mammoth, Mr. Jones stood around with the most insulting look I have ever seen on the face of a human being.

"Well, Mr. Botts," he said, with a coarse laugh, "it appears that I was right. If a man can put on a real good demonstration he doesn't need any sales talk."

As Sam and I are both gentlemen, we paid absolutely no attention to this clumsy and useless attempt at humor, but cranked up the Earthworm and drove back to the boiler house. Here I left Sam to put on the grousers in readiness for tomorrow's demonstration while I came over to the hotel, where I borrowed a typewriter from the manager and spent the balance of the morning and all the afternoon in writing up the sales talk which I had hoped to give orally. Since supper I have spent my time on this report.

In summing up the day's events, I will not conceal from you the fact that I am a disappointed man and that things look very black indeed. But if I fail in this enterprise you may be sure that I am going down fighting, with all flags flying. Although I am at my best as a talker and orator, I am not entirely helpless—as you no doubt realize from reading my reports—when it comes to slinging the ink.

The little sales talk which I have prepared for Mr. Chipman consists of thirty-one and a half pages of typewritten material, couched in the choicest English, taking up all points regarding the superiority of the Earthworm tractor and explaining clearly and logically all the reasons why today's so-called demonstration was absolutely and completely worthless as a basis for comparing the two machines. It is perfectly obvious that there can be no scientific value in any demonstration which seems to show that the Earthworm is inferior to any other machine.

I will now retire to bed so that I will be fit for whatever work is necessary tomorrow. I wish, however, to report one hopeful event. Early this afternoon it started snowing. And now, at ten P.M., it is still coming down hard, and there are already several inches of snow on the ground. It is obvious that the more snow we have, the harder the traveling will be and the greater will be the superiority of the Earthworm over the heavy Mammoth.

In conclusion I wish to impress upon you that none of today's misfortunes should be blamed on Mr. Sam Simpson. I consider Sam one of the best mechanics in the employ of the company; he has done everything he could; and if any blame is to be attached to anyone, it should be upon the shoulders of

Your unfortunate salesman,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1921.
WRITTEN FROM: CHIPMAN FALLS, VERMONT.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALESMAN.

Never in all my experience as a salesman have I run into so much hard luck concentrated into a single selling campaign. My plans have once more been frustrated by an unexpected and crushing blow, which I will describe later on. This blow was doubly discouraging in view of the fact that it came at a time when I had every reason to suppose that matters were in a slightly more hopeful condition.

When I got up this morning I observed that the snowstorm was over. The weather was clear and cold, and there seemed to be about two feet of snow on the ground. There had been practically no wind and so the snow was level. I had hoped for a regular blizzard with big drifts. Such a condition would have been a wonderful thing for us, because the Earthworm, of course, can go through the deepest snow there is, whereas I knew the big clumsy Mammoth was sure to get stuck in the first big drift it came to.

Although two feet of snow is not enough to stop the Mammoth, I knew it would be slowed up a good bit and that we could therefore make a slightly better showing with the Earthworm.

This slightly better showing, of course, would not be sufficient to overcome the bad impression caused by yesterday's so-called demonstration, so I was relying particularly upon my masterful sales argument in thirty-one and a half typewritten pages, which I had produced at such great labor yesterday. With my precious document buttoned safely into the inside pocket of my overcoat, I sallied forth with Sam immediately after breakfast.

We ran the Earthworm, fully equipped with its grousers and its snowplow, out of the boiler house, where it had spent the night. Mr. Jones and his mechanics brought out the Mammoth immediately afterward. On the front of their machine they had adjusted a snowplow somewhat similar to ours.

A few minutes later Mr. Chipman appeared and explained what he wanted us to do. He pointed out a road which led from

(Continued on Page 108)

HAS THE DEVIL INDIFFERENCE EVER RIDDEN IN YOUR CAR?

"HURRAY! IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN"
"HELLO AND HURRAY~HERE'S THE FIRST DROP!"
"NOW LISTEN TO THE ADVICE I GIVE THIS DRIVER!"
"DRIVE ON! DON'T STOP TO PUT ON CHAINS, A GOOD DRIVER LIKE YOU WITH BALLOON TIRES AND FOUR WHEEL BRAKES WON'T SKID, GO AHEAD"
"OH! HO! HA! HA! HE'S DRIVING ON WITH NICE BARE WET SLIPPERY TIRES!!"
"HE'S STARTING TO SKID ~ HE'S ON HIS WAY"
"WOW! HERE HE GOES. GOOD BYE!"
NOW LOOK AT HIM! HA! HA! HA!

WET RUBBER SLIPS • • WEED STEEL CHAINS GRIP

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Are you being fooled by the . . .

New Blade Fallacy?

It isn't hard to believe that, because a blade is new it ought to give one a good shave. Lots of good men are fooled by that thought and thereby miss getting really fine shaves.

If a new blade is ready for shaving when it comes out of the wrapper, it is a matter of chance. A blade may have had a bully fine edge when it left the factory, but highly tempered steel is like a temperamental child—it needs a good stropping frequently.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10¢ for it and we will also send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, just to show you what real shaving is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1797 Locust Street Saint Louis

New York London Montreal Chicago

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

(Continued from Page 106)

the sawmill up the wooded mountain slope on the west side of the valley.

"That is my principal logging road," said Mr. Chipman. "About half a mile up the slope it divides into two roads. You can see the north fork running straight along the face of the mountain yonder." He pointed. "And you can see the south fork zigzagging up around that shoulder. Beyond the shoulder the road is hidden in that little side valley, but you can see it coming into view several miles farther on and zigzagging across the slope of South Mountain, quite high up and a long way off."

We all looked, and sure enough we could see the faint traces of the two roads as they zigzagged along through the woods on the steep mountainside.

"I want to see," he continued, "how well you people can plow snow. You can start any time you want. One of you can take the north fork and the other the south. You can plow out three or four miles apiece and then come back. Set your snowplows fairly high and leave about a foot of snow so we will have a good basis for an ice surface when we get out the water wagons and begin sprinkling. You can start any time you want."

"Fine!" said Sam. "I am on my way right now."

"Wait a minute," I said, and then turned to Mr. Chipman.

"Would you like to ride along in our machine?" I asked.

"You will have to write it down," said Mr. Chipman. I wrote it on the slate.

"No, thank you," said Mr. Chipman.

"All right, Sam," I said, "you can go. I will stay here with Mr. Chipman."

As Sam drove off up the road through the snow I reached into my pocket and brought out the precious paper. I handed it to Mr. Chipman.

"What is this?" he asked.

In reply, I pointed to the title at the top of the first page: One Hundred and One Reasons Why the Earthworm is the Tractor for You."

As I looked at the title of the work upon which I had spent so much careful thought and hard labor the day before, I felt within myself a pardonable glow of pride. But this glow was short-lived. Because at this moment there descended the unexpected and crushing blow which I mentioned at the beginning of this report.

Instead of starting to read, Mr. Chipman handed the paper back to me.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I broke my reading glasses yesterday and they won't be fixed for several days."

To this remark I made no reply. For once in my life I was speechless—which perhaps was just as well, as Mr. Chipman couldn't have heard anything anyway.

"Of course," he continued, "I can read to some extent even without my glasses, but if I tried to go through as much fine print as this it would be too much of a strain on my eyes. Besides, I am more interested in seeing the tractors work than I am in reading about them. And I have promised Mr. Jones I would ride along in his machine this morning."

With these words he climbed aboard the Mammoth tractor, which immediately started off up the road, carrying with it—in addition to Mr. Chipman—the two mechanics and Mr. Jones. And there was I, left standing in the snow with my carefully worked out sales argument in my hand. Never in my life have I been so humiliated.

The worst of it was there was nothing that I could do but stand around and wait, and I have been waiting a couple of hours. I watched Sam as he took the north fork and went plowing along across the face of the mountain. And I watched the Mammoth take the south fork and go zigzagging up through the woods and finally disappear around the shoulder into the little side valley. I regret to state that the snow is not deep enough to stop the Mammoth tractor.

Of course we are putting on a better demonstration; Sam is making three miles an hour, while the clumsy Mammoth is making hardly more than a mile and a half. But I doubt if that will do us any good. I must be getting old; I am getting pessimistic. But what sense is there, I ask you, in wearing yourself out on an old bozo like Job Chipman, who is deaf and half blind and—I am beginning to think—hopelessly feebleminded?

However, while there is even a spark of hope, Alexander Botts is not the man to lay down on any job. I have come back to the hotel, and in between periods of watching the distant tractors on the mountainside I have been improving my time in writing this report. And in addition, as a last desperate hope, I have prepared an abridged one-page edition of my sales talk. The old idiot ought to be able to read at least that much. It is a mere pitiful skeleton of the splendid thirty-one-and-a-half-page sales argument, but at least it is something.

When Mr. Chipman gets back I will hand it to him, and if he will read it he may get a faint idea of what he will be missing in case he fails to buy the Earthworm.

It is now ten o'clock, and I can see from my window that Sam has finished plowing out his road and is on his way back. Accordingly I will go down to the sawmill and talk things over with him when he arrives.

LATER. 2 P. M.

Since writing the above words a most unusual and extraordinary series of events has taken place. But before relating these happenings I wish to remind you of a remark I made in a previous report to the effect that I considered Mr. Sam Simpson one of the best mechanics in the employ of the company. It now appears that I was right, as usual. As a judge of men I am practically perfect. For Sam is not only one of the best mechanics in the country but he is also not so terribly bad as a salesman.

When I left the hotel, after writing the first part of this report, I walked down to the sawmill to wait for Sam. But I was somewhat surprised to see that when Sam reached the fork in the roads he did not return to the mill. Instead, he swung up the south fork, following the path which had been taken by the Mammoth tractor. As the road had already been plowed, he was able to go along at full speed and before long he had disappeared—as the Mammoth tractor had done before him—around the shoulder of the mountain. This procedure on Sam's part puzzled me somewhat, but as I have every confidence in his judgment, I assumed that he had some reason for this action. And it turned out that this was the case.

For two hours nothing happened. And then, a little after noon, the Earthworm appeared once more, coming back down the south-fork road. It rolled merrily along, and before many minutes it arrived at the sawmill. The door of the cab opened and out stepped Sam and Mr. Chipman. Mr. Chipman walked right over to me.

"Let's go down to your room at the hotel," he said. "I want to talk to you."

As we walked along I noticed that Sam's honest face was lit up by a smile of perfect peace and happiness.

"It worked!" he said. "It worked!"

"What worked?" I asked.

"A little plan I had," said Sam. "I didn't tell you about it before because I wasn't sure it would succeed, and I didn't want to raise your hopes too high."

"What happened?" I asked.

"After I finished putting on the grousers yesterday afternoon," Sam explained, "I got to talking with one of the mill hands about those roads. He told me that Mr. Chipman would probably have us plow them out. He said the north road is about four miles long and ends in a nice flat open space where it is easy to turn around. But the south road is twenty miles long and you have to go clear to the end before you find any real good place to turn. So that was why I hurried off so fast this morning. I wanted to get to the fork first and take the north road that had the good turning-around place."

"You didn't need to do that," I said. "The Earthworm can swing right around anywhere in its own tracks."

"Exactly so," said Sam, "but the Mammoth can't, and I had a feeling that if I could once get old Jones started up that south fork he would be a blowed-up sucker. And I was right."

"Go on," I said.

"After I had finished plowing my road," said Sam, "I chased up the south fork and caught up with the Mammoth about five miles out. I found Mr. Chipman hollering and yelling that it was time to turn around and go home—that he had to get back so he could make an early start on a trip he was going to take down the valley, and that it was a fine tractor that could go only in one direction. And all the time Mr. Jones was writing on the silly little slate, trying to smooth him down by explaining that the road was too narrow and that they would turn around just as soon as they got to a good place."

"So what did you do then?"

"Nothing much," said Sam, "except give them a little demonstration. I ran up and down the road four or five times and let them see how easy I turned around at the end of each little trip. As soon as Mr. Jones saw how nice the Earthworm did it, he took a terrible chance and tried to turn around with the Mammoth."

"Did he make it?"

"No," said Sam, "he did not. He picked a place where they had made the road extra wide to let the log sleds pass, and he started to swing around very slow and cautious, but all he did was get his big clumsy machine stuck deep down in the ditch beside the road."

"Is he still stuck?" I asked.

"No," said Sam. "We hooked onto him with the Earthworm and yanked him out—all of which gave Mr. Chipman a swell demonstration of how well the Earthworm can pull. So the Mammoth is not stuck any more; but it is still headed in the wrong direction, and it still has about fifteen miles to go before it can turn around. After I had pulled the Mammoth out, I took Mr. Chipman aboard and brought him back here."

By this time we had reached my room in the hotel. Looking out the window, we could see a little speck moving slowly along far away on the side of South Mountain. It was the great Mammoth tractor, with a long trip still ahead of it. But Sam said it had plenty of gasoline and ought to get back sometime tonight.

As we turned away from the window I decided that the time was ripe for action. I handed out my little one-page abridged sales talk. But I was doomed to one last bitter disappointment. Mr. Chipman shoved it to one side, saying he was not interested in such things.

He went on to say, however, that he had seen such a good demonstration that he wanted to keep the Earthworm and order three more just like it. So, with deep humility—realizing that all my frenzied activity of the past two days had made absolutely no impression on anybody, and that the success of the sale was due entirely to Sam—I signed up Mr. Chipman for four ten-ton Earthworms.

Sam and I are leaving on the afternoon train. And in a very humble spirit, I am writing a polite little note to be given to Mr. Jones when he gets back to the hotel. This note ought to cheer him up a great deal, because it informs him that he is a wise egg and that he was absolutely right when he said that if a man can put on a real good demonstration he doesn't have to have any sales talk.

Very sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

The drink you read about "refreshing"

Good news! Good news! A refreshing drink. The little red signs point out that it's around the corner from anywhere. ❁ ❁ ❁ It takes a refreshing drink to refresh. With Coca-Cola's delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, a little minute is long enough for a big rest.

The Best Served Drink in the World

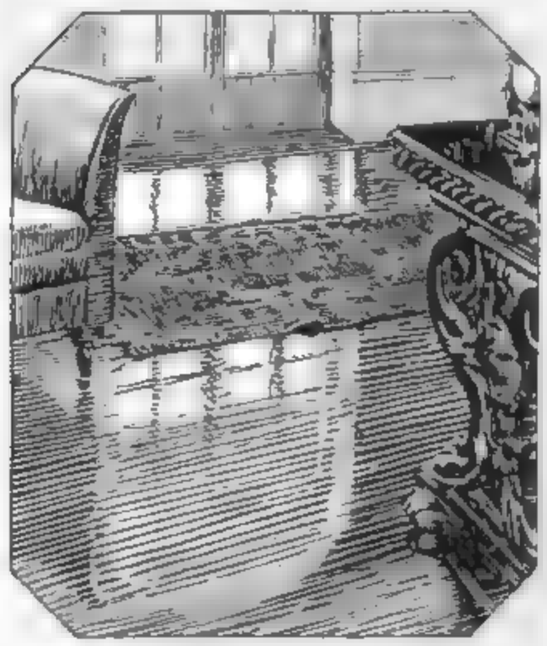
A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup, ice-cold carbonated water and a little finely chipped ice, stirred with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

8 million a day

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Old English WAX

THE POLISH THAT *PROTECTS*



The Wear is on the *WAX*

Not on the Floor

WHETHER your floors are old or new, wood, linoleum, varnished, shellaced, painted, or waxed—all can quickly be given this needed protection against scratches, heelmarks, children's carelessness and dirt.

And so easily! Just apply a thin coat of Old English Wax. Allow a few minutes for drying, then polish by hand or with an Old English Improved Electric Polisher (you can rent this new wonderful machine from your dealer for $2.00 a day).

Then you will have beautiful waxed floors that *stay beautiful.* Never again the need of a complete refinishing! The rich, lustrous finish is hard and wear-resisting. An occasional waxing will keep it beautiful forever.

The Economical Wax

Old English Wax contains such a high percentage of hard, high-grade carnauba wax (imported) that the wax goes farther, and the polish lasts longer. It costs no more than ordinary floor wax. That's why it is preferred by hundreds of thousands of thrifty housewives — whose mothers and grandmothers also used it.

A one-pound can covers 300 square feet—or about two ordinary-sized rooms. You can also buy it in two, four and eight pound cans at quite a saving over the smaller sizes.

FREE! New, beautifully illustrated book filled with practical ideas for making furniture, floors, woodwork Linoleum richer looking. Write The A. S. Boyle Co., 2015 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

On sale at paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing and department stores

SECOND CHOICE

(Continued from Page 33)

hadn't spoiled, as it so often does—and even harder to bear than her provoking trick of looking twenty-two, was her air of invincible happiness; that serene, self-confident contentment which is the one thing, above all others, that women find most irritating in another woman, most inexplicable.

Of course Val had been married less than a month—not a fair test; as a matter of fact, married only two days before Owen's dramatic departure for Mexico. Still, she was annoying, in her apparently complete confidence in the future, her calm refusal to be apprehensive beyond the natural distress any devoted wife would feel for a family misfortune and her husband's absence.

Valeria's friends hinted; they gave confidences in order to elicit confidence; but she remained provokingly reticent, provokingly bland. She seemed to have developed a new protective surface since her marriage—a sort of hard brilliance and self-confidence, a superiority of appearance and manner, which repelled familiarity. There was a smooth glaze over her like that on a very sophisticated hard roll—she was frightfully difficult to bite right into, even to nibble.

Alma alone, innocent of antagonism, was able to preserve a natural manner toward Val. The others were too pointedly friendly or too elaborately indifferent. Edith, who felt that she had practically made the match and that Val wasn't properly grateful, decided today to be distant. She gave Val an almost invisible nod over one shoulder, while she went on with an apparently intense conversation with Maude. Louise, searching Val from head to foot with one swift glance and dropping eyelids over her envy, held out a limp hand and spoke in the voice of the dutiful hostess.

"Oh, how are you, Val? And what do you hear from Owen? Do give us the latest news. It is all too thrilling."

Conscious of a pause in the general conversation, conscious of eagerly curious eyes, Valeria sat down beside Alma and answered Louise's question in a perfectly controlled cool voice.

"But I've heard so little from Owen," she frankly declared, "except telegrams on the way out. And then a letter, after he got to the ranch, saying he was starting out to find King—nothing since."

"I declare, Val, you do have the most extraordinary things happen to you—always!" Maude grumbled, and her tone was not without envy, for her own life had been as monotonous as her appearance.

"I really do think those wretched bandits might have waited a few weeks," Clara drawled. "How disagreeable for you, dear, right in the midst of your honeymoon!"

"Well, will you please tell me who has ever had an agreeable honeymoon?" demanded Louise with her little acid laugh. "All I've heard about have been thoroughly annoying."

In the voice of an examining magistrate Edith asked for Owen's plans:

"Just how does he intend to go about rescuing King?" And her resolute tone implied: "If brigands are to be subdued, better call on me for advice!"

"I really can't give you any details," Val apologized. "All I know is that Owen means to manage everything himself, and as secretly as possible. Because it might be very dangerous to call in outside aid."

She went on to explain—as Owen had explained to her in his letter—how, in similar cases of abduction, the attempts at rescue often had proved fatal to the abducted. For if the help of government troops was enlisted and the bandits pursued until they realized punishment was inevitable, or if they came to believe, through any circumstance, that the ransom would not be paid, they were more than likely to kill their victim in revenge. This had happened already in several instances where American citizens had been kidnaped by Mexican bandits.

In view of this, Owen intended to exercise the utmost caution and secrecy. He had set out from King's ranch unaccompanied except by Jenkinson, the young American employe of King's, who had been kidnaped with him and sent back to demand the ransom and who had telegraphed Owen to come out.

"And since I've heard nothing further," Val said, "I suppose they are in the mountains now, or some place where it's impossible for Owen to wire. Or perhaps they haven't had time yet to reach King. I know so very little about Mexico—only what Owen has told me when he's talked of King."

"But, my dear," cried Edith, "do you mean to say that Owen actually talks to you about his brother?"

"Why not?"

"Because, my dear—I'm surprised you haven't discovered it already—he's most absurdly sensitive on that subject. He thinks people don't understand King. As if there were anything to understand except he's always been a black sheep! Why, Owen will scarcely mention him, even to Ned, and they were all three together in the same company in the war, you know. As a matter of fact, Ned thinks that one of them saved his life."

"Why, I've never heard that story!"

"Everyone else has, often enough," sighed Edith, "until Owen shut Ned up. Someone dragged him out of a shell hole and back to the lines when he was wounded and unconscious. King swore it was Owen and Owen vowed it was King. Honestly, I don't think it's very flattering—no one wants to accept the responsibility for Ned's life."

"Edith!"

"Well, that's what Ned says himself—after we've quarreled or something—just to make me sorry, you know. 'Owen should have let the boches get me—he's ashamed of saving a worthless pup like me!' Little Neddie does exactly the same sort of thing. Really, sometimes my far-famed maternal instinct is frightfully overtaxed!"

"I simply don't know where men ever got the idea that we're crazy about them when they act childish!" Clara exclaimed. "As if we didn't have enough of that, with real children! Do they think we want to spend our whole lives in the nursery?"

"It's because they read too many novels," declared Annette, with a slight yawn. "And novels are always so full of the maternal instinct. If I had a boy I shouldn't allow him to read fiction until after he was married. Then he wouldn't be disappointed."

"And how about girls," cried Louise indignantly, "being led to believe all men are perfect brutes? Do you think they have no disappointments?"

Luncheon was announced then and they went downstairs to the heavily formal dining room, where food by a French chef was served by two menservants and wine flowed from an apparently inexhaustible preprohibition cellar.

"I have scarcely seen you at all since you were married," Alma said as she took her place beside Val. "When are we going to have a good long gossip again?"

"Oh, Val is much too gay for any of us now!" Edith broke in with a twisted smile. "I have telephoned you, Val, simply thousands of times, but they always said you were out. Do you never stay at home?"

"I'm seldom at Clivedale Farm," Val replied. "And I usually spend the night in town, after parties. It's too far to drive at midnight."

"Or at three or four in the morning," said Louise. "Oh, we've heard about your parties, Val!"

"Doesn't it make you feel ridiculously out of place and antique to play around with those babies?" Clara drawled. "Personally I consider it so much more dignified to stick to one's own crowd."

"It may be more dignified," Val replied, "but, personally, I prefer to dance."

"I think Val is exactly right, and awfully brave, too, not to sit at home and worry." Alma took up the cudgels in her friend's defense. "I should feel exactly the same if it was Howard. I just couldn't bear to stay in my house!"

"Oh, Val is right, of course," Edith agreed. "Have a good time while you can—all of us believe in that. Husbands are apt to be so inconveniently jealous. And Owen Mallory is particularly so, I'm told—at least, he always used to be in other days. But then, of course, everyone is capable of a change of heart."

Alma gave her a contemptuous glance and turned to Val.

"Come and dine with us tonight, darling, if a family dinner wouldn't bore you—and stay the night."

"I'd love to. But I'm dining with the Brandishes and we're going on to the dance at the country club."

"Well, then come and have tea with me at least."

"Oh, Alma, I am sorry, but I'm teaing with Hugh."

"Hugh!" The exclamation escaped before Alma could stop it. "With Hugh Warrener?" she gasped.

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid I've shocked you," said Val carelessly, and changed the subject.

Alma did not persist. After a moment she turned quietly and began to talk to Maude, who was on her other side. When she told Valeria good-by her expression was regretful but not disapproving. She was shocked—she couldn't conceal it—but she had no wish to dictate. She even refrained from judgment as far as possible.

Driving toward the Selkirk Hotel, where she was to meet Hugh, Valeria sat up very straight, with a curious rigid smile on her lips. She knew very well that not only Alma would be shocked by this meeting. She smiled. She looked triumphant.

Two men in her life had humiliated her. And she hated all men. She felt that she no longer had any interest in love, as if all the rest of her life held but one interest—hate. The satisfaction of her hate for Owen—Owen! Her desire for revenge against Hugh paled before this stronger feeling. She would make Owen ridiculous, humiliate him publicly as much as he had secretly humiliated her.

She leaned back against the cushions, closed her eyes, sick with shame.

Her reason for staying away from Clivedale as much as possible—for throwing herself into a ceaseless round of parties—was not what Alma thought. Yes, it was to forget Owen, but not quite in the way Alma thought.

She would not even entertain at Clivedale Farm. She gave luncheons and dinners in Midland, at the Selkirk Hotel, or the one smart restaurant, or at the country club. But she avoided Clivedale—sometimes didn't go near the place for days, simply telephoning her maid to bring her the clothes she needed. She stayed the greater part of the time at her parents' apartment in Midland, in her own old room. When she did happen to be at Clivedale Farm for the night she slept in one of the guest rooms on the third floor, giving as an excuse that she was less disturbed there by the morning noises from the farm.

XXXI

WHEN she had been able to question the servants, that morning after Owen had gone, Valeria was forced to forgive her husband his unceremonious departure. For there had been literally no time for farewells—not even a moment in which to write a brief note of explanation. Owen had managed to reach Midland in time to catch the one through express train of the day

(Continued on Page 114)

Is SHE a Better Business Man than Her HUSBAND?

How This New Method of Household Buying has been Made a Nation-wide Movement by American Women

The choicest of fresh vegetables are spread before you in colorful array at Piggly Wiggly

New and delightful dishes are made from Piggly Wiggly's tempting foods

HUSBANDS are inclined to be boastful about this method—when they use it themselves at the office! A business achievement!

That their wives are using it—week in and week out—has not even dawned upon men until lately.

These meals they love to eat, these economies they take for granted—back of them all lies the unsurpassed skill of women in just this thing.

Now an event that even husbands are astonished at! A nation-wide movement sponsored by modern women—a new plan for just this method of buying which men admire most of all.

With their amazing knowledge of food stuffs—with their shrewd judgment of real value in every article—women have brought into being, from coast to coast, an entirely new type of store—Piggly Wiggly.

They compare values —then choose as they wish

With *no salesman* to persuade them, they choose for themselves—by themselves, at Piggly Wiggly.

They have the choice foods of the world selected by experts for them to examine, at Piggly Wiggly.

They are sure of getting the lowest existing prices, at Piggly Wiggly.

With no clerk to influence you, you make your own choice, at Piggly Wiggly

To buy each article *purely on merit*—to serve ever better meals at lower cost—to make the most of their skill—that is why two million women are today using Piggly Wiggly stores.

On the open shelves of the Piggly Wiggly store, with prices plainly marked, you find the choice foods of five continents. From among the countless brands and grades on the market today, the experienced men who guide Piggly Wiggly's policies have selected the *best* for your choice. You take down whatever catches your eye, examine it in your own hands. No delays, no hurry, in the Piggly Wiggly store. No clerks to persuade you. You come and go as you please—dash in, with the motor still running—or linger for a real shopping tour.

The rare foods of five continents await your choice, in the Piggly Wiggly store

Hastily or leisurely, you shop as you wish in the Piggly Wiggly store

All sorts of new ideas for menus come when you browse among these shelves, with their tempting contents in easy reach.

A money-saving plan

So easy to save money with the uniform low prices that come with Piggly Wiggly's economical method of operation.

It is to live better and to reduce costs that women have sponsored this nation-wide movement in household buying. A few years ago, a single Piggly Wiggly store—today over 2800!

To please your husband even more, both at the table and with your household expenses, to market in an easier, time-saving way—try this delightful plan of shopping. Visit the Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood.

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The swinging tags show the price of each article in the Piggly Wiggly store. You quickly see the money you save

An easy way to save money

PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

The finest kinds of each food selected for you to choose from

Unusual opportunity for responsible men with capital to own and operate a profitable local business with the backing and merchandising co-operation of a national organization exclusive Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been opened. Address: Piggly Wiggly Corporation, Memphis, Tennessee.

A SERVICE NOW OFFERED IN OVER 800 CITIES AND TOWNS

This picture says all that need be said of Goodyear *traction.* What it fails to say is that beneath the safe and slipless Goodyear tread is an incomparably reliable tire-body made with the patented cord fabric, SUPERTWIST. Because it is extra elastic and extra durable, SUPERTWIST has reduced *blowouts* and like troubles to the vanishing point. It provides an ideal foundation for the *greater safety* and *longer, slower wear* that make the new Goodyear balloon popularly known everywhere as "the world's greatest tire."

(Continued from Page 110)

only by sacrificing every other consideration. Motoring in at breakneck speed, he had jumped on the train in his riding clothes, without luggage.

From the train, he wired his lawyers instructions regarding the expenses of Clivedale Farm and an allowance to be paid his wife, and he repeated this information in a wire to Val. There was also in his long telegram to her a courteous apology for his abrupt departure, an explanation of the reasons for it and of his plans.

After that, at frequent intervals, there were telegrams from various points on his long westward journey; but they were merely impersonal accounts of his progress or businesslike bulletins concerning Clivedale.

Valeria waited with an intensity that astonished, that frightened her, for a letter; for the written words that must now take the place of what her husband should have said to her himself that day; the letter that Owen would of course write when his journey was ended—or before? Why not before? Surely, on the long journey, he would find time—take time ——

Every morning when her breakfast tray was brought in, at teatime when there would be another post, Valeria looked among her letters for that one letter with an agony, a suspense, a dread that terrified her.

There is no more cruel suffering in the whole world than that of waiting, day after day, for one letter that means—or at the time seems to mean—life or death, reprieve or punishment. Everyone who has experienced that slow torture—and exceptionally fortunate the human who has been in love and not experienced it—knows how the whole world is thrown out of perspective by the intense mental pain. Trifles become fantastically exaggerated—ridiculously, hysterically exaggerated, one may laughingly say in retrospect; but at the time these chimeras are more real than reality itself. Every shadow of doubt and suspicion and self-distrust is distorted, magnified, by the imagination into monstrous nightmare shapes.

Valeria had experienced this kind of suffering before, but never in so great a degree. All the long ordeal of waiting, hoping, fearing with Hugh seemed trivial in comparison. For now on this letter depended not only her future happiness or unhappiness—in the knowledge whether or not Owen loved her—but all her pride, her self-respect, as well.

She had offered herself to him, or so she put it in her own thoughts. And now it was only from a letter—from his first letter—that she could know what he thought of her, how he felt toward her. She visualized herself as a desperate gambler who had been driven to stake everything on one last play, to win all or lose all. Had she won or lost? She could only know from Owen's letter.

The letter came. She had waited for it so long that the sight of it at last was hateful to her. She was afraid. Her knees felt weak. Her hands trembled. She could not touch it for a long time. She dared not open it.

When she did open the envelope her sight was so confused she could not read, and when she did read she could not at first take in the meaning of the words. She repeated them, half aloud, yet they would not register in her brain a definite meaning.

"Dear Val," the letter began, and there was an apology again for his unceremonious departure. She ran through that hastily, impatiently. Not the politeness she was looking for. More explanation of his plans, his anxiety for King. She got through that rapidly, turning over the pages with trembling fingers. It was a long letter, searching, seeking through its length—why, the letter was ended! "Yours, Owen." His signature. That was all! It was the end. She turned the pages over again, couldn't believe. Sought for a postscript, some hastily scribbled personal message concealed somewhere—looked along the margin of the pages—no, no! Nothing! She was scorched with shame, a humiliation so intense that it was a physical sensation—a real physical pain like a burn, like a sickening blow on the breast.

Her mind was dazed, bewildered, refused to help her suffering body. She felt again as if she were going under ether, yet the physical pain persisted.

Then a sort of wild frenzy of disbelief. "No! It can't be! It can't be! He couldn't treat me so!" She read the letter all over again—slowly, carefully, this time, forcing herself to deliberation.

It was a courteous, kind apology; an accurate statement of fact; a clear recital of events and plans, with an undercurrent of anxiety and of affection for King running through it all—that and an evident haste, an urgent desire to get this necessary letter written and be off on the search for King—the rescue of King. It was all—the whole letter—his love for his brother; nothing for her! Not one word for her! Only the apology any gentleman would make to his wife, the courtesy any gentleman would show his wife no matter what his feeling was toward her. Kindness and courtesy—that was all there was in the letter for her.

She endured that day somehow—that night. And the next day it seemed to Valeria that she was another person.

To others, too, the change in her became apparent. She was a new person, hard, brilliant, superior, more beautiful than before, someone to be supremely admired and even envied a little; incalculable, unapproachable. Her feminine friends drew together in a defensive ring, as a buffalo herd was said to make a stand against the common enemy.

XXXII

HE PRETENDED to be surprised. His manner was meant to convey to the casual observer—or the not so casual: "Ah, here we are, two old friends, meeting quite by chance in the Selkirk Hotel!"

Sneaking—just as he had always done—pretending to the world he cared nothing about her, while to her he pretended he cared everything. And she had endured that for five years! She looked at him in wonder. She could not even feel the old familiar thrill of indignation. She was only, rather cruelly, amused. She held out her hand and spoke in a very clear, distinct voice, perfectly audible to many people in that crowded room—the little tea tables packed together so closely around the dancing space under the palms, the orchestra for the moment still.

"You have kept me waiting, Hugh." She saw a head turn at the table next but one. She nodded, smiled cordially to an acquaintance there, and continued with devastating distinctness: "I was simply thrilled to have your note, of course."

He dropped into the vacant chair at the other side of her table and stared at her sulkily. She could perceive a variety of emotions struggling in him; he was surprised, he was resentful, he was afraid, yet he admired her courage and impertinence; he thought she looked lovely, and he thought he owned her still.

"Couldn't you have chosen a more public place?" he growled sarcastically, taking in every detail of her appearance, her clothes, her jewels, her serene face, with greedy and rather envious eyes.

"I ordered the little caviar sandwiches you always liked," she remarked placidly. "This is my party, you know."

"But why?" His tone was resentful.

"Well, Hugh—really—why not? How very foolish of you to have any false pride with me."

"What are you getting at, Val?" His tone was suspicious.

"Don't let's quarrel," she coaxed sweetly, leaning across the table toward him, conscious that they were being eagerly watched. "It isn't like you not to be sensible about—things. I'd rather it would always be my party when we meet."

His gaze brightened. "Oh, are we going to meet again—often?"

"Why not? There's nothing wrong in it, is there?"

"No, of course not. Nothing wrong. Only ——"

She was letting her gaze wander about the crowded room, nodding and smiling to various acquaintances. Hugh was forced to follow her example, acknowledge the greeting of avidly curious ladies at other tables.

"Heaps of people we know here today," she remarked carelessly.

"I think you're crazy, Val."

She looked straight at him, with apparently candid eyes. "What's the matter, Hugh? You said you wanted to see me."

"Yes; but not here. Why did you choose this place?"

"Where would you have liked? You didn't say in your note. Only that you wanted—I think you said must see me. How very sweet of you, Hugh!"

"I thought you'd know best," he muttered in a cautious voice. "That's why I didn't suggest a place. Women are always cleverer at that sort of thing than men. I thought possibly ——"

He hesitated, but Val looked so encouraging, even eager, that he went on with more confidence: "I thought perhaps, since Owen was away, you might ask me out to Clivedale."

She stared at him for a second, and then she laughed so merrily that people turned round in their chairs to stare at her. Then they bent their heads together over tea tables and whispered and looked over their shoulders.

"Val! For heaven's sake!" expostulated Hugh, now thoroughly alarmed.

"Oh, I am so sorry if you don't like me to laugh," she apologized. "But it is so amusing! Such an amusing idea of yours! You were always so original! Would you really like to come out to Clivedale? Honestly, do you mean it? I never dreamed ——"

She choked again on her laughter. Hugh looked at her disapprovingly, spoke in a dry, disapproving tone:

"Well, I must say I've never seen you so happy!"

She opened her eyes wide at him, suddenly grave.

"But, Hugh, don't you want me to be happy?"

"Why ——" He was taken aback. "Why, yes, of course! Only"—a momentary gleam of self-satisfaction lit up his pale blue eyes—"it wasn't what I expected."

"No?" she said thoughtfully, pouring out his tea, putting in the right amount of sugar.

"What a beautiful ring!" he said then, still sharply observing her.

"Yes, isn't it? It belonged to Owen's mother—Cynthia Clive. But Owen has given me a great many other lovely things besides. He is really too extravagant, too generous."

"And is that why you are so happy?"

"It's hard to find a reason for things," she murmured softly—"even for your impertinence, Hugh."

"Oh!" He reddened. "Sorry, Val. I thought ——"

"You thought we were such old friends—yes, I know. But I have changed a little, I think, Hugh. Oh, not toward old friends. I don't mean that. But I, myself, have changed."

"Yes, I've noticed that."

"Oh, have you? Have you, really?" She was as eagerly delighted as a child. "Do you notice——" She leaned toward him again, languorously graceful, intimate in her gesture. But her words surprised him. "Do you notice that I am not so humble as I used to be?"

"Humble! You were always proud as the devil, Val!"

"But humble toward you," she insisted in a cool, calm voice. "I used to tremble so I could scarcely speak. I could never say what I wanted—I just felt weepy and ill—when you were there.

"Val, don't let's stay here. We can't talk——"

"Yes, I can talk now. I couldn't then. Are you flattered, Hugh? Do you know—did you ever know how much I loved you?"

"Val! Not here!"

She sat up very straight, looking straight at him with mocking eyes.

"Poor soul!" she thought to herself. "He doesn't even notice that it's all in the past tense."

She felt so joyous in her sudden freedom—in the sudden knowledge of her own freedom, rather—in the escape from the cruel cage of the past—why, she must have been free for a long time, but had just observed that the door of the cage was open!—she felt so gay and mischievous that she wanted to cry out to the whole room, choking with mocking laughter:

"Look! Please look, everybody, at the man I thought I was in love with. If you can call him a man—this poor little frightened boy; this cautious, greedy, sneaking little boy who is determined always—always—to eat his cake and have it too!"

She had heard, read innumerable times that when a man appears to a woman as a weak, helpless, frightened child, she only loves him the more.

"Not true!" thought Valeria scornfully.

And all at once the picture of Owen flashed before her—strong and manly and rather stern, with his mouth that seldom smiled, his eyes that were impossible to read; those clear dark blue eyes into which you looked straight down, as into the depths of the sea—until, all at once, with a little shiver, you discovered that they were looking right into and straight through you instead! And she felt sick and faint with an emotion that was curiously made of fright and dismay and anger and pride.

"Owen—Owen, why do I want to hurt you?" she thought despairingly. And in a flash of sheer panic: "Oh, I must get out of this! Oh, what a fool I've been!"

She rose abruptly. She had really almost forgotten about Hugh—was surprised to find him at her side. She had certainly forgotten his last remark. But he interpreted her sudden gesture as a response to it. A smile of self-satisfaction crossed his lips. He very nearly swaggered out of the room with her, and out of the hotel to her waiting car. There she was astonished to see that he expected to get in with her.

"Can I give you a lift anywhere?" she asked politely but rather absent-mindedly.

"Why, yes!" It was his turn now to be surprised. "I thought you expected me to drive out to Clivedale with you. Wasn't that what you meant?"

"What I meant?" She stared at him as if from a great distance. Her voice, her tone was vague; she was still thinking of Owen.

"What a funny girl you are, Val!" he said, comfortably settling himself down beside her on the soft gray cushions. She observed that he was putting on weight. There was a fleshy look to his red cheeks, his figure was more solid than it should have been for his height. Owen was several inches taller, his face was thin, the cheek bones strongly marked, the chin and line of the jaw showed their firm, bony structure. His long body was spare, lean, firmly covered with hard muscles, not with soft cushions of flesh.

"Are you playing much golf now, Hugh—and tennis?"

"No; haven't time."

"Time?"

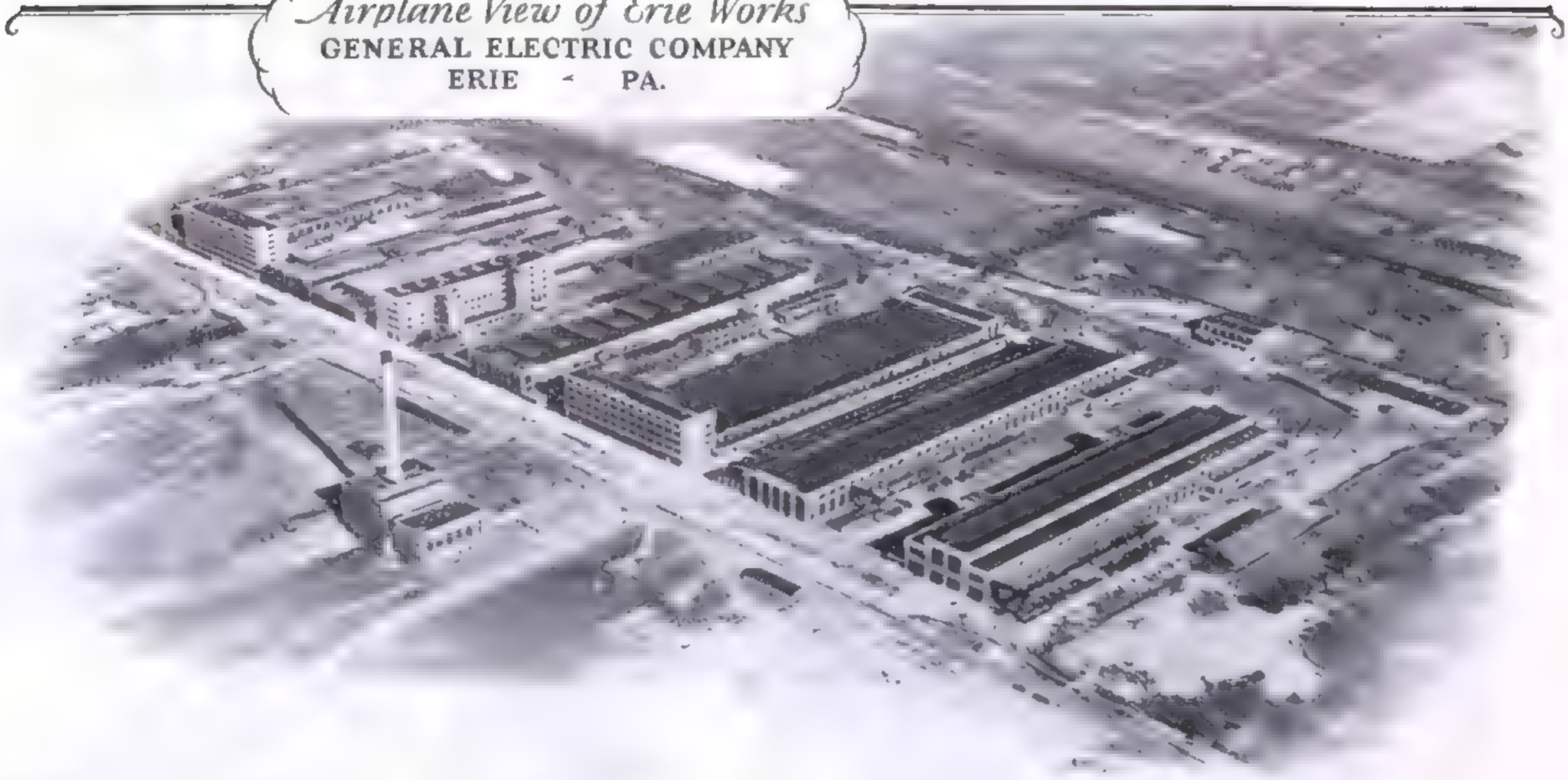
He looked slightly embarrassed. "Well, you see, Mr. Harcourt has taken me in. I've got a new job. Have to work a lot harder now—to my own advantage, of course."

"Oh, I see. But you don't look as if you work very hard. I'm taking up golf and tennis now, in the way I've always wanted to—seriously, you know—to play an excellent game. I have lessons out at the club nearly every day, and I ride every morning, of course."

"Well"—he looked at her a little enviously—"you can afford to play all the time. I can't. It's not what people think

Continued on Page 118

Airplane View of Erie Works
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ERIE - PA.



15,034 "Squares" of General Electric Company roofs are - - - - - Johns-Manville Built-Up Asbestos

The General Electric Company is one of the world's greatest engineering organizations. This corporation buys equipment and materials after analysis and test. Precise standards and rigid specifications must be met. Nor does the exacting scrutiny end the purchase. Performance is studied with equal care.

The 15,034 squares (1,503,400 square feet) of Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs on the General Electric Company's works at Erie, Pennsylvania, seem to us a stronger endorsement, a better proof of the worth of our roofs than anything which we might say. Chosen after cold consideration of various roofings, Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs have met the test of severe use. They have been specified for building after building as the works have grown.

The result of 50 years' experience

The reason that our Built-up Roofs have met the tests of General Electric and many other engineers is that we, ourselves, are engineers. Pioneer developers of ASBESTOS, we have exhaustively studied, tested and worked with this remarkable mineral for 50 years.

Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs are the result of experience in the manufacture of roofing felts, in the application of built-up roofs, and an observation of their performance extending over nearly half a century. It is because of this very long experience that the Johns-Manville organization is able to offer the very utmost in a built-up roof that is smooth, fireproof, of long life, economical, a roof that will not give trouble at any point, a roof that you can apply and forget.

If you have any connection with the building or maintenance of any factory, warehouse, office building, hotel, theatre, athletic field—in short, any structure of large roof area—we suggest that you write to us about the roofing. You incur no obligation. We think we may be helpful.

Johns-Manville fireproof Asbestos Shingles are used on the roofs of more than 200 houses in Lawrence Park, a residential development for General Electric employees at Erie, Pa. These shingles provide a good-looking, everlasting, roof ideal for any home.

Johns-Manville Authorized Roofers

Johns-Manville Authorized Roofers are trained in the proper application of our Built-up Asbestos Roofs. You can rely on our Authorized Roofers to do their work well, to charge fair prices, and to render businesslike and satisfactory service.

Johns-Manville

ASBESTOS MINERS AND MANUFACTURERS

Asbestos Products to Serve Every Industry

Johns-Manville insulations conserve heat and prevent power and fuel wastes. Scores of other Johns-Manville items made wholly or in part of asbestos are in daily use by thousands of power houses, factories, foundries, mills, mines and railways the world over. For over 50 years we have used asbestos to guard human life and property, to conserve power, to improve living conditions.

FILL IN, TEAR OUT, MAIL

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
For Canada: Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto.
(Mail this coupon to branch nearest you)

Without obligation on my part please send me information covering Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofing and the name of the nearest Johns-Manville Authorized Roofer

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . .

State . . . . . .

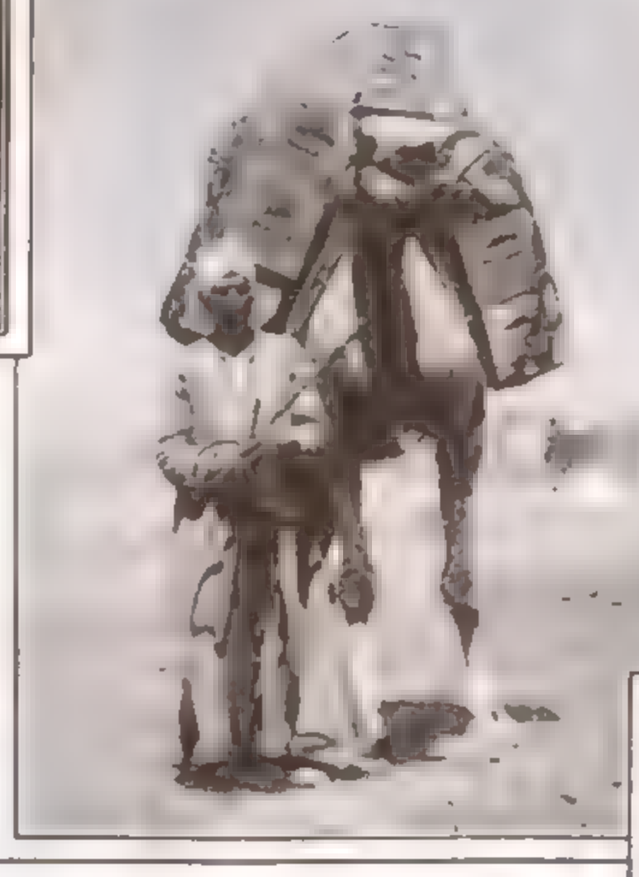
First in quality

(*at left*) THIS ISN'T A TOY village filling station that Santa Claus left for the youngster's Christmas. It is an actual and very lively filling station in Poland where they also find Mobiloil a prime necessity for motorists.

(*above*) WHEN COMMANDER BYRD
the world by flying to the North Pole,
engines of his plane were lubricated with
the world's quality oil.

(*Wide Wor*

(*above*) HIRAM BOND EVEREST, founder of the Vacuum Oil Company, makers of Gargoyle Mobiloil. In 1866 Mr. Everest built a Vacuum still in his back yard at Rochester, N. Y., and began the manufacture of lubricating oils.



(*above*) WHEN A SHIP OF THE DESERT carries oil, is it a tanker? This camel, loaded with Mobiloil, is setting off into the desert of north Egypt. The world's quality oil is indispensable to motorists whose duties carry them out onto the difficult roads in the sandy Sahara wastes.

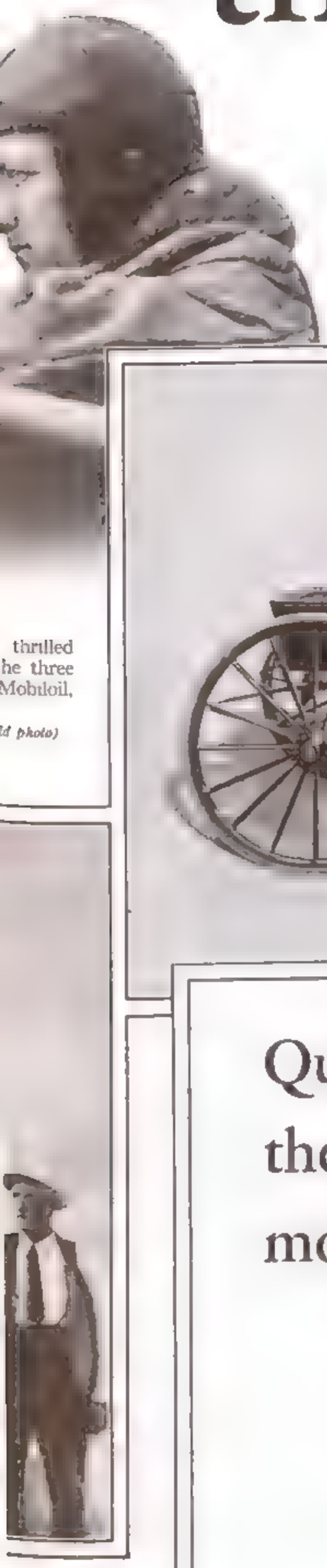
(*at right*) WHERE MOBILOIL IS MADE. This 700-acre Mobiloil refinery at Paulsboro, N. J., is one of the great oaks which grew from Mr. Everest's little acorn — the Vacuum still pictured at the right.

(*above*) HE STARTED MAKING OIL 54 yea
A. J. Goebel started working for the Vacuum
in 1874. He is shown here standing beside
still which first produced Vacuum Oil 63 ye
veterans like Mr. Goebel, of whom there are m
long experience into making Mobiloil, the world

VACUUM OIL

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lu

. . . the world over



thrilled
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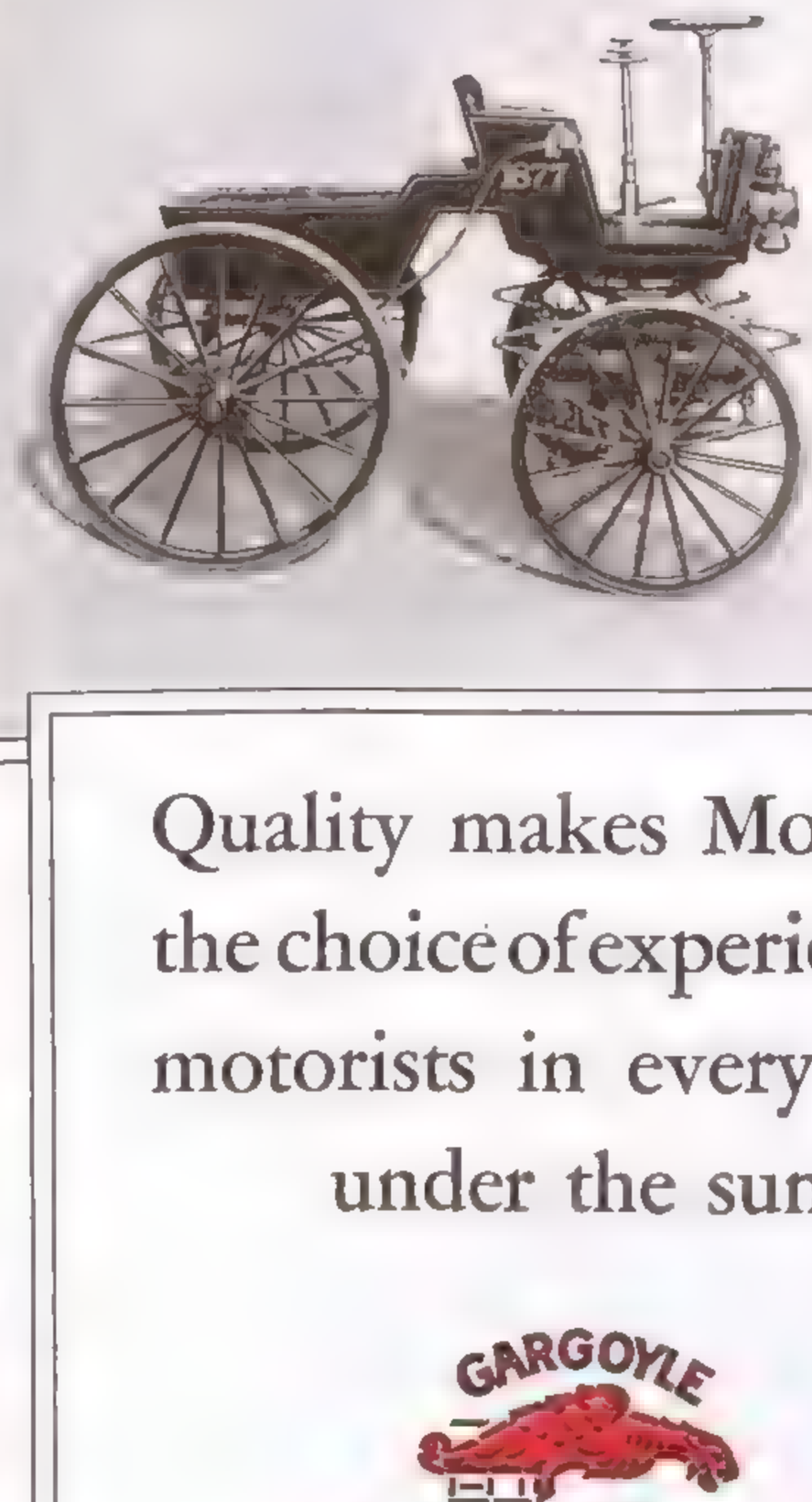
Mobiloil,

d photo)

urs ago. Mr.
Oil Company
the 40-barrel
's ago. It is
any, who put
's quality oil.

(*below*) SELDEN'S FIRST HORSELESS BUGGY. In 1877 George Selden finally succeeded in running his "horseless carriage" down Genesee Street in Rochester, N. Y., but not until Vacuum Oil Company engineers had shown him how to lubricate it with a petroleum-base lubricating oil. Today millions of motorists in the United States alone are using Mobiloil—the world's quality oil.



(*above*) WHEN PRINCE MEETS PRINCE—at the Derby Ball in London in 1927. Col. Lindbergh was the toast of Europe after his thrilling flight. Mobiloil was used by Col. Lindbergh in his New York-to-Paris flight and in all the flights he has made since that time.

(Wide World photo)

Quality makes Mobiloil the choice of experienced motorists in every land under the sun

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

(*below*) MOBILOIL AT ITS SOURCE. In 1879 the Vacuum Oil Company drilled this well at Le Roy, N. Y. Today the company uses oil from the finest oil wells in the world when it selects the high-grade lubricating stocks that go into the making of Gargoyle Mobiloil. Modern mass production methods enable you to buy the highest quality oil at the lowest possible price—30 cents a quart

COMPANY

bricating oils for all types of machinery

your clothes

made for the million or made for you?...

THE Garden of Eden undoubtedly enjoyed an exceptional climate. But even had that unfortunate apple never fallen into Eve's hand, I for one don't believe fig leaves would have remained in vogue. For clothes are so intimate, so personal, that every man likes them to express himself—to set himself off from the crowd—to further his fortunes. In short, every man likes custom-made clothes.

But — custom clothes have been high priced. "Have been," I say; for now they are not high priced—if you know where to get them. And I ought to know, for dad and I spent fourteen years in making them low-priced.

Made for You Only

Today, at Tailorcrest — our beautiful, white-walled plant crowning Style Hill in Cincinnati, occupied by the happiest family of workers in the world—you can buy a custom suit or overcoat for less than you pay for a ready-made—for $29.50, $34.75 and $42.50.

Tailorcrest is a thousand custom tailorshops in one. Here every garment is styled by our own eminent designer — hand cut, with shears, to your measure, by master craftsmen, from pure, virgin wool fabrics—hand sewed with silk in every vital part—rigidly inspected.

Now, if you don't wear Davis clothes, here's a proposition. Let our local representative measure you for a suit or overcoat, at your home, office or shop—wherever you have privacy. He will help you to a choice from 150 patterns in 30 different models.

Look It Over at Home

We will give your order a 6-day service at Tailorcrest. When you receive it, in a sealed, dust-proof carton, take it home and look it over for 24 hours. Then—and this is the pith of my proposition—if you don't like it, if it isn't the greatest value you ever received in clothes, you will not be out one penny.

You would enjoy a clever little book called *Your Clothes and How to Buy Them*. It lets you into the secret of making your clothes budget go further. It is yours for the asking.

P. H. Davis, President

The P·H·Davis Tailoring Company
Tailorcrest . . . . . Cincinnati

(Continued from Page 114)

about me, Val. I'm not marrying into the loafers' class, you know. Mr. Harcourt expects me to do my bit, and I want to—naturally." He gave an almost inaudible sigh, and Valeria guessed that he was discovering in the Harcourts that streak of solid determination and hard, practical, even shrewd common sense for which the whole family was famous.

As if, in his turn, Hugh had guessed her thoughts, he colored slightly, laughed and tried to adopt toward her a teasing, patronizing tone as of one adventurer to another more successful:

"What does it feel like to be rich, Val?"

She turned a very serious gaze on him. "I think," she said slowly, "it feels like a nice hot bath after a disgusting grubby picnic." He laughed. "It not only gives you physical self-respect," she continued gravely, "but it makes you feel that you might have a little respect for your soul too."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, it does make me so tired," she burst out, "all the talk you constantly hear about the sterling virtues bred by poverty! How can you be anything that is good and generous and self-respecting when you've got to haggle and be mean and spiteful and quarrelsome and petty about money, if you've got to talk about it and think about it and let it guide your whole conduct because you're so poor you daren't forget it? Well, I know there must be heaps of people in the world who have more character than I, who can be fine and good and noble in spite of all that. But not me. I'm just beginning to call my soul my own, to find out I've got one—a tiny little shriveled character that might some day grow."

"Well," said Hugh with a quiet smile, "I'm glad you admit I was right."

"You—right?"

"Yes; when I told you it would be impossible for us to live together in poverty. You know, you thought we could make a go of it. But I knew you too well."

"Oh, you did it for my sake? You were thinking only of me?"

He laid his hand on hers. And all at once it seemed sad that that touch, once so longed for, had no power now to thrill her. Hugh's hand was—merely a hand. And, oh, dear, rather a chubby one! Too white, too soft. Owen's hands—his long, thin, strong fingers—his hard, brown, thrilling hands!

"I loved you, Val," Hugh was saying. "I always loved you. But I had to save us both."

She gently withdrew her hand and looked at him with an almost remorseful disillusion.

"I ought to be grateful to you," she said, in a voice that was only faintly tinged with irony. And to herself: "Oh, I am grateful to you, but not for the reason you think."

"Have you forgiven me then?" he was asking in a low, tender voice.

"Oh, quite — quite!" she answered frankly, sincerely, joyously. And again she felt that rush of exultant happiness—that crazy, childish wish to shout and sing: "Oh, I am free! I am free!"

"The only happy part of a love affair is when you know it's over," she thought, and laughed aloud.

"What's so funny, Val? What are you laughing at?"

"Myself," she said truthfully.

She turned her head and looked for a long time at Hugh, gravely, minutely examining his features, as if she sought the answer to a riddle. She gave it up. She shook her head in faint, smiling despair.

"No one will ever know why they fall in love," she thought, "or why they fall out. I tried to kill myself—to take my own beautiful, precious life—for that little fat, or at any rate rather chubby, person."

But this time, though she deliberately phrased her thoughts in a humorous way, she could not laugh. The memory of her suffering was still too recent. She looked at Hugh with astonishment. It seemed incredible now that he could have caused her that agony. Yet she looked at him, too, with a certain awe and respect—as one might at a stranger's grave

XXXIII

HE STARED about the drawing-room with a hostile expression, only too obviously seeking faults. The tour of the house and grounds, the inspection of the stables with the Thoroughbred horses, had been a painful experience for Hugh. Val was sorry. Yet he had asked for it, even insisted. It was entirely his own fault if he suffered now.

She sat down on a sofa and indicated a very comfortable chair for Hugh; she rang for cocktails in the effort to soothe him. Really, it was too astonishing! Even her desire to hurt him had gone. But Hugh wouldn't compose himself. He wandered about the long room, staring up at family portraits or out of glass doors at far perspectives of lawn and woodland, moodily examining bits of fine old Italian brocade or the cabinets of jade and ivory John Clive had collected, looking with a critical smile at the flowered carpet, the heavy carved walnut furniture and cut-glass lusters.

"I'm surprised you haven't cleared out some of this Victorian junk, Val," he remarked lightly.

"And they say women are cats!" Val thought. Aloud, she replied good-humoredly: "Oh, I rather like it. I mean—I might not have chosen just these things myself. But some of them are nice, and altogether it has a rather complete character, I think."

"Yes; but not your character. That's just the point. It's still John Clive's house."

"Well, I'm quite sure I should have liked John Clive."

Hugh came and stood in front of her, looking down at her rather sternly.

"Don't you want your own house though?" he catechized.

"I know one is supposed to," she apologized. "But really, Hugh, after living in a stuffy little flat it's such heaven to have any house at all! And John Clive has saved me such a lot of responsibility," she added with a mischievous smile. "If there's anything in the house to criticize, I can simply say to my friends, 'Oh, that's not my taste, my dear!'"

"Well, I dare say it's a good thing you feel that way," Hugh replied dryly, "since Owen wouldn't give it up, anyway, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, he would," she said cheerfully. "He was having a new house built for Beth in Midland—didn't you know? . . . Do sit down, Hugh; you're making me nervous prowling about like that. What do you expect to find? Owen and I haven't any skeletons in our cupboards. In a way, it's quite a relief to have the whole world know your complete history."

Wyck came in with a tray of cocktails and Hugh took one and sat down opposite Val. He drank quickly, refused a second; and when the butler had gone, Hugh said, bending forward and staring intently at his hostess:

"Look here, Val, let's stop pretending."

"Are you pretending, Hugh?"

He made a slight impatient gesture.

"We can't go on like this!" he declared almost angrily.

"Like what?" She gave him a quiet smile. He jumped up, caught her by the wrist, dragged her to her feet and into his arms. "No, Hugh! No!"

He fought against her writhing body, her averted head, tried to force her chin around with his hand and find her mouth. She got one arm free and struck him with all her force. He let her go, staggered back, a red mark showing on his cheek. But he tried to laugh.

"You little devil, you!"

"I'm not playing!" Her voice rang out like a shot. "If you touch me again I'll kill you!"

Her furious expression convinced him of her sincerity.

He shouted at her angrily, "Then what the devil did you mean—inviting me out here?"

All at once she began to laugh. She sank down in a chair, helpless, weak with laughter, tears in her eyes from laughter.

"Oh, Hugh! Oh, Hugh! How thoroughly conventional you are!"

"Beg pardon, madame ——"

Wyck again at the open door. Valeria sat up straight, composed her features. Hugh hurriedly assumed a careless attitude against the mantelpiece—which unfortunately happened to be a little too high for him. Wyck advanced with perfectly maintained dignity and a visiting card on a tray.

Valeria took the card, glanced at it indifferently, then gasped.

"Oh, good—goodness!" she stammered. "Hugh!"

"What?" He started forward in alarm at the sight of her face.

She held out the card and he became more panic-stricken than she.

"Say you're not at home, Val!"

"No, that won't do."

She turned her head toward the waiting butler and spoke in a calm voice.

"Ask Miss Harcourt to come in here, please, Wyck."

"Val! Are you crazy?" Hugh exclaimed in a sharp whisper as soon as the butler was out of the door. "Quick! Where can I go? Isn't there another way out?"

"Stay just where you are," she commanded firmly. "This isn't a French farce. Do you think I want Madge to find you hiding behind a screen?"

"Oh, what a mess!" he groaned. "Well, anyway, her mother isn't with her!"

"Don't be an idiot," said Val. "It's only a mess if you look so guilty. There's nothing improper in an afternoon call." Then she was forced to laugh again. "At least," she added, "there ought not to be. What a good thing, though, that Madge always remembers her manners, even in an emotional crisis, and doesn't walk in unannounced."

XXXIV

"PLEASE forgive me for calling on you, Mrs. Mallory. I know that no one ever calls any more," said Madge in a brightly artificial tone which was oddly at variance with her childish mouth. "Oh! And Hugh! What a nice surprise to find you here!"

Her manner was so perfectly maintained that even Valeria was almost deceived. It was not until they had chatted for a few minutes about Val's lovely garden and the rough Atlantic crossing the Harcourts had just endured, and Madge had accepted a cocktail—much to the general surprise, for she had never been allowed to drink anything stronger than claret lemonade—that she said quite carelessly:

"Oh, Hugh, would you mind —— Please don't think me terribly rude, but I wanted to talk to Mrs. Mallory. And, of course, I didn't expect to find you here."

"Oh, all right. I was just running away, dear, when you came. I'd only stopped in for a minute on my way out—ah—to a place your father wanted me to see," he babbled, tremendously relieved.

"Now I'm in for it, all alone—the coward!" thought Val as he hastily bade them good-by.

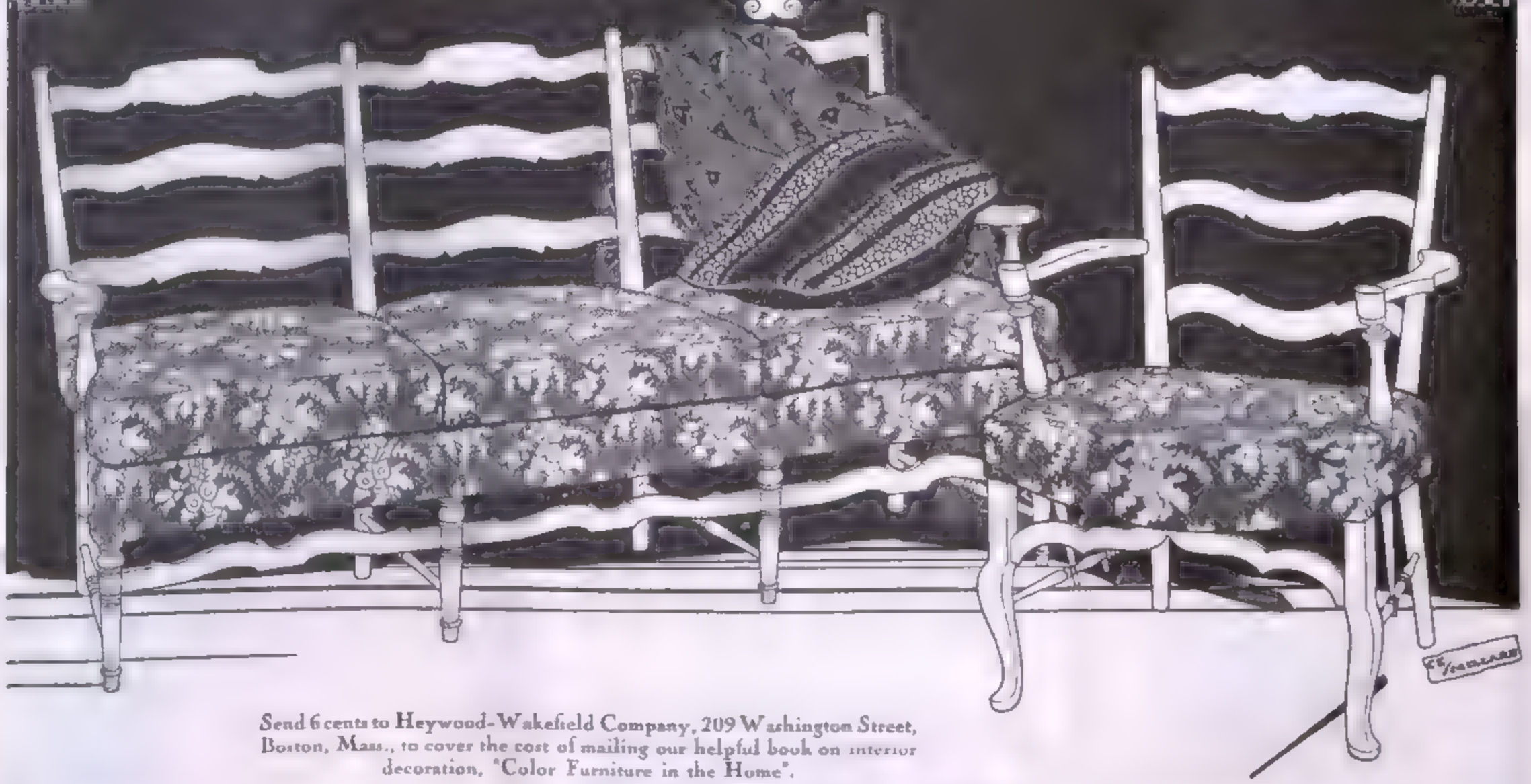
Madge hesitated after her fiancé had gone. She set down the glass with the unfinished cocktail and looked at Val almost piteously, blushing as she clasped and unclasped her hands.

She was a living example of the great truth—that dowdy clothes may be bought in Paris too. She and her mother had just returned from a shopping expedition on which undoubtedly they had spent a small fortune. It was said that Mrs. Harcourt patronized one of the *grands couturiers*, but bribed him into making clothes which were almost a replica of the fashions of her own youth. At any rate, Madge, in her matronly hat, her too long skirts and her general effect of being corseted, might just as well have been costumed by a village seamstress. Even her costly furs, of beautiful texture, were cut in a *démodé* manner and worn rather too literally—that is, not with

(Continued on Page 122)

Once again, Heywood-Wakefield popularizes a new trend in furniture. This time it is in quaint and charming Normandy designs, upholstered in gaily colored chintzes, silk damasks, and ratinés and finished in such unusual colors as parchment, mellow maple, ebony, antique mahogany, and others. Now that interest in Normandy architecture and decoration is at such a height, this furniture is particularly appropriate for American homemakers. By using it en suite or by the tasteful application of a single Normandy chair, you will be surprised at the delightful and colorful change which takes place in the decorative appeal of any room. ℘ Two distinctive Normandy pieces are shown below, Arm Chair C 3015 C and Settee C 3013-60. Of course, there are many more —some with full upholstered backs, some with sag seats, and some with removable, quilted pads that lend color and comfort to the back. ℘ Each piece of Normandy furniture made by Heywood-Wakefield is sound and authentic in workmanship—graceful, beautiful, and in good taste—as well as surprisingly reasonable in price.

Your dealer will be pleased to show you the Normandy styles and other unusual designs made by Heywood-Wakefield.



Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Company, 209 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., to cover the cost of mailing our helpful book on interior decoration, "Color Furniture in the Home".

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

ICE··from the

NO NOISE

NO MOVING PARTS

Heat Supplies Power

Starts a liquid upon an endless cycle of physical change that produces intense cold

SIX years ago it was but a successful laboratory experiment. Today it is in use in thousands of homes—a refrigerator that makes ice cubes without mechanism.

In this amazing Electrolux Refrigerator science has developed a new and revolutionary freezing principle . . . simple as a vacuum bottle, silent as the Sphinx, lasting as a steel safe. The new principle makes ice from heat. Incredible as it sounds, the heat actually does all the work.

An even cold temperature . . . Ice cubes freeze very quickly in the Electrolux. The box temperature scarcely varies at all. It stays within a degree or two of the ideal point for which it is set, so even and constant is the operation of the new principle.

How the new principle works . . . The action that takes place in the Electrolux is physical, instead of mechanical. A tiny gas flame or some other form of heat changes a liquid to vapor. The vapor passes through coils, condenses back to a liquid, and the action starts all over again. This physical change literally makes cold.

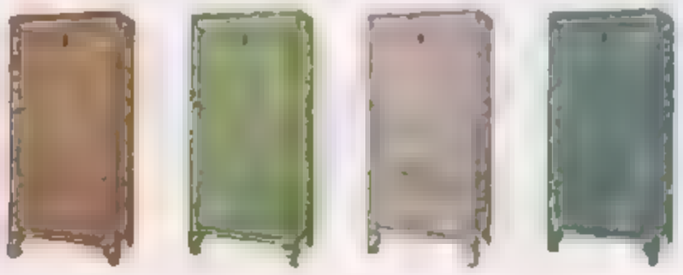
Almost like perpetual motion . . . The freezing action goes on in an endless cycle, like perpetual motion. It continues without attention as long as the heat is supplied. In the gas type, should the gas supply be interrupted for any reason, the chilling action stops but no harm is done. An automatic shut-off keeps the gas from flowing again until you turn it on.

Liquid needs no renewal . . . The refrigerating liquid is hermetically sealed in metal. It never deteriorates; never has to be renewed. Neither will it leak or give off the slightest odor.

Free from trouble . . . Furthermore, with no moving parts, there is nothing to get out of order or require servicing, not a thing to wear out or replace anywhere—unless it be

LEFT—*This is the Double Duty Electrolux, made with a beautiful white enameled table-top. You can also buy this model without the table-top but with a good-looking automatic heat control gas stove that is specially made to fit on top of the Electrolux. Refrigerator contains 5 cubic feet of food storage space. Outer dimensions 37 3/8" wide, 25 9/16" deep, 29 1/4" high. Price, with table-top, $275.*

BELOW—*Each Electrolux model can be obtained in white or these lovely color effects: Ivory Tan, Crystal Green, Silver Grey, Biscay Blue. Prices, depending upon size, from $225 to $550, f. o. b. Evansville, Ind.*



HEAT that FREEZES

the inexpensive little gas burner or electric heating element, after years of use.

Not a whisper of sound . . . The Electrolux Refrigerator isn't merely quiet. There is an entire absence of sound. With no moving parts present, this product is no more capable of producing sound than your kitchen cabinet.

Will last a lifetime . . . Every detail of the Electrolux is made with the idea that here is a refrigerator good for a lifetime of trouble-free service—a refrigerator that you will use all your life and then hand down to your children. Its walls are of Armco Ingot Iron. This famous rust-resisting metal is finished in durable lacquer. You may have your Electrolux in white or in a variety of beautiful color effects exclusive with Servel. Between the double walls is at least one-half more insulation than is usually found—three inches of solid cork in the larger size box; two and one-half inches in the smaller sizes. The interior is lustrous smooth baked-on porcelain, without a single crevice, seam or rivet hole.

Less expensive to use . . . Not only does this new refrigerator usually cost far less per week, per month or per year for operation and upkeep, but it is one of the least expensive to buy despite all its many wonderful features.

Made by a well-known company . . . Servel, Inc., which has been responsible for many of the most important scientific advances in mechanical refrigeration, is back of Electrolux—the latest and most remarkable achievement of all.

Thoroughly tested and proved . . . The freezing principle of the Electrolux was discovered by scientists at the University of Stockholm, Sweden, in 1922. During the six years since then, this principle has been thoroughly tested and proved. Thousands of Electrolux Refrigerators are successfully operating in Europe today; and already, in the short time since they have been introduced to this country, they have scored an amazing success.

Endorsed by leading authorities . . . One of the best testimonials for the Electrolux Refrigerator is that already the largest gas and electric companies, after a careful investigation of the product, have given their enthusiastic approval and are now selling it.

ELECTROLUX
REFRIGERATOR
FREEZES by HEAT
MADE BY
SERVEL

ABOVE—*The Chef Size Electrolux shown here contains 7 cubic feet of storage space. Outside dimensions, 33" wide, 26" deep, 60" high. Price, $345.*

. . .

Where to see the Electrolux . . . You can't half appreciate this new household marvel until you see it in action. We suggest that you visit our nearest distributor's display room for a free demonstration of the Electrolux, or return the coupon below for our complete 16-page illustrated booklet called "Heat that Freezes," and our 8-page folder illustrating the new and exclusive Servel color effects. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

NOTICE TO DEALERS

We invite inquiries from responsible dealers.

RETURN THIS COUPON TODAY

Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind
Gentlemen: Without obligation to me, please send me a free copy of your 16-page illustrated booklet, "Heat that Freezes," and 8-page folder describing the exclusive Servel color effects

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

ELECTROLUX
REFRIGERATOR

Made by SERVEL

© 1928, S. S., Inc.

(Continued from Page 118)

the sophisticated casualness then the mode. Even her pearls were slightly absurd—perfectly matched, Oriental, of course; but a tiny childish string too tight for that fat little neck.

Observing her, Val saw, in a flash of sympathetic insight, the whole trousseau—the finest of linens, the heaviest silks, excruciatingly patient hand embroidery, real lace, everything of unimpeachable texture and workmanship

"And not a seductive undergarment in the lot!" thought Val. And she felt a queer pang of pity and tenderness—yes, actually a sort of maternal tenderness—for poor Madge, who sat there blushing and waiting to denounce her.

Absurdly, she wanted to help Madge over the first difficulty and awkwardness—a doubly painful emotional scene for one of Madge's training. If the poor child couldn't begin she must do it for her. Certainly she was sufficiently accustomed to emotional scenes!

So she said, "I know why you came to see me."

A look of relief flashed up in the honest blue eyes.

"Oh, Mrs. Mallory, I don't know what you will think of me," Madge gasped out, "but I've got some perfectly horrid things I must say to you!"

"Then I shall think you very unkind if you don't say them at once, without any excuses."

"Oh, may I? Thank you. I don't know why you are so nice to me ——"

She broke off to fumble in a large dowdy bag, embroidered in an arty manner—Mrs. Harcourt patronized peasant arts and crafts. Blushing more furiously than ever, Madge extracted a crumpled envelope, which she held out toward Val but would not allow her to touch.

"Oh, no! I don't want you to read it," she gasped. "It's an anonymous letter!"

She spoke these words with a shudder, as one might say, "Rattlesnake," and Val shared to some extent in that feeling.

But she asked coolly, "About me?"

"Yes—yes; I'm so sorry. I should have burned it long ago, as mother told me. Mother said girls in—in my position nearly always received anonymous letters when they got engaged, and they were simply beneath one's notice. Oh, I don't know why I kept it—or the clipping either."

"Good gracious! Have you got a clipping about me too?"

"Only out of that horrid little magazine, Club Chatter, which no one ever dreams of reading," Madge hastened to reassure her. "I should never have seen it, of course, but someone sent it me—anonymously. Oh, I know it is not dignified to take any notice of such things, but ——"

"Do you mind telling me what it was about me?"

"Oh, it isn't just about you, but me too. It's all so humiliating—I hate to speak of it. I might have been able to forget all about it—if it hadn't been for last night."

"And what happened last night?" Val had resigned herself to the task of forcing accusations from her rival's reluctant lips.

"Well, you see, I was at a party; and after dinner we were playing that riming game where you fold the paper over and pass it on to the next one—do you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"Well, and there'd been quite a lot of cocktails and everything, and so the rimes got worse and worse—I mean, more and more personal and—well, rather vulgar."

"That's the point of the game, I believe."

"So I went out of the drawing-room for a while, and when I came back I—I heard them laughing and reading a rime about me."

"What a shame! But I'm afraid you might have expected it."

"I shouldn't have minded, except—except that what they said in the rime was exactly the same as the clipping and the letter!"

"Then you must tell me ——"

"It was about you and—my fiancé. They said—all of them—that he had always loved you and only wanted to marry me"—her voice sank to a shamed whisper—"for my money."

Valeria did not attempt to speak; she found it difficult enough to keep her eyes steady, her expression calm, under the tortured searching of Madge's gaze.

"Then—today," Madge whispered. "I saw you together at the Selkirk. I saw Hugh get in your car. I seemed to lose all my self-control—I followed you out here. I don't know what you must think of me!"

"I think you were quite right to come straight to me," Valeria replied, forcing her voice to a practical note. "And please be entirely frank—would you like for me to promise not to see Hugh again?"

"Oh, I ——"

"On account of all this silly gossip, I mean? It might be best. And I'll give you my promise now."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Mallory, I'm afraid that isn't enough!"

"Well, upon my word," thought Valeria, "I wonder if this silly child can possibly imagine how some women in my place would have treated her." She had been very patient; she now felt annoyed.

"Do please tell me," she murmured in a rather sarcastic voice, "what else I can do."

Madge leaned forward in her chair, her hands tensely clasped.

"I'm afraid I must ask you—if it's true."

Valeria spoke coldly:

"If what is true?"

"Oh, Mrs. Mallory, I know how horrid I seem, and of course I have no right to question you, except—except that I must know! Don't you see?—I must know!" And, as Valeria was silent:

"I'm terribly—I'm terribly ——" Her low voice failed, her head drooped and a burning flush came up over her neck, swept her cheek. "You see, it's because I—I'm so terribly in love with Hugh."

That desperate shamed cry found an echo in Valeria's heart. And she felt a familiar and furious anger against the man she had once loved, whom this poor girl loved now—and who was not worthy of love at all.

What should she do? Tell Madge the truth? Spoil Hugh's careful calculations? And with the thought there sprang up, hotly exultant, that desire for personal revenge—the wish to take retribution into one's own hands, not to leave it to life and to fate—that is one of the most deeply rooted of all primitive impulses.

Scarcely knowing what she did, forgetting Madge in the swiftly rushing torrent of her own thoughts, Valeria walked rapidly across the room, paused by one of the long windows, and just for a second she enjoyed the imagined sound of her own voice as it told the truth to Madge as plainly and cruelly as Hugh had told her.

But Madge loved him. Why should she hurt Madge? She didn't hate Madge any longer, now that her own love for Hugh was gone. She hadn't the least desire in the world to hurt Madge. As soon injure some quivering soft white bird.

"Yet won't you hurt her more if you let her marry Hugh?"

So she hesitated, standing beside the window, drawing the heavy brocaded curtain aside, letting it fall back. Impossible to decide what was the right thing to say, or even what her own motive would be if she spoke. So easy to assign a noble motive to a cowardly act.

But her involuntary silence, the futile small gestures of distress, told Madge more than words. She rose quietly, pale to the lips.

"I'm sorry to have bothered you. Now I must go."

"Madge! Wait! You don't understand!"

She drew herself up, with her mother's own dignity, that quiet poise which not even dowdy frocks or a dumpy figure could make absurd. She held out her hand. The childish treble of her voice was stretched tight above the threatening tears.

"Thank you, Mrs. Mallory. You have been most kind."

XXXV

ONLY a few moments after Madge had gone another visitor was announced. Following hard on Wyck's heels, up the stairs, brushing past Celeste at the door, Kitty Grove entered her daughter's dressing room and exclaimed, without preliminary greeting:

"Well, Val, I do think you a fool!"

"Do you mind waiting just a minute, mother, with your opinion of me?"

At her gesture, Celeste slid gracefully out of the room. Valeria sat down on the chaise longue and drew her flame-colored negligee more closely about her, a flame-colored slipper decorated with ostrich dangled from one bare foot as she crossed her knees.

"Well, mother? I was just getting into the bath. I'm dining out."

"Oh, don't let me stop you from any of your engagements!" exclaimed Kitty Grove in her most sarcastic tones. She removed her gloves and, through force of habit, carefully folded them. "Now look here, Val," she began in a very decided but good-natured practical voice, as of one old campaigner to another, "I know how it is of course. Naturally you want to have a good time "

"Mother, do you mind getting on with your complaint against me? Never mind tact. I'm late now."

"How very rude you always were," murmured Kitty Grove in an artificially gentle and plaintive voice. "Heaven knows, though, I don't mind plain speaking!" she added more cheerfully. "I like, myself, to come straight to the point."

"Thanks, mother. Please do."

Kitty Grove sighed, looked down at her plump little hands with an expression of offended modesty.

"You were seen at the Selkirk of course." Valeria's poise was not, at this information, visibly shattered. She continued to look calmly and directly at her parent. Her lips curved upward in the beginning of a smile. "I did think you had more sense—if not more character," said Kitty Grove. "It was all over town in ten minutes. And one of my dear friends—I won't say whom—couldn't wait to come and see me. She actually telephoned!"

Her attention was caught by the ravishing froth and glitter of silver lamé and white tulle. She jumped up and ran to the enchanting frock that was laid out ready for the evening, touched it, held it up with a Sybaritic enthusiasm.

"Oh, how darling, Val! I've never seen this before."

"It's new," Val admitted carelessly.

"There you are!" Kitty Grove paused, with the dress as part of a dramatic gesture. "There you are!" she repeated in a tragic tone. "New frocks, and not quite a month married! Besides all that lovely trousseau Owen paid for! Oh, my dear, you don't know how lucky you are!"

"Yes, I do. You have told me."

"But you don't realize! You can't!" Kitty Grove's tones became even more intense. She laid the frock carefully, almost reverently, down and came to her daughter with a tragedy stride.

"Listen to me, Val!" She laid a hand firmly on the beautiful shoulder that tried to shrug out of her grasp. "You've got to listen to me this time. I'm solemnly warning you. Don't throw away your chances with Owen Mallory—as you've done with the rest!"

Val looked up at her coldly.

"I quite understand that, from your point of view, I have done very well for myself."

"And may I ask what is your point of view?" Kitty Grove was now fully excited. "Well, upon my word! I think anyone would agree you have done well for yourself!"

"Yes, I am a successful adventurer."

"And just what do you mean by that?"

"That I haven't any more respect for myself than for Hugh."

"Oh, Val, it simply can't be possible you are still infatuated ——"

"No, no."

"Then why—why did you want to see him again? I simply can't make you out. Sometimes I think you are like those people in the Bible, possessed of a devil—yes, honestly I do! But instead of wanting to hurt anyone else, it's always yourself you want to destroy—always! As soon as there's anyone thoroughly reliable who loves you, wants to give you everything, then you're possessed—simply possessed to spoil it all—throw everything away! It was the same with Bryce Greenhunter. You could have been married ten years ago, but you would drive him away. You made him so jealous, poor boy, he didn't dare marry you! And it's been the same with all the rest. They were afraid of you, Val. A man doesn't want a beautiful wife who's likely to make a fool of him; he'd much prefer a nice, plain, adoring, little woman who'll let him make a fool of himself."

"I wasn't in love with Bryce. Though I suppose I'd have married him if he hadn't thrown me over first."

"Oh, what's the use of talking about it now? But why could you never fall in love with anyone except a poor man? Is that what you have against Owen, if I may ask? You can't like him because he's able to make you comfortable—is that it?"

"You don't understand. I enjoy luxury as much as anyone else. And I do appreciate what Owen has given me. It's just that I haven't any respect for myself."

"But why? Why do you say that?"

"Because I was too lazy or cowardly—something—to make my own living instead of going on the husband hunt."

"Oh, there you go again! That silly feminist talk makes me mad all through! Why should you earn your own living? Look at yourself—look in a mirror! Perfectly beautiful—perfectly healthy—a real woman—you were made for marriage! Not as if you'd been one of those plain skinny girls who might just as well run a tea room. Why isn't marriage just as good a profession as pounding a typewriter? And I know you'd do it a lot better. Why should you feel disgraced to have your own husband support you? I can't see, myself, that a woman's any more use to the world decorating other people's houses than being a decoration in her own."

"Oh, I don't know how to explain," Val said in a low voice, looking away. "I know that what you say about me is true, in a way. I was meant to marry—I wanted to, of course. I joined you in the husband hunt willingly enough at first. I'm not blaming you, mother, or even myself. But there's something wrong somewhere in the whole plan, though I don't know what it is. I mean, if girls are to think of marriage as a profession, as you say—choose it deliberately, just as they'd choose to be of some other use in the world—then wouldn't it be better if they could decide on their career honestly, openly?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what on earth you're talking about!"

"I've thought a lot about it. There is something wrong with our way of making marriages—women having to scheme and fib and pretend. I don't know how else it could be arranged. But there ought to be some more dignified way, some more respectable way, than trapping a husband as if he were a wild animal, then pretending he fell into the trap by accident. And calling that accident love!"

"I think you must be crazy, Val. Why can't you take the world as you find it? You exaggerate so, anyway. I'm sure men were the pursuers ever—at least it was so in my day. If modern girls run after them they've no one to blame except themselves. Now do be sensible. If you've got anything against Owen, tell me, and perhaps I can help. But for goodness' sake, don't upset yourself over marriage in general; to that trouble you'll never find an end." She laughed in her short, sensible way. "If I were you," she hinted—kindly, practical,

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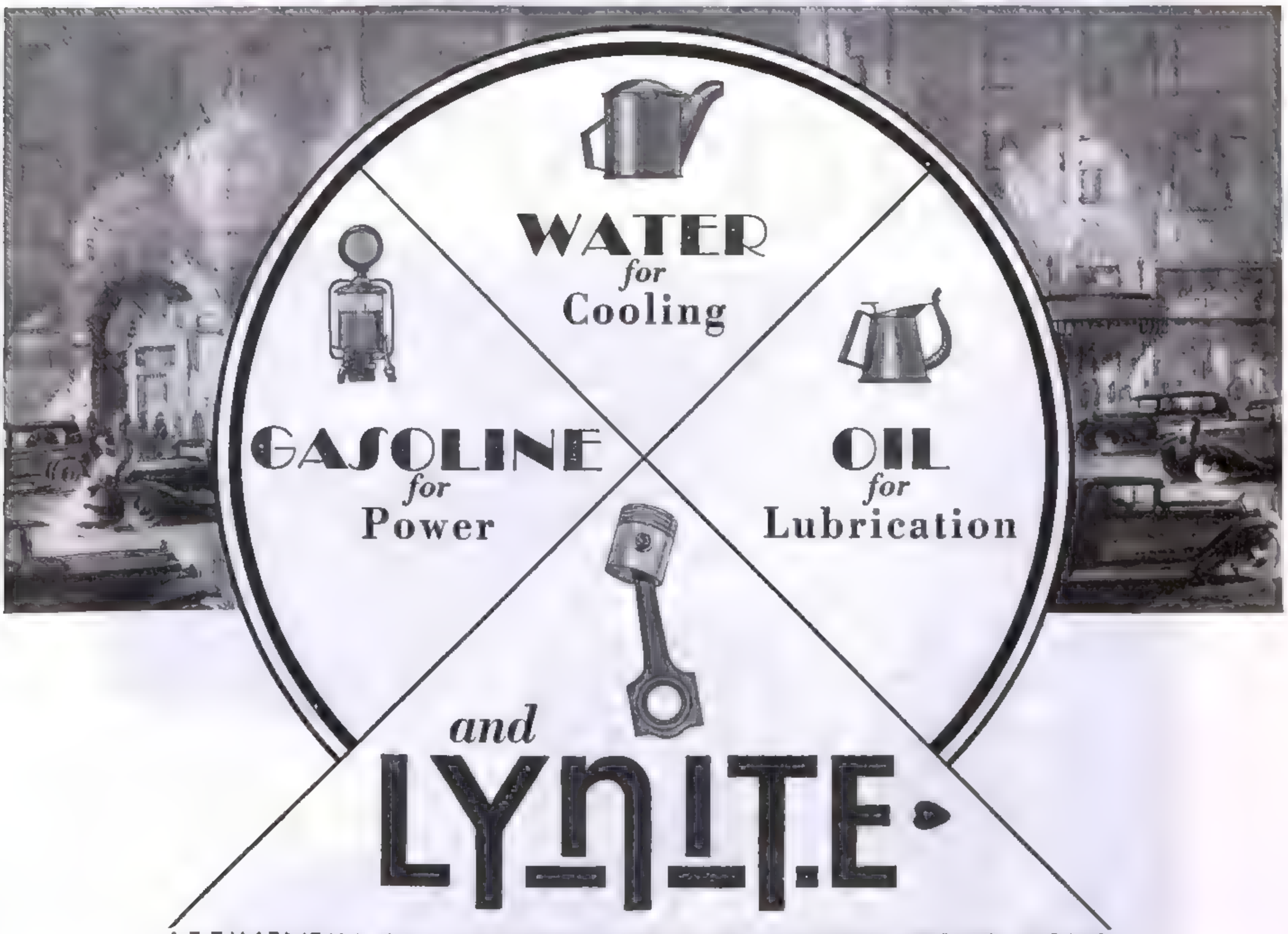
ALUMINUM



ALUMINUM ALLOY PISTONS AND CONNECTING RODS FOR MORE POWER—A COOLER MOTOR—BETTER LUBRICATION

Gasoline supplies the power which moves your car. Its efficiency can be increased by reducing the weight of the reciprocating parts. That is fundamental. Pistons and connecting rods are reciprocating parts. *LYNITE* strong aluminum alloys have but one-third the weight of iron or steel. Therefore, *LYNITE* pistons and connecting rods give more power, greater efficiency.

In water cooled cars, the water which you place in your radiator circulates through the cooling system and carries off the excess heat generated. Since no direct means of cooling the piston is practical, the piston must be made of a metal of high heat conductivity. Strong aluminum alloys have far greater heat carrying properties than iron or steel. Therefore, it is logical and fundamentally correct to use *LYNITE* strong aluminum alloy pistons and connecting rods to insure a cooler motor.

Oil lubricates moving parts. Its essential purpose is to eliminate friction. The lighter the weight of moving parts the less friction there is. *LYNITE* strong aluminum alloys, made of Alcoa Aluminum, are about one-third the weight of iron or steel. Therefore, *LYNITE* Pistons and Connecting Rods increase power and engine efficiency and prolong the life of the motor. Insist on *LYNITE* strong aluminum alloy pistons and connecting rods. They are the key to finer motor performance.

LYNITE PERFORMANCE

Greater speed—more pulling power. Several seconds quicker acceleration. Less wear on cylinders and bearings. Vibration reduced to a minimum. Less weight—greater fuel economy. Cooler motor—with less carbon.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

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ALUMINUM · IN · EVERY · COMMERCIAL · FORM

Quality spreads

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The

The beacon light of top quality has been the unfailing guide responsible for General's outstanding preference among car owners. General's part in the great progress that has been made in conquering distance is reflected in the exceptionally long mileage that can be counted on even in the second year of service.

the wings of progress

THE great developments in transportation by land, sea and air are the tangible results of the influence of quality.

Better motors made better planes just as better tires brought the better means to use the better highways.

Quality is the silver chariot that progress rides in.

A reputation for quality is a hard-earned asset. It must be proved and re-proved until people know its truth.

The General Tire enjoys that spontaneous acceptance because of its long association with top quality in the public mind.

With General, quality is a practical thing . . . giving values you can see and feel.

It has come to mean exceptionally long mileage, unusual comfort and the greatest factor in safe driving, applied not only to the finer cars but to all popular-priced makes as well.

Car owners want the kind of tire General makes.

This fast-spreading belief in the economy of top quality resulted last year in hundreds of thousands of experienced tire buyers changing to Generals.

They were the source from which General made its great sales gain, a record so pronounced that it was by far the most conspicuous gain in the industry—leading all.

1928 sales are mounting at even a faster rate, further marking the swing to General.

Obviously, there will be no deviation from General's policy of building only a quality tire.

And with tire prices at the present low level, never before has top quality cost so little.

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

You, too, will find many emergencies where a roll of tape—good tape—will save annoyance and repair bills.

Stopping leaks in radiator hose

There are untold numbers of auto uses, in addition to those illustrated. At home, too, DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape should be used for re-insulating worn cords on electric household appliances, stopping leaks in garden hose, repairing bicycle tires, winding grips on athletic equipment and tool handles and for many other purposes.

Insulating worn battery cables

Insulating worn headlight wires

Repairs made with DUTCH BRAND are permanent—it sticks tight—has long life—is a real electric insulator and besides every inch is usable, as it won't ravel or fray. Just as DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape is the choice of Big Industries, it is also favored by tape users everywhere because of its "Extra Service" qualities.

Insulating worn ignition wires

Sold by Electrical, Hardware, Motor Accessory, and General Stores in convenient 5c, 10c, 20c, and 35c packages.

VAN CLEEF BROS.
Manufacturers Rubber and Chemical Products
Woodlawn Ave., 77th to 78th Sts., Chicago, U.S.A.

Another Dutch Brand Product!

A Complete Tube Repair Outfit for 35c

Nothing else needed for repairing punctured tubes when you buy the Sure-Seal Patch Outht. You get the new patented Patch-Kutter for making beveled edge patches, a liberal supply of high grade patch rubber, and large tube of rubber cement. All for 35c at your garage or accessory dealer.

FIX-IT with DUTCH BRAND

(Continued from Page 122)

mysteriously motherly now—"when Owen comes home—goodness knows, I hope it will be soon. I should simply plan—you know you're nearly thirty now, Val—and there's no other way quite so certain for holding a man ——"

"I don't want to hold a man!" Val flamed up. "I think that's a perfectly revolting idea—holding anyone against their will! And to use a child for that purpose—disgusting—abominable!"

Mrs. Grove's reply to this heresy against the good woman's creed was cut short by a gentle but insistent tapping at the door. Celeste, with demurely lowered eyes and her face that of the cat that has just licked up cream, brought in a telegram on a tray.

Valeria took it, read it, folded it back into the envelope without a word. To the eager questions in her mother's eyes, she pretended oblivion; moved her fingers among the small silver jars on her dressing table, and with apparent interest smoothed cream on her cheeks, wiped it off, stared in the glass critically.

But Celeste, still waiting, dared to interrupt the rite:

"Pardon, madame, I have tole the messangaire to wait, eef there might be an answer."

"Yes—oh, yes, there is. Quite right, Celeste. One moment."

Valeria disappeared rapidly into the next room, taking the yellow envelope with her. Kitty Grove sat down with a sigh. When her daughter returned she had found her customary courage, and as soon as Celeste had gone ——

"Well, dear," Kitty Grove questioned brightly, "news of Owen, I hope."

"Yes. He has rescued his brother. They are both quite safe." Valeria's voice was metallic, her cheeks pale.

"Oh, really? How splendid! Let me see ——" She stretched out her hand.

"Sorry, mother. I destroyed it."

"Oh, really? How unsentimental you are!" Kitty Grove laughed, rose, adjusted her furs, pecked at Valeria's cool cheek. "Well, my dear little girl, mother must run along now. When does Owen return?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"It's uncertain, I mean."

"Oh! But at any rate, you ——"

"I don't know anything definite as yet, mother. As soon as I do I'll tell you."

Forced to be content with this mere crumb of information, Kitty Grove once more fondly kissed her daughter good-by.

Valeria went back into the next room, picked up the telegram from her desk. She stood in the twilight, reading it over with a perfectly expressionless face:

KING SAFE BUT WEAK AND ILL FROM HARDSHIP EXPOSURE. TAKING HIM TO HOSPITAL. RETURN EAST BY SLOW STAGES WHEN HE IS ABLE TO TRAVEL. WISH TO CONSULT NEW YORK SPECIALISTS. MAY BE NECESSARY REMAIN IN NEW YORK WITH KING SOME TIME. PLAN TO MEET ME THERE WITHIN NEXT TWO OR THREE WEEKS. WILL WIRE MORE DEFINITE DATE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. OWEN

She had answered:

IMPOSSIBLE TO MEET YOU. VAL

And these were the messages that came back and forth over the wires at intervals during the next two weeks:

WHY? OWEN.

NO PRACTICAL REASON. VAL

ARE YOU ILL? SEE DOCTOR GATHNEY AT ONCE ANSWER IMMEDIATELY. OWEN

PERFECT HEALTH. WISH TO REMAIN MIDLAND VAL.

WHAT IS THE MATTER? OWEN

WHY HAVE YOU NOT ANSWERED MY WIRE? WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? ANSWER. OWEN

NOTHING AT ALL. VAL

MEET ME NEW YORK. IF ANYTHING WRONG BETTER TO DISCUSS IT THERE. OWEN

I REPEAT NOTHING WRONG ENJOYING LIFE HERE. DO NOT WISH TO COME VAL

MEET ME IN NEW YORK. SHALL EXPECT YOU A WEEK FROM NEXT WEDNESDAY OWEN

NO. VAL

DO AS I SAY. OWEN

PLEASE CEASE TO ANNOY ME. VAL

DON'T BE AN IDIOT. WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU KNOW I CANNOT SAY WHAT I'D LIKE IN A TELEGRAM. BUT WHY ARE YOU TREATING ME IN THIS PERFECTLY ABSURD WAY? AFTER ALL MY WORRY ABOUT KING I CAN'T STAND FEMININE WHIMS. BE KIND TO ME. I'VE BEEN THROUGH [WORD DELETED BY THE TELEGRAPH COMPANY]. I SHALL EXPECT YOU IN NEW YORK WEDNESDAY EVENING THE THIRTIETH. YOUR TRAIN ARRIVES GRAND CENTRAL AT HALF-PAST EIGHT. I'LL MEET YOU OF COURSE AND WE'LL DINE QUIETLY AT OUR HOTEL. SHALL WE? OR IF YOU PREFER GO OUT SOMEWHERE VERY GAY AND HAVE A REAL PARTY. ANYTHING YOU LIKE. I'LL LEAVE KING FOR THAT EVENING AM ALL YOURS TO DO WHAT YOU LIKE. ONLY TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT. ALL I WANT IS YOU. COME TO ME. OWEN

PLEASE CEASE ANNOYING ME. VAL.

ALL RIGHT. NOW AND FOREVER. OWEN

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

(Continued from Page 27)

station to Hollywood and, without looking further, leased the old Blondeau tavern and stable at Gower and Sunset. In May, 1912, Universal had bought the studio.

Those who never have been to Southern California—and a few remain—cannot understand and are curious, I find, about the distinction between Hollywood and Los Angeles. Hollywood lies in the Cahuenga Valley, which stretches twenty miles from the original pueblo of Los Angeles to the sea at Santa Monica. Originally most of it was a cactus thicket given over to cattle and sheep. A great drought in 1879, if you will pardon a moment of drought, ruined the cattle trade and led to the first experiments with citrus trees and Chinese truck gardeners. In 1883 Horace H. Wilcox came out from Topeka, Kansas, where he had made money in real estate, and bought an apricot and fig orchard at Hollywood and Cahuenga boulevards, now the heart of the town, as a country home. His wife named the place Hollywood, after an estate of a friend in the East.

An Extra in Disguise

In the midst of Los Angeles' wildest boom in 1887 Wilcox platted the estate, but sold few lots and died land poor in 1893. When the town was incorporated in 1903 its population was only 700 and one of its first ordinances prohibited the driving of sheep in flocks of more than 2000 through the streets. Seven years later, unable to command its own water supply, it succumbed to Los Angeles. By now the Cahuenga Valley is built up almost continuously to the sea. When I first knocked on the Universal's gates in 1913, Los Angeles was a city of 500,000 and there still was a reach of open country between the city and the studio; from Hollywood to the sea, a long gap, there was only the village of Sawtelle.

Four companies were working on the Universal lot. For extras there was a casting window and a bull pen with benches where you sat all day unless you could get through the gates and dog the heels of an assistant director. If you want a perfect picture of it I refer you to Merton of the Movies. That is a story I read and a play and picture I saw with more emotions than the author. It will be a great surprise to Harry Leon Wilson, no doubt, but I was Merton—or one of many Mertons.

The gatekeeper was a crabby old soul who let me understand that it would be a pleasure to keep me out. As I lurked about I noticed that at noon a crowd of actors and extras drifted out in make-up to eat at a lunch counter across the way, passing the gatekeeper without question each way. The next morning I brought a make-up box. At noon I dodged behind a billboard, made up, mingled with the lunch-counter press and returned with them through the gate without challenge. Once inside, I was assumed to be an extra on the job. I got no work—hardly expected to get it—but I did learn useful things about studio routine, meet older heads among the extras, learn the names of directors and assistant directors and after a time begin to register on their memories as a regular. On the way out I made a point to speak to the gateman, and on future entrances, if he looked the least suspicious I would say, carelessly, "With Smalley"—Philip Smalley being one of the directors.

Other than the leads there were four grades of picture actors. The highest made up the stock company—that is, supporting players regularly employed. Next below ranked the guaranty people—extras at the regular three dollars a day, but assured of a minimum of four or five days' work a week and given group dressing rooms. Just extras, my own classification, formed the third group, cooling their heels from eight until mid-afternoon in the bull pen. No casting window ever admitted until late in the day that no work was in prospect—a device that cost the studio nothing and assured a supply of extras if a director suddenly called for them. At two or three o'clock, when it was too late to try other studios, the word was passed from the window:

"Nothing today, folks; but be sure to be here in the morning."

Below us were only the mob extras, recruited when needed by want ads and paid one dollar a day, luncheon and car fare. They were almost exclusively hobos and an unfragrant lot, pictures not yet having attracted the curiosity seekers.

The ruse of slipping through the gates in make-up with the returning lunchers had the disadvantage of not being workable until midday, by which time all parts would have been given out. Once acquainted with the guaranty actors, however, they let me in through a window of their dressing room before the cameras started the morning grind, and I began to get work.

The masters of our destinies were the assistant directors. The director himself had too much on his mind to bother casting more than the leads. The minor and background rôles were filled by his assistant, and if it was necessary to call upon the casting window for more extras, it was he who entered the bull pen and weeded out the waiters. Like second lieutenants, assistant directors were apt to be young and top-heavy with new authority; and though I escaped the bull pen early, more than one assistant director wiped his shoes upon my self-respect. My armor was pasteboard and my wounds were many.

If Dreams Came True

There was one very doggy director who now would be a broken old man sweeping my studio steps and tipping his hat gratefully as I rolled by in splendor if one dream had come true. The trouble about these revenge visions is that when the day of atonement comes around, the bitter hate that sped the day has turned funny on you and the injury has revenged itself. No one ever climbed in Hollywood, I suppose, without having endless old scores to pay, and few have been small enough to pay them.

Six months or so of this, and Universal opened a large new studio across the street, turning the old lot over to small comedy companies. By this time I was more or less attached to J. Farrell Macdonald, who was

(Continued on Page 129)

According to this new Knox hat, the proverb that simple pleasures are the best could very well be paraphrased into "simple hats are the best." For its sole decoration is a pert little bow on the side. But the clever way that Knox cuts the brim and shapes the crown lifts it far, far above the ordinary. In all Spring's smart colors. $10.

452 & 711 FIFTH AVE.

KNOX HATS FOR WOMEN

UNTIL recently, hat styles were often on the wane in fashion centers before they reached some sections of the country. But now the new Knox styles are seen throughout the land within a few days of their inception in New York. So that, today, every shop that displays the label of Knox is a style center where you will find the latest, the smartest and the most authoritative hat styles. $10 to $35.

Kotex Reduces Prices

A few months ago, as a means of winning a million new users for Kotex so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These 2 exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales

TO meet the immediate and overwhelming response of women to the two exclusive new features of Kotex we have been obliged to double our manufacturing facilities.

This fact and the introduction in our plants of our new, patented machinery enables us to announce a reduction of 30% in the regular price at which Kotex will be sold to all drug and dry goods stores.

• • •

Were it not for the fact of our being assured of a doubled demand for the new Kotex it would have to be sold at higher rather than lower prices.

• • •

Rarely is a manufacturer able to offer better goods and lower prices at the same time.

Two years of exacting work in our laboratories by designers and chemists (in cooperation with women doctors) led to the perfection of the Improved Kotex.

With the presentation of the new style Kotex, exclusive in design, comes the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

1 ***A new skilfully devised cut, with corners scientifically rounded*** . . . **the Improved Kotex may be worn under the most clinging gowns without awkward bulkiness.**

2 ***Softer gauze, fluffier filler*** **end the discomforts of chafing and binding.**

& **RETAINING ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION OF THE KOTEX YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN.**

What the new features mean

By a unique process, developed only after months of experiment, corners are now scientifically rounded and tapered so that the pad fits snugly, comfortably, securely. Closest-fitting gowns retain slim, smooth lines. This brings a composure heretofore impossible.

Now, exclusive methods have been found for making the absorbent filler *still softer.* Chafing and binding are eliminated.

27 women doctors, 83 nurses cooperated enthusiastically

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(Continued from Page 126)

directing J. Warren Kerrigan; extras who got on regularly usually were identified with one director. Kerrigan recently had come to Universal from the Flying A at Santa Barbara at the published salary of $300 a week, a figure which they could tell to the Marines as far as we extras were concerned. There wasn't that much money anywhere outside a press agent's mind, or so we thought. In Macdonald's unit I worked up from three dollars a day occasionally to five dollars and five days' work guaranteed, and picked up a character bit now and then.

Among the guaranty group was an extra who seemed to have first call on such bits. He was a good type, but a bad actor. Macdonald and his staff would struggle with him patiently while the rest of us stood by and bit our nails, half in envy, half in agony at the man's awkwardness. Just to convince myself that the bit was child's play, I would slip behind a set and rehearse it with myself, then come back and grit my teeth.

Another teeth-gritting extra was a young fellow named Hal Roach. Born in Elmira, New York, Roach had gone to the Pacific Northwest and Alaska, then drifted down the coast and got on at the Universal ranch in the San Fernando Valley as a cowboy in Kerrigan Westerns by virtue of being able to stick on a horse. Kerrigan liked him, and when the star returned to the studio he brought Roach along.

The First Conveyor System

Roach and I were cast as two thugs in one Kerrigan picture and the one small piece of business between us was given to him. Failing to satisfy the director after several tries, the business was transferred to me and I did it satisfactorily, as anyone of some stage experience could not have failed to do. Roach, who had held experience lightly, as the inexperienced do, was mildly impressed—more so when George Perilot, Macdonald's character man and a veteran actor, said some nice things about me. Perilot and I had talked make-up and he had found that I knew a trick or two not in his repertoire.

The crest of the Universal experience came with Samson and Delilah, a pretentious four-reel effort of Macdonald's, out of which I drew eight or nine straight five-dollar pay checks—an unusual break. A drove of mob extras were used in the picture and another guaranty man and I were told to make them up in a hurry as hairy Philistines. He took the gum arabic, I the crêpe hair, and we trotted the hobos past us on a conveyor-belt system later adopted by Henry Ford. He slapped on the gum with one motion, I a hank of hair with another, and where the hair landed it remained. Our aim was poor, but good enough for mobs in 1913.

The new studio had not been in use long when the casting routine was changed and a man named Datig made casting director. Assistant directors no longer chose their extras in the bull pen, but referred their needs to Datig. A new rule went into effect simultaneously—five dollars a day would be paid only for small parts, and extras not so employed would revert to three dollars without exception. That meant that we would earn three dollars much more often than five, and seven of us struck; rather, we refused to take three-dollar jobs, and the company retaliated by offering us nothing but three-dollar jobs so long as we held out. Moreover, stock and guaranty actors were given passes without which it was impossible to get beyond the bull pen. Some of the strikers surrendered after a few days; Roach and I never did. When I had hung about for two weeks without being offered a part and five dollars, I gave up and went to San Diego to ask Connor's advice. He told me that Alan Dwan, another director at U., once had been a pupil of his, and gave me a note to Dwan saying that I was a very capable boy and the rest of it. Dwan was very pleasant, but he had his own clan and the letter got me no further than a letter does today in Hollywood.

A New Company is Born

Deciding that something more was needed than my own word or someone else's that I was a useful actor, I had eight or ten photographs taken in widely varied character make-ups—the cream, in fact, of the Lloyd Portrait Gallery. All extras made great claims for themselves, and as the only test of these pretensions was the camera, casting directors did much of their hiring on an eenie-meenie-minie-moe basis. In such a market a sample case should have been useful, but my album was not particularly so. When Christy Cabanne, then and now a director, told me one day when I asked him for work that I was not a picture type, I flashed the album on him. Cabanne registered surprise and observed that he had been mistaken, no doubt, but he did not carry this apology to the extremity of giving me a job.

I got one finally with a small company making Frank L. Baum's Wizard of Oz stories. Following up the great success of the original story as a children's book and as a musical show with Dave Montgomery and Fred Stone as the Tin Man and Scarecrow, respectively, Baum wrote a shelf of sequels. A man named Gottschalk had the picture rights to all. I found Roach working here, and he and I clowned as Hottentots and similar savages in breechclouts and bolomania, a heavy but easily removed body paint.

Roach surprised me—though "surprise" is a faint word for it—one day by announcing that he had got hold of several thousand dollars with which he intended making pictures on his own. He would be the director and I could be the first brick in his company at the usual three dollars a day. A few days later he rented a corner in the Bradbury mansion as an office, with the use of a stage in the back yard, and Hal Roach was a producer.

The big Bradbury house stands atop the abrupt Court Street Hill, looking down on downtown Los Angeles, and is just about the best surviving example of pre-stucco California architecture in the city. It is a place of many turrets, bay windows, wood carvings and curlicues, a grand staircase, sixteen-foot ceilings, brocaded wall papers, stained glass, parqueted floors, hardwood finish, sliding doors and all the other elegancies of the 80's. In the yard a giant palm soars 110 feet and a rubber tree has grown so huge now that its roots are pushing up the cement walks. We called it Pneumonia Hall, from its wide and windy spaces. John Bradbury, a pioneer, built it, but the family had not lived there in some years. Mary Pickford, Chaplin, Hobart Bosworth, Max Figman and lesser actors had made pictures there, and two or three small companies were officed and working there when Roach rented his cubby-hole. There was not another building in Los Angeles so combining location and magnificence. The grand staircase was photographed so much that it still is a little upstage today, when the upper floors have become an old folks' home and the superior court judges use the first floor as a luncheon club and the old stable as a garage.

The Low Comedian

Roach had an idea that there would be novelty and money in kid pictures—a conviction which he vindicated eventually with the Our Gang comedies. He hired two boys and built his first picture, a one-reel comedy, around their boisterous day at the beach. I was the adult lead—the chauffeur who chaperoned them and bore the brunt of their boyish mischief, the little dears. Soon after, Jane Novak joined us, and Roach made a straight comedy in which she and I played the leads. Next he picked up an eccentric comedian and made four pictures with him.

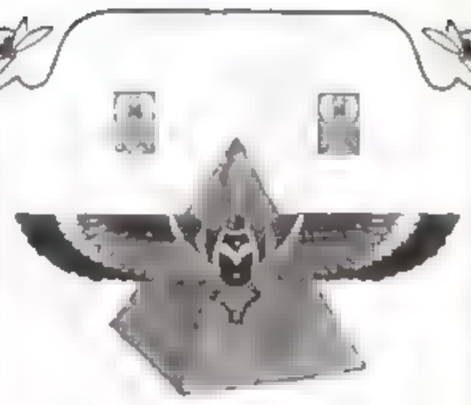
These being even worse than the previous two, the eccentric departed and Roach said, "Harold, you've got to be the low comedian. Think up some funny get-up and let's get busy."

Another one-reeler followed in which I ad-libbed old comedy gags from the opening shot to the last. To ad-lib is to improvise, to make up as you go along, but neither definition quite preserves the flavor.

Roach exclaimed, with unflattering surprise, "Hell! You're a comedian! I'll pay you five dollars. Now think up a character for yourself and we will be set."

I experimented with dress and make-up and about the fifth picture settled on a character we christened Willie Work. The name wrongly suggests a tramp; it was, instead, a hash of different low-comedy get-ups, with a much-padded coat, a battered silk hat and a cat's-whisker mustache.

The Roach Company Assembled in Westlake Park for the Making of the Second Lonesome Luke One-Reeler, Harold With the Cane



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It is the expression of every good and noble instinct in our being; it is the finest of all of our customs.

Our hearts would wither with shame at the mere thought of compromising at such a time Therefore, as a race, we have striven assiduously to provide what our hearts yearn to provide—permanent and positive burial protection for the remains

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SAY to your druggist: "Let me try Ingram's." He will give you seven *cool* shaves with our compliments . . . enough to test Ingram's for a week.

There is nothing else like Ingram's . . . The pioneer *cool* shaving cream. The instant it touches your face . . .you feel the difference. The difference is not a scent . . . it's a sensation. After the shave . . . you need no lotion. Ingram lather takes care of that. It has a clean, pleasant odor that men like.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. Ingram's comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are. Over a million men now enjoy *cool* shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream . . . twice as many as last year . . . three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the drug stores in your town have 7 Free *Cool* Ingram Shaves for you. If you find that too many men have been ahead of you, we'll see you through. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 cool shaves for 50 cents.

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COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

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The other fellows beat me to it. My druggist is all out of the 7 free *Cool* Shaves you offered me. Will you please see me through, as you promised?

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A counterbalance device called the Court Flight hauls passengers up and down the short steep grade of Court Street Hill at a penny fare, one car descending on a cable as the other ascends. One of Roach's early inspirations was to have Willie Work roll down this flight between the two tracks. The cameraman stationed himself at the bottom and pointed his lens up the flight. When I had rolled down, with many bruises, and the film was developed Willie Work was found, inexplicably, to be rolling on a level roadway.

We were so green at the business that we did not know that if you want angle in a picture you first must get angle in your lens. By inclining his camera at the same gradient as that of my descent, the cameraman had flattened it out to a spirit-level smoothness.

Roach put arnica on my bruises and sirup on my vanity and we tried it a second time. Now the cameraman stationed himself in a second-story window across Spring Street at the foot of the flight. His angle was true, but there is more than one dimension to a picture; the scene had been taken at such a distance that Willie Work was a mere blob on the developed negative. We might as well have rolled a dummy down the incline. There was no third time.

In another Willie Work picture Roach thought up the droll idea of putting me to bed with a skunk. The polecat's first line of defense had been removed and Roach told me that he had read somewhere that a skunk so treated makes a perfect pet, as playful, affectionate and gentle as a kitten. Evidently the skunk had not read the article, for he bit me, and not in affection.

Nor was Hal's optimism confined to skunks. Different friends would drop in and watch our daily rushes. If permitted they escaped without comment, but if cornered they usually said, "Well, to tell the truth, Hal, it's pretty terrible."

As regularly as they said it Roach replied, "We don't care; we like it."

A Picture Sold at Last

When a picture was finished it was expressed to New York to a distributor. The speed with which the films bounded back to us could be explained only on the theory that the distributors hired someone in Chicago to meet the trains there and turn them around. None ever was sold and all presumably have been burned long ago to recover the metallic silver. A new independent producer sells his product where and if he can for whatever he can get, and vaults in Los Angeles and New York are stuffed with hundreds of films that never found a market—a dead loss to their makers. The independent's goal is not to sell a film here and there, but to capture a contract from a distributor to produce a specific line or type of picture, the distributor financing production in part and sharing its risks in return for exclusive rights and the larger share of the profits.

Roach must have been scraping the bottom of the barrel by the time we made a picture called Just Nuts. For it he employed Roy Stewart, a well-known heavy in Westerns, as leading man. Jane Novak was leading woman, I the comedian. We put a gag in every scene and made a funny film, as funny films went then. Pathé liked it so well that they not only bought it but offered a contract to Roach if he could sign up his three leads.

The Parting of the Ways

A program was mapped out calling for a one-reel comedy one week and a two-reel drama the next, Stewart to play the leads in the dramas and I the second business—sometimes as many as three parts. In the comedies I was to have the lead. Then came the discovery that Stewart was getting ten dollars a day. The following exchange of verbal notes took place between Roach and Lloyd:

LLOYD: How come you are paying Stewart ten dollars and me only five?

ROACH: Well, Harold, you see, it is this way: Stewart won't work for less than ten dollars and I simply can't pay two men that much. Now if you will be patient and wait until we are on our feet ——

LLOYD: As I understand it, Stewart is getting ten dollars because he asked for it. If that is the way to get ten dollars I ask for it too.

ROACH: I'm sorry. You know that I'd like to pay you ten dollars and more if I could, but we can't afford it.

LLOYD: I'm sorry, too, and I guess that I shall have to try to get it somewhere else.

ROACH: Well, good luck, Harold.

LLOYD: So long, Hal.

Roach hired Dick Rossin in my place. After three pictures the enterprise foundered and Roach went to Essanay as a director. Meanwhile I was marking time at the Keystone lot in Edendale, where for three weeks they kept me dangling on promises.

"Yes, sir, Lloyd, we are going to give you this and that," they told me daily—and gave me nothing.

As I was on the point of looking elsewhere, they tried me out as an Italian fruit-cart vender. I surprised the director with an unexpectedly good make-up, but he was only mildly interested in whether I looked like an Italian peddler or a Norwegian fisherman. The action called for a motorcycle to rip through my fruit cart and for me to take a comedy fall in the midst of the

(Continued on Page 132)

The Bradbury Mansion, Scene of the Lloyd Comedies From 1914 to 1920

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CONTINUED, hard, fast driving — for hours on end—with no fear of injury to the motor, with no sense of car-strain, with no fatigue to the driver and passengers

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What is it that gives Franklin this road-ability, unmatched by any other car? A more efficient and dependable motor, air-cooled like the famous airplane motors—with sustained high power. A flexible chassis that absorbs the majority of the road shocks before they can reach the body. Full-elliptic springs, with double cushioning effect, that also smooth the action of 4-wheel, hydraulic brakes. Scientific light-weight construction that eases control and holds securely to the road.

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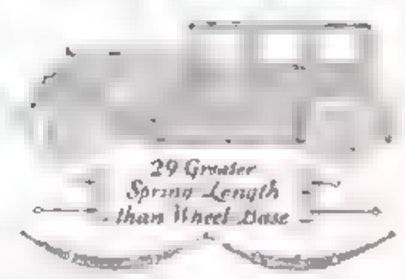
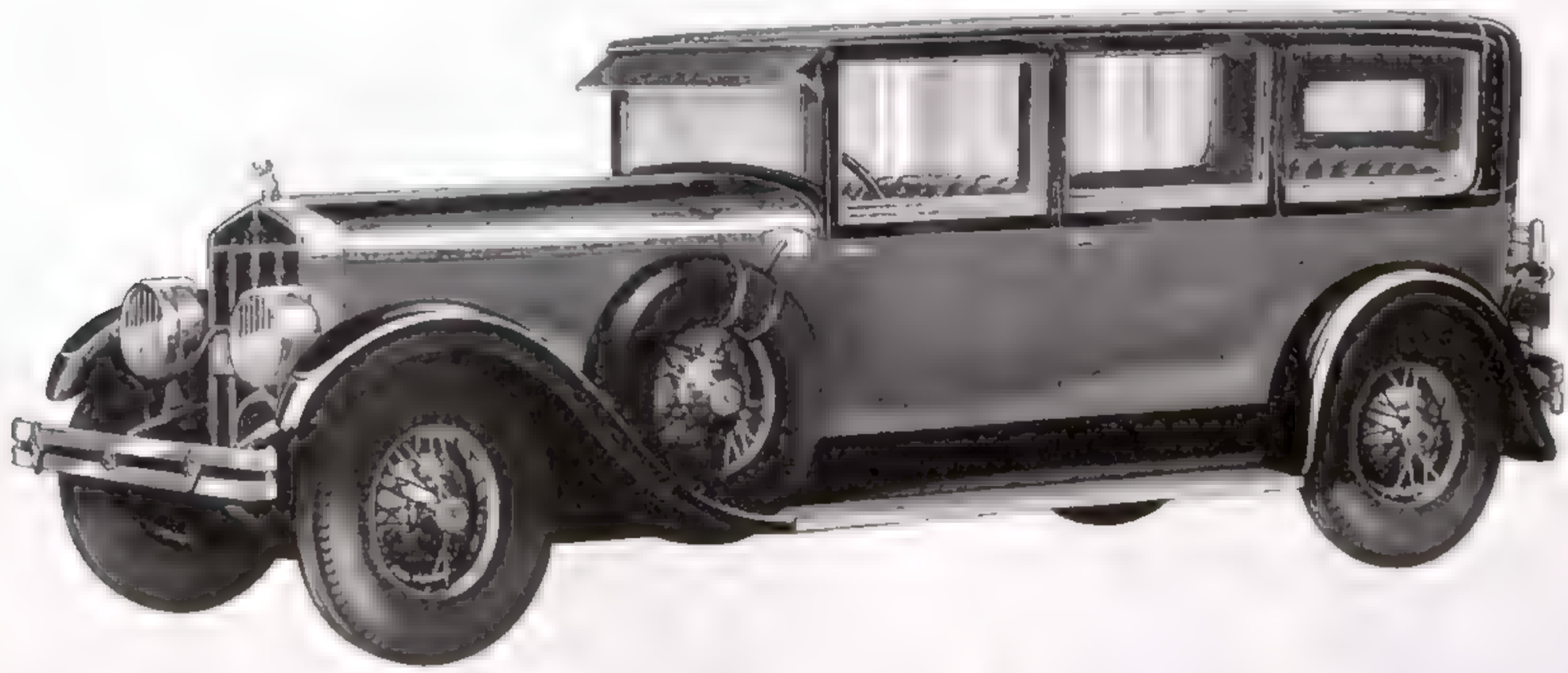


Scientific spring suspension—four full-elliptic springs provide an unusual degree of riding comfort—the total spring-length on each side is actually greater than the wheelbase.



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Winning or losing? So often the difference between them is so little! It may be a matter of freshness or tiredness, of enthusiasm or its lack, of action or inaction. Too many people *just miss* the mark. Not sick—merely below par. 80 per centers!

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When you tire easily and are quickly spent by a little extra effort, perhaps you need the old-time health-builder which physicians for generations have been advising for under-par people.

In all the discoveries of science nothing else has been found that equals *good cod-liver oil* as a builder of vitality and resistance, as a help in preventing colds and other infections that "tear down."

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Because they know that the value of any cod-liver oil depends entirely on its *content of these two essential vitamins*, thousands of physicians recommend one special oil—Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil.

They know that the vitamin content of Squibb's is guaranteed to be very high and that it is amply protected by special processes from deterioration.

If you feel the need of "building-up" after the stress of winter rigors, ask your physician about taking Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil daily. He knows it as a valued health-builder. For your own protection, insist on Squibb's. At all reliable drug stores.

(Continued from Page 130)

fruit. Could I fall or was I just an upright actor, was the question. Keystone comedies were a series of falls, and Keystoners fell as no one has since Adam and Niagara.

The cart was a breakaway, built in two sections. It burst asunder as the motorcycle charged through, the fruit erupted and I leaped into the air and came down on the back of my neck among oranges and bananas to the critical approval of the director. I was one of them. Such a fall is called, for no reason at all, a 108. In its usual form it begins with a flying brick; the brick hits the artist in the head, he leaps up, turns a semi-flip-flap and lands on the peak of his spine. In the field of 108's Ben Turpin knew no peer. When called upon at benefits, his contribution invariably was, without introduction or peroration, a series of grim and cross-eyed kerflops on his neck.

There are tricks of muscular relaxation in all stage falls, of course, but by the end of a Keystone day the most accomplished faller wished for goofer feathers. Bumps and Brodies, the latter after the gifted Steve who said he had jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge, are other studio names for falls in general, and the artist is a bumper. Bobbie Dunn was doing a scene with a girl in a Ford Sterling picture at Edendale one day. The scene went so well that Sterling wished to keep it going beyond the rehearsed action. He shouted to Dunn, "Ad lib., Bobbie, ad lib.!" Bobbie dropped his girl partner, went into a series of Brodies and accepted the shrieks that followed as a spontaneous tribute to his artistry.

Sterling had been the Number 1 comedian of the business, pressed, then passed by Chaplin by then. He knew what he wanted to the point of being finicky, spoke his mind freely and had the reputation of being a hard man to work for. When I got through my first picture with him with only one rebuke and talked him out of that one, it was studio gossip that I was carrying a rabbit's foot.

The scene was a jail break. I looked back, saw the guards coming and ran. Sterling wanted me to do a comic Sterling jump here. When he did it, it was funny, but I argued that it was not natural to a straight character and won him around.

Once or twice I worked with Fatty Arbuckle, but with little success. Arbuckle had the star bumpers of the lot and he led them in person, taking Brodies that shook buildings. I could bump with any of them, but he surrounded himself with a group of regulars who knew his methods so well that they did not need to be told what to do, and weren't, leaving a new man to guess and flounder. The vogue of the Keystone cops was waning, and though they still were being used occasionally, I never happened to be cast as one.

The Big Fish in the Puddle

Roach was dickering with Pathé again. They renewed their offer of a contract if he could engage Roy Stewart, Jane Novak and me, but Stewart and Novak were signed up elsewhere and Hal had to wire New York that only his comedian was available. After a little delay, Pathé replied instructing him to go ahead with me. Roach offered me fifty dollars a week, with a promise of more as soon as and if the pictures were successful.

During the making of my last picture at Keystone I sat alongside Sterling on a log on location one afternoon.

"Well, I'm leaving after this picture," I told him. "Roach is starting up again and he is going to give me fifty a week."

"You're foolish to bother with that stuff," Sterling said. "You never will get anywhere in cheap comedies. I think you can act. If you want my advice, get in with D. W. Griffith and do the Bobbie Harron sort of thing. There's a future there and Griffith can make you."

From where Sterling sat, the advice was sound. He knew me only as a juvenile, for I had played perfectly straight and sympathetic juvenile leads for him. On the other hand, he knew that the Roach comedies had been pretty sad.

"No more minnow in the pond for me," I objected. "At Roach's I can be the big fish in the puddle."

Hampton del Ruth, business manager for Mack Sennett, said he was sorry to see me go.

"We like your work and you have a better future with Keystone than with some shoestring outfit. In fact, we were just about to give you a graduated contract."

All of which was news to me—the sort of news you never hear until you leave. I told him that I had given my word to Roach.

"Anyway, I believe I am doing the wiser thing," I added. "You have Conklin, Arbuckle, Sterling and other good comedians and I would be a long time getting anywhere against that competition. Why pick out the highest wall to jump when there are plenty of curbstones around?"

"How about a new character?" Roach asked when we were back at the Bradbury mansion.

A Ringer for Chaplin

Chaplin was going great guns, his success such that unless you wore funny clothes and otherwise aped him you were not a comedian. Exhibitors who could not get the original demanded imitations—and were given them in numbers from brazen counterfeits to coy skirtings about the Chaplin manner. Had I had the glass character then, and had I been allowed to try it out, I have no doubt but that it would have sold on its merits, but these are two large ifs. On the one hand, I had only vague yearnings to do something different; on the other, the distributors and exhibitors would hear of no departures from the Chaplin track.

I told Roach that I had something that was an improvement on Willie Work, at least. When he saw it he approved. Later it was tagged with the name of Lonesome Luke. For it my father had found a worn pair of Number 12 AA last shoes in a repair shop on Los Angeles Street, where they had been left for resoling by an Englishman on his uppers. Dad asked the cobbler if he thought five dollars would compensate the owner. The cobbler was sure of it—five dollars bought a good pair of shoes. In a haberdashery dad found a black-and-white vertical-striped shirt and bought out the stock. The coat of a woman's tailored suit, a pair of very tight and short trousers, a vest too short, a cut-down collar, a cut-down hat and two dots of a mustache completed the original version of Lonesome Luke. The cunning thought behind all this, you will observe, was to reverse the Chaplin outfit. All his clothes were too large, mine all too small. My shoes were funny, but different; my mustache funny, but different.

Nevertheless, the idea was purely imitative and was recognized as such by audiences, though I painstakingly avoided copying the well-known Chaplin mannerisms.

On location one day a boy called to me, "Say, we had a contest at our theater last week and you beat Sterling." For just an instant I was flattered, then I realized that he had taken me for Chaplin.

If I dropped into a theater to study the audience's response to a Lonesome Luke film, I took a chance on hearing a childish voice pipe in the darkness, "Oh, mamma, see the funny man, Charley Chaplin," or a hard-boiled boy critic growl, "Aw, I know him; he ain't Charley."

Not only was the get-up imitative but it was an offense to the eye originally. I cleaned it up as time went on until it was self-respecting before it died, but I do not like to recall it and I am sorry that it is necessary to exhume it for this autopsy.

To our pain and puzzlement, Pathé sent us four scenarios by Tad Dorgan, the sports cartoonist, to begin on, and made their use part of the contract. We never had worked from a scenario. We never had heard of a comedy being made from a scenario, unless

it was Tillie's Punctured Romance. I am not sure that we ever had seen a scenario.

The earliest method of comedy construction was to begin with a policeman or policemen to chase your comedian. The rest of the cast was optional, except that there must be a girl. Westlake Park and Echo Park, where Aimee McPherson's Angelus Temple now stands, were convenient and free to all comers; likewise the sunlight; and the remainder was up to your ingenuity.

The product was as careless as the method and the first technical advance was to decide first on two gags, then build one reel of film around them. The rest was stuffing, but two gags were held to be ample to carry a comedy, until Chaplin, in reckless disregard of the conservation of natural resources, began to load his pictures with gags. The competition deplored this as unsporting and nonunion, but hurried after him.

The third method, and the one we used when we had disposed of the Tad scenarios, was to begin with a locale.

"We will make this a shoe-store picture," Roach would decree, for example; or it might be a Chinese laundry, a hotel, roller-skating rink, delicatessen shop, Jewish tailor shop, restaurant, amusement park or what you will. The locale suggested the comedy and as we went along we thought up enough story to string it on.

The chief objection to a scenario was that it was written without regard for our limitations. Tad was a New York newspaperman, concerned only with laying out the front elevation of a funny story. He did not know or care that the company in Los Angeles which would make the story was restricted to $1200 expense and a week's time. That was the buyer's lookout. The buyer was Pathé. They bought to insure better stories, but with little more understanding than Tad of our difficulties.

When we had made the four scenarios as well as we could, and Pathé had seen the product, they understood our problem better and sent us no more. They were our first and last; to this day we never use a scenario. By the time their use was feasible we were so accustomed to shooting without a script that we go on doing it in six to eight reels as we did in one. It has its disadvantages in time and money, and regularly we say, when a picture is finished, that the next will be shot from a script. Perhaps the next one will.

A Trade-Mark by Accident

Believe it or not, there was a time in Los Angeles when it was necessary to fare forth in search of feminine beauty and talent. The first of the Tad four was a bloomer-girl baseball story. We lacked a leading woman and the wages paid did not attract a long line of applicants. It used to be a custom with many Los Angeles apartment houses to fit up their basements with pianos and dance floors and to give weekly and semi-weekly dances to attract and hold young people.

I liked to dance, did so often at these free parties, and knew that there was no lack of pretty girls in the city. I suggested to Roach that we might find a leading woman at such a dance, and we did—a pretty blonde. She left after the first picture, other experiments followed, and about the sixth picture Bebe Daniels came and remained, to mutual satisfaction. Bebe was a dark, dewy, big-eyed child of only fifteen or sixteen, but she came of a theatrical family and had been a stage child.

Harry—Snub—Pollard joined the company about the same time, Roach wanting a foil for me. Pollard was a relict of an Australian vaudeville act, Pollard's Lilliputians. The troupe broke up over here and most of its members took the name Pollard professionally as they went their separate ways. It was a law of comedy that every comedian must have a comic mustache—or "mo," as the trade name goes—and that it must be distinctive. Chester Conklin had a walrus effect, Chaplin a toothbrush, and the field was pretty well preëmpted. We went to a wig maker's in search of a new effect for Pollard, and after much looking he accidentally reversed a pair of Kaiser Wilhelm mustachios in trying them on. The result was so absurd and original that we looked no further and they have been Pollard's trade-mark ever since.

Make-up and lighting experiments were creeping in as directors and cameramen grew more expert. A new cameraman, joining us from a dramatic company, brought with him a yellow make-up which was in use there. Much against our will, Pollard and I were forced to adopt it. We did not know why we disliked it, but we found a convincing reason later. The yellow produced uniformity and thereby made the cameraman's work easier. When we saw the developed film it was apparent that uniformity was not an asset to a comedy; the comedian needed contrast. Roach agreeing with us, Snub and I carried the yellow make-up to the back fence, counted 1–2–3 and threw it as far as we could.

The India-Rubber Man

Our first experiments with electric lighting were at Court Street. We covered the diffuser frame with tarpaulin, shutting out the direct sunlight, and turned on the carbon arcs. The scene, a country-hotel set, was underlighted and the results poor, including an epidemic of Klieg eyes. Never having heard of Klieg eyes, we did not know what plague had visited us. The sensation is that of a cinder in the eye, magnified many times. Thereafter we wore dark glasses except when before the camera.

In 1915 we had to move from Court Street for some forgotten reason and Roach rented the old Norbig studio, half a block from Keystone. From Norbig we moved to Santa Monica Boulevard, then back to Court Street. All this while we were making one-reel Lonesome Lukes that were released to exhibitors at about twenty-five dollars a week rental as program fillers.

If you do not remember them and cannot imagine them, they best can be described for you by quoting the trade papers of 1915–16. A Pathé advertisement in one in the fall of 1915 calls me the Human Rubber Ball. Another ad of about that time carries a photograph of Bebe, Snub and me under the caption: Getting Ready for the Rough Stuff in a Rolin Single Reeler—and They Can Do It. A trade-paper reviewer, writing of a new one-reeler, exclaims:

> Harold Lloyd must be made of India rubber. The way he suffers himself to be kicked all over the map, hit on the head with a mallet and fall down a dizzy flight of stairs is marvelous.

In the scrapbook, among these trade-paper clippings, I find a booklet issued by Pathé under date of January 1, 1916. A page is given to Lonesome Luke and another comedy feature, but the players in both are anonymous. The named stars, each given a page and a photograph, are Ruth Roland, Pearl White, Lolita Robertson, Jackie Saunders, Fania Marinoff, Jeanne Eagels, Lois Meredith, Florence Reed, Lillian Lorraine, Kathryn Browne-Decker, Margaret Greene, José Collins and Bliss Milford.

How many names do you recognize? How many survive in pictures? Jeanne Eagels was costarred with Jack Gilbert in a Monta Bell picture in 1927 and the critics all spoke of it as her film debut. They did not know or had forgotten that she was featured in pictures years before she made her great stage success in Rain. Excepting Miss Eagels, who is a returned prodigal, none is acting before the camera today to my knowledge and two or three are blanks in my memory.

Ruth Roland put her earnings as a serial queen into real estate and is reputed to be the wealthiest woman in Los Angeles today, but she is retired. Pearl White was in France the last I heard. Florence Reed and Fania Marinoff have returned to the stage. José Collins, daughter of Lottie Collins, now is Lady Robert Innes-Ker, wife of a brother of the Duke of Roxburghe,

(Continued on Page 136)

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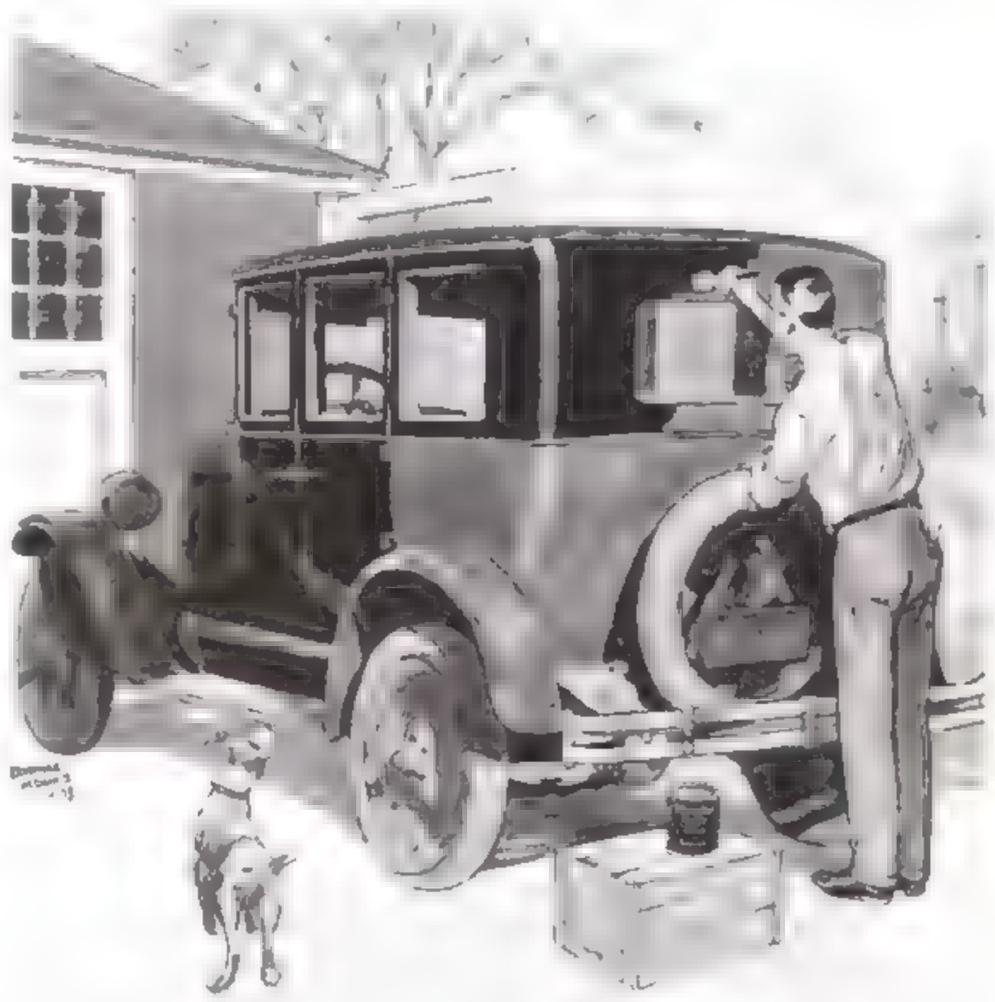

A car is as old as it acts—and *looks!*

THE way that car of yours performs, still thrills you as you shoot up the hills on high and push her up to 60 on the open road. But what the neighbors see, and what you feel yourself, is that a sparkling new coat would snap up its appearance a whole lot, and give you a feeling of pride in your car.

The way to do it: Murphy Da-Cote Enamel is the thing to ask for and be sure to get. Use a good brush—it's well worth while. Apply the Da-Cote. It flows on easily, spreads out evenly and leaves no brush marks. Overnight it dries as hard as—well, as hard as Da-Cote Enamel.

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And Murphy Da-Cote, that stands up so well outdoors, is a splendid product to brighten up lots of things in your home.

Go to the dealer who sells Murphy Da-Cote Enamel. Others cost less, as much, or more—but that isn't the point. The point is, Murphy Da-Cote does what you want it to do. Send coupon for Instruction Book and Color Card.

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40c sample can of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel for 25c. (Offer limited to 2 cans—only 1 can of each [illegible]) Your choice of the following colors: [illegible] Light Red, Mandarin Red, Tangerine, [illegible] Green, Light Green, Spray Green, Jade [illegible] Blue, Light Blue, Brown, Light [illegible] Light Gray, Pearl Gray, Ivory, [illegible], Black, Flat Black.

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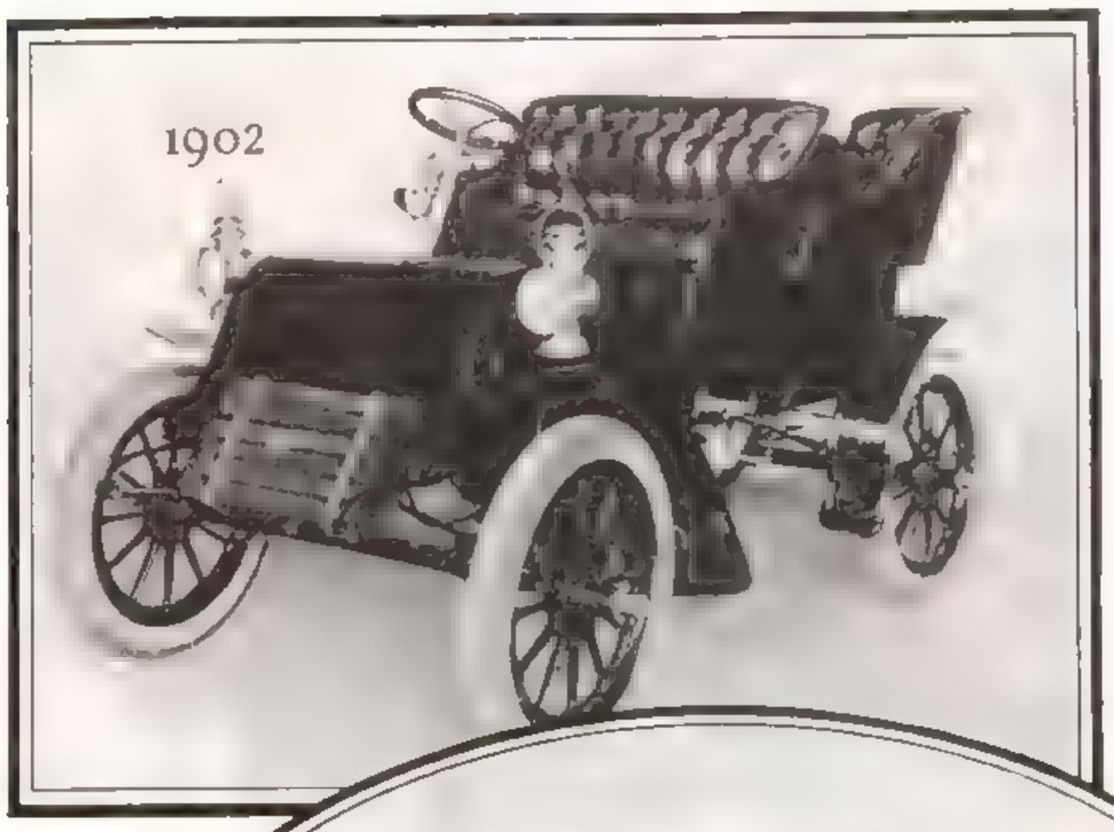

Left. One of the first Cadillacs. In those days the all-important question was whether an automobile would *go.*

Below. Two years later the Cadillac body had developed into a "tonneau" with room for four passengers

Left. The Cadillac of 1916—with one of the early closed bodies by Fisher.

Below. The Cadillac of 1928, with a closed body which represents all the skill and the resources of Fisher Body and General Motors.

GENERAL

CLOSED BODIES *and* THE OPEN MIND

IN 1908 the Fisher Body Corporation was organized. Its first large order was for fifteen closed bodies for Cadillac.

Today this member of the General Motors family produces more than one million closed car bodies annually. An art embodying the finest craftsmanship has been expanded into a great business, with larger values to the public and an even higher standard of artistic performance.

On the opposite page are photographs which tell the Fisher story more powerfully than any words. Unceasing improvement!

Ten years ago the bodies seemed luxurious. Five years ago the remark was common: "Surely no further improvement can be made."

But Fisher has never stopped. It has created and maintained a notably distinctive body for each of the General Motors cars; but, by its experience with so many bodies, in such widely varying types and classes, it has been able every year to achieve more comfort and more luxury of appointment throughout the entire line.

Working with all the members of the General Motors family, Fisher has helped each one, and been helped by each in turn. Its record is a striking testimony to the value of mutual cooperation—and an open mind.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

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General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire electric refrigerators and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the time-payment GMAC Time Payment Plan

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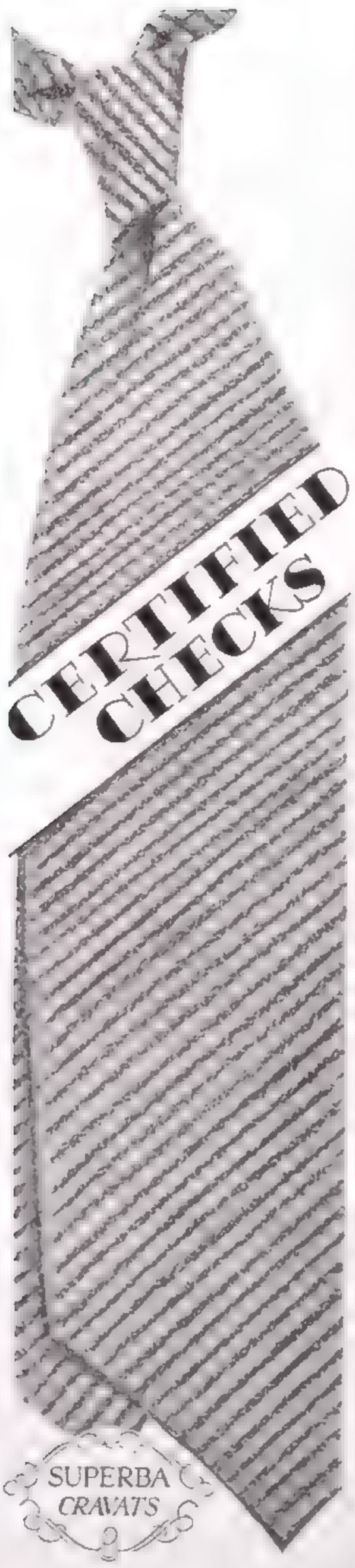

English Checks of varied size and colour. Fashionable—indispensable. Tailored over an Old Bond St., London, pattern.

$1.50

AT DEALERS IN YOUR CITY

And John David of New York

Executed by Superba at Rochester, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 133)

and lives in England. The late Frank Curzon, British producer, left her an income of $100,000 in his will. I have no idea what has become of some of the others. The mortality rate in Hollywood is as high as it used to be in Panama in yellow-fever days.

We went to San Diego during the 1915 exposition, seeking new backgrounds, and took three pictures, one at the exposition, another at the Tia Juana race track; a third was a warship story. The Navy lent us the use of a battleship deck and were cordial hosts. Bebe may have had something to do with that. One morning the executive officer asked Roach if he and his troupe would give the officers the pleasure of their company at luncheon in the ward room. Roach accepted, then took us aside, warned us to be gentlemen and reflect honor upon the infant industry, and added a few pointers on table etiquette until we were well cowed.

A New Staff of Life

The entrée was a planked steak or fish with an ornamental border of potatoes. None of us, Roach included, ever had met up with a planked dish, nor were we conversant with potatoes in their ornamental moods. In fact, we were not at all sure that they were potatoes. The first man served removed a slice of meat and left the ornamental border severely alone. The rest of us took our cue from him. Then a second plank was set before the executive officer, who scooped a tablespoon into the molding as if it had been so much food, as we began to suspect that it might be, and his brother officers laid vandal hands upon the rest of it. Personally I looked for mutiny to break out in the cook's galley any minute, but nothing happened. Well, you know how it is. By unspoken agreement we all pretended to be on a violently antipotato diet.

When the dessert arrived it was seen to be a handsome shortcake. We boarded it like so many hijackers, resolved to make up that potato deficiency, and left no scrap of it. Then no second shortcake arrived for the officers; there was only one—and Roach's mouth was stopped with guilty cake.

When we returned to Court Street from Santa Monica Boulevard we began making Lonesome Luke in two reels in answer to exhibitor demand, giving two weeks instead of one to each. Roach is a born leader, an excellent business man and an original comedy director, but he was not so happy at the new two-reel length. When he had worked a week on one he had a way of asking, "How much footage have we now?" The answer would be 1400 feet or thereabout, whereupon Hal would call, "Well, boys, let's finish her up," and shoot the remainder as if he had a train to catch. No matter what went before, the slighted final 400 feet would let the picture down with a soggy thud. It brought my discontent with Lonesome Luke to a head.

I was convinced both that the character had gone as far as we could take him and that I had a better. The hazy idea in the back of my head was crystallizing. I had been feeling around for youth, possibly a boy who could be carried through a college series, a comedy Frank Merriwell, for a long time, when I saw a dramatic picture at a downtown theater while we still were at Norbig.

The central character was a fighting parson, tolerant and peaceful until riled, then a tartar. Glasses emphasized his placidity. The heavy had stolen the girl, carrying her away on horseback. The parson leaped on another horse, pursued, overtook the villain, dragged him from his horse and the two were lost in a cloud of dust. When the dust cleared, the heavy lay prone and still, while the parson dusted his clothes with careless flecks of his handkerchief, replaced his glasses and resumed his ministerial calm.

The Birth of a Notion

I did not feel cut out for a fighting parson, but the basic idea was there. A picture actor named Mortenson, who lived in the same apartment house on Fourth Street just off Hill, and I talked over its comedy possibilities night after night. The glasses would serve as my trade-mark and at the same time suggest the character—quiet, normal, boyish, clean, sympathetic, not impossible to romance. I would need no eccentric make-up, "mo" or funny clothes. I would be an average recognizable American youth and let the situations take care of the comedy. The comedy should be better for not depending upon a putty nose or its equivalent and the situations should be better for not being tied to low-comedy coat tails; funnier things happen in life to an ordinary boy than to a Lonesome Luke. Exaggeration is the breath of picture comedies, and obviously they cannot be true to life, but they can be recognizably related to life.

Probably the vision was not so clear in my mind at the time as all this; what I write now benefits by hindsight, yet I saw it clearly enough. How about Pathé, though? They could not be expected willingly to trade Lonesome Luke for a pig in a poke. By advertising, promotion and good distribution they had done their part to create a market for him and make him a comedy staple, the demand growing healthily. This new idea of mine might be anything or nothing—probably nothing; but whichever, it called for scrapping a going commodity at nothing on the dollar and starting from scratch with an unknown quantity. Had I been in New York I doubt that I could have transmitted my enthusiasm convincingly, and I was a long way from New York.

The Late Lonesome Luke

So discouraging was the prospect that I decided to give up comedy pictures and make a fresh beginning myself. After long, hard work, I was getting $100 a week, a fortune relative to my past earnings, but not so much alongside Chaplin's reputed $1000 a week. I told Roach that I was fed up on Luke, convinced that Pathé never would agree to a change and resolved to go into dramatic pictures, where I was certain I could do something. Roach was going to New York anyway. On a previous trip he had seen a clown at the Hippodrome and become enthusiastic about his picture possibilities. Now he was returning to bring him to the coast and star him in two-reel pictures.

The situation was a strain on Roach's optimism, but it was equal to it.

"It won't do any harm to put it up to Pathé, anyway," he argued. "As I see it, they are going to lose Luke whichever way the bird jumps. Unless they think you are bluffing, they are likely to take a chance on a change, and I think I can show them that you mean it."

Privately I believed that Pathé would conclude to hire another comedian and carry on with Lonesome Luke. Audiences would detect the substitution, but the picture was Luke, not Lloyd. Roach, however, argued my case better than I could have done, and won. He wired back that Pathé consented. Did I wish to make one or two-reel pictures in the new character?

One, I decided. One-reel subjects still were popular with exhibitors as program fillers. We could make and release a picture a week; a new character needed the constant hammering of fifty-two releases a year to familiarize it. And if we made a bad one, worse luck, it would be forgotten quickly.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Stout. The fourth will appear next week.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

CLERK: Where's that dame ordered roast beef an' lettuce on marble cake?

MAN WITH THE WEAK VOICE: I'm waiting for a bicarbonate of soda.

GIRL IN THE GRAY TAM: Say, Jimmie, I seen Bessie las' night an' she ast me to ast you wuz ya going to the pahty Saddidy nite.

CLERK: Listen, kid, tell ya girl frien' fa me, if she ever wants ta see me again she better come in an' get herself a sardine samwich. I'm the last live fish she's ever gonna take, see!

GIRL IN THE RED HAT: Ya forgot my double chocklut soda.

CLERK: Can'cha see I'm busy! One atta time! One atta time!

MAN WITH THE WEAK VOICE: Is my bicarbonate of soda ready?

CLERK: What?

MESSENGER BOY: Hey, Jimmie, two cups a coffee an' a couple a sinkers to go!

CLERK: Two javas an' a couple a sinkers to go comin' up!

MAN WITH THE WEAK VOICE: I'd like some bicar——

GIRL WITH THE FOX FUR: Where do I get lipstick?

CLERK: All over his collar!

MAN IN THE BLACK FEDORA: That's a good one, brother; ya oughta be on the stage.

CLERK: Well, you're the boy can put me there, Bennie. I got the act all worked out. It's a soda fountain, see; only instead of just the regular hooey that goes on, we put in a lot of real funny stuff, like I just pulled.

GIRL IN THE BLUE BÉRET: Say you! There's a guy lyin' on the floor right at my feet. What kind of a dump is this anyway?

MAN IN THE DERBY: 'Nother drunk. I'll getta cop.

MAN IN THE FAWN-COLORED GLOVES: Goodness, no! The poor man's ill!

CLERK: Did I hear anyone astin' me for a bicarbonate of soda?

DRUGGIST: Call an ambulance. This man's got acute indigestion.

CLERK: Here, give him this bicarbonate of soda.

DRUGGIST: Too late for that now! Hope it isn't too late to save him. Hate having a lot of curious people standing around. Gives a drug store a bad name.

CLERK: Ain't it a wonder these guys wouldn't come in an' grab a bicarb when they ain't feeling well, 'stead of waitin' till they keel over an' causin' everyone a lot a trouble.

GIRL IN THE GRAY TAM: I'll say it is, Jimmie. Well, so long. I'll tell Bess ya can't see her ——

CLERK: Tell her I'll see her Sunday in the funnies—that's one from the act, Bennie. Like it? Who ordered this bicarbonate of soda anyway? Awright, lady—awright! Your pickle lily an' pineapple samwich on whole wheat's comin' right up.

—Carroll Carroll.

Debunked

Apologies to Clinton Scollard

BE YE in love with Apriltide?
Then sing we all "Cuckoo!"
For now 'tis thaw, and now 'tis freeze;
And now 'tis sweller, now 'tis freeze;
'Tis moth fly and insecticide,
And mud, and loathsome goo.

Ye doubtful days, oh, faster glide!
Pass out, oh, colds and flu!
For Spring, amid these city streets,
Is full of guile and vain deceits.
Be ye in love with Apriltide?
Then sing we all "Cuckoo!"

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

He works at the office *every night*

Sunk in the quicksands of business details

YOU know him. Vacant chair home at the dinner table—night after night. "Too tired" when he is home to go anywhere, to do anything. Life for him is just work and worry. How unnecessary!

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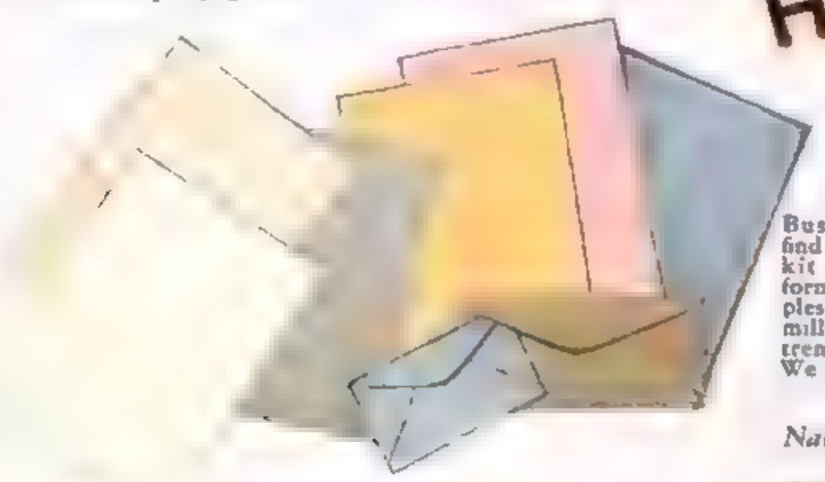

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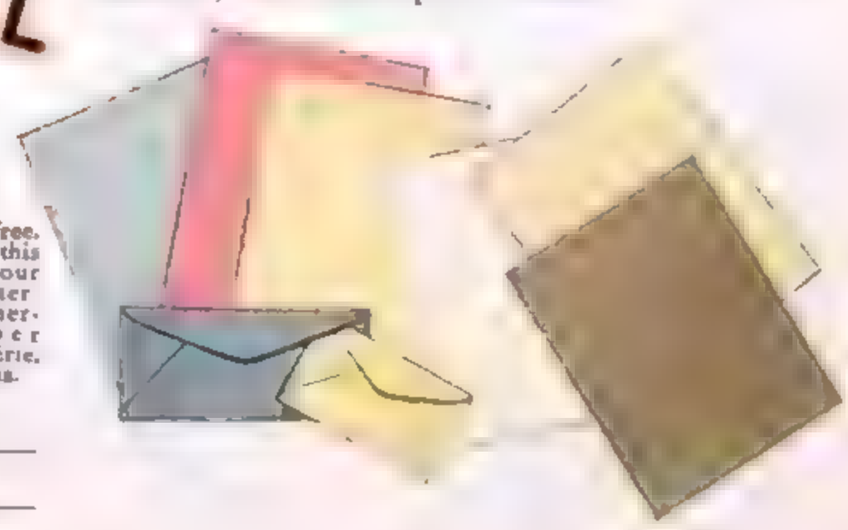

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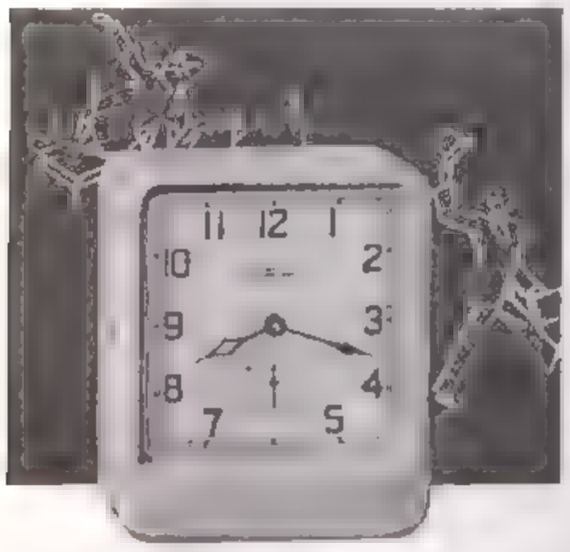

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Name

Address

SMOOTHING THE TRUE-LOVE TRAIL

(Continued from Page 17)

below and the clump of cottonwood down by the big spring where once in a while you'd find tracks of mountain sheep along with them that was made by the deer and the cattle. Then she'd start on again, light and easy as a deer herself, and so fin'ly she got to the top among the pines that hushed her to sleep nights.

It was pretty well cut out there, all but one lone tree that Slyfield had left for the looks of it and a kind of a landmark. The old man was working farther along the ridge and feeling emptier and emptier every moment, but this no-account young female had to stop again and sniff the resiny smell and reach up to a cleft in the bark of the big pine for a nubbin of clear gum. It was just as she was breaking it off that there was a crashing in the brush and a couple of steers busted through the brush and stopped and snorted at her. She moved around the trunk of the tree and there come another smashing, and this time it was a young man a-horseback. He seen her right away and told her not to be skeered, and then hazed the steers off a piece and come back.

He wasn't much for looks. He'd had his hair cropped too close and his ears looked big enough to flap; his nose wasn't big enough and his mouth was too big; but he looked clean, and when he smiled you felt you was a-going to like him when you got better acquainted. What hair the barber had left on him was light and close-curling, and his eyes was right blue. The horse he rode was either feeling pretty darned good or extry special mean and seemed to be a natural-born woman hater, but it was pretty to see how easy and good-natured the boy managed him and edged him up with just a hint of the spur and a light and firm hand on the rein.

"I wasn't expecting to find a lady up here," he says to the girl. "I hope you wasn't skeered. I feel like I ought to apologize. You ain't lost, are you?"

"I ain't even mislaid," says the girl, looking at him straight and sober.

"A stray," says the young man. "You want to watch out you ain't stolen some of these bright fall days. . . . Anything good to eat in that dinner pail? I reckon you wouldn't feed a poor starving boy that ain't et for hours ——"

His horse, having stood still for half a minute, kind of decided on action and spun around on his hind legs and was checked up and faced around again in the same easy, quiet, don't-be-foolish sort of way that he'd been handled before.

"—— and ain't got a cent in the world," he said. "You look as if you was kind-hearted."

He was looking at her as steady as the horse would let him. He seen a straight, slim slip of a thing about eighteen years old, in a green dress the color of a deep pool of clear water under leafy trees, with long dark eyes that had long dark lashes under straight dark eyebrows. He'd never seen no eyes like them north of the Rio Grande and those he seen there weren't like 'em either. He hadn't never paid much attention to them señoritas and wasn't south long enough to talk their lingo, but he could read their eyes easy, and he couldn't read this no-account gel's eyes a particle. Seemed like they'd have some mighty interesting things to say; but all you could do was guess at their meaning, and guess and guess and keep right on a-guessing. He had lied when he said she looked kind-hearted. She didn't. She had a regular Cupid's bow of a mouth, but it didn't smile back at him. Most girls' mouths did. She hadn't smiled at him one time; just looked at him straight and sober, drawling sort of when she spoke, like the Texas girls. Sounded good too.

"I ain't even mislaid." Maybe she thought he was fresh. . . . But she was opening up the dinner pail. "There's apple pie in here," she says, "but maybe you don't like apple pie."

He slipped out of the saddle and dropped the reins over his horse's head.

"Like apple pie?" he says. "Do I like apple pie? Say, do I crave it morning, noon and night, breakfast, supper and between meals? Do I hope to go to heaven when I die?"

She clapped the lid on again. "Pa's right fond of it too," she says. "I'm taking it to him. Listen! He's stopped chopping. No, he's beginning again. Did you see him as you come a-past?"

"No," says the boy. "I heard his ax a-going, but I rode wide of him, because I knew it would apt to be him. Only for them steers, I wouldn't have come this close to your house. . . . So you won't give me none of his pie?"

"You'll lose your horse as well as your steers if you don't hustle after them," says she.

He looked over his shoulder kind of indifferent. "Think what I've found," he says. "I reckon I'm away ahead of the game, anyway. If you won't give me no pie, couldn't you give me just one smile?"

Seemed like she couldn't. She flipped the gum into her mouth and crunched it between her pretty white teeth.

"Why wouldn't you?" she asked him.

"Why wouldn't I what?" he asks her.

"Come this close."

"Well," says he, "my name happens to be Tuddingly and I reckon you're Sally Slyfield."

She chewed on her gum, looking at him kind of thoughtful for a minute.

"Take off your hat again," she says at last. "I didn't notice when you first come up." He done as she requested. "No," says she. "I reckon pa was mistaken—you ain't got no horns."

"Shall I take off my boots," he asks her, "just so's you can make sure there ain't no hoofs inside of 'em?"

"I'll take your word for that," says Sally, "but I've been led to suppose that there was. I guess you're Ulysses S. Grant Tuddingly that run off and went to Texas, ain't you? I seen your brother William Tecumseh Sherman at Blueblanket last winter, but he was wearing a cap and I couldn't tell much about him."

She settled herself on a stump and Ulysses took a seat on his heels close by her and studied her eyes when she wasn't looking.

"You ain't what I've been led to expect," he says. "You don't show no signs of —— Well, I should say there was plenty worse than you that ain't so bad as they might be, themselves."

"Ain't they funny—a person's folks?" she remarks.

"I'll tell a man!" says Ulysses. "Say," he says, "I want you to answer me a question: Was you ever a trafficker in human flesh and blood? Not that I'd give a continental dern if you was. And did I ever take a single solitary nigger away from you or steal your silver spoons or burn your house over your head?"

"I don't call to mind that you ever did," says Sally.

"I never did—honest to goodness and cross my heart," he told her. "And such being so," he says, "there ain't no good reason why you and me have to hate each other, now is there?"

"Not so far as I can see now," says Sally; "and as we ain't likely to get any better acquainted, the chances is I won't hold no grudge against you, and as I don't hear pa chopping no more, I judge I'd better give him his lunch before he throws a fit for want of nourishment."

She got up and nodded to him, and for the first time smiled at him, and what that smile done for Ulysses S. Grant Tuddingly was sure a-plenty; but before he could shake hands with her, which he'd been figuring on doing for some time, and looking forward to in a sort of a way, she'd flitted out of sight. He took a few steps after her, but thought better of it and stopped. Then he turned and walked slowly and sadly back.

"She don't want no more truck with me," he thought to himself. "Didn't even look back nor wave her hand nor nothing."

He stopped again at the big lone pine and it come to him that he might get out his knife and blaze the bark and try his hand at carving a neat little design of a heart and some initials, but he thought better of that too, and passed on and walked quite a ways before he remembered that he was afoot and had a horse somewheres around. He found the horse, though, and after a while he come onto the steers and hazed them down another trail about a mile onto the valley.

"One thing, she did smile," he says to himself, "and another thing, she may bring pa his lunch at noon tomorrow—maybe a little earlier."

Two or three weeks succeeding on and after the aforesaid date, Sally Slyfield was a-setting in the sandstone cave that she'd used as a playhouse when she was quite some years younger. It was a good place for a playhouse, being a piece off from the trail halfway up to the ridge, where short-breathed grown-up folks with weak ankles wasn't apt to pester a person, and there was some scrub cedar that screened it off so's nobody could tell whether you was in there or not, unless you hollered back when they hollered for you. It wasn't a big cave or deep into the rock; more a sort of scoop-out that was a tolerable close fit for two. Sally had kind of give it up for a considerable while, but lately she had took to it again. The view was elegant and you could sit in there quiet and study over matters and things, or you could talk to a person if there was one there, or listen to him talk.

"It don't skasely seem possible that you made this pie all by your own self the first time of trying, and out of nothing but flour and water and butter and sugar and apples," Ulysses S. Grant Tuddingly said to her. "Not but what I believe you could do anything you took a notion to do with any kind of material," he says. "You could do anything with me, for instance."

"I don't seem able to make you talk sensible," she says to him; "and I was disappointed in that pie. I'm glad you can eat it."

"The proof of the pie crust is in the eating," says Ulysses. "Bulletproof, most is, compared with this, and I don't wonder that your pa is fond of it. If mother'd made apple pie like this I'd never have left home."

"That shows," says Sally, "that all you men think of is things to eat. The very first day we met, the first thing you asked me for was something to eat."

There was two-thirds of that pie left, and Ulysses, with a look of desprit resolve, straightened up as well as he could for the low roof of the cave and pitched it out. It fell with one of these here dull, sudden thuds on a flat rock thirty foot below.

"That's to prove that it ain't just because you can make delicious pie that I've fell in love with you," he says to Sally. "You'll never know the effort it cost me to heave that lovely, luscious work of art away," he says.

"I didn't think it was as heavy as all that," says Sally, in her sober way. "A person with ord'nary stren'th and muscle ought to have done it without a particle of trouble. I didn't have to get it up here with a block and tackle, did I? But I certainly did think you'd eat it. I thought to myself, when I saw how it had come out, that if you et it all I'd know for sure that you loved me."

"I'll climb right down and get it," says Ulysses. "It can't be hurt none—except, maybe, a little dented—and I'll break my neck cheerful and willing to finish eating it. Shall I go?"

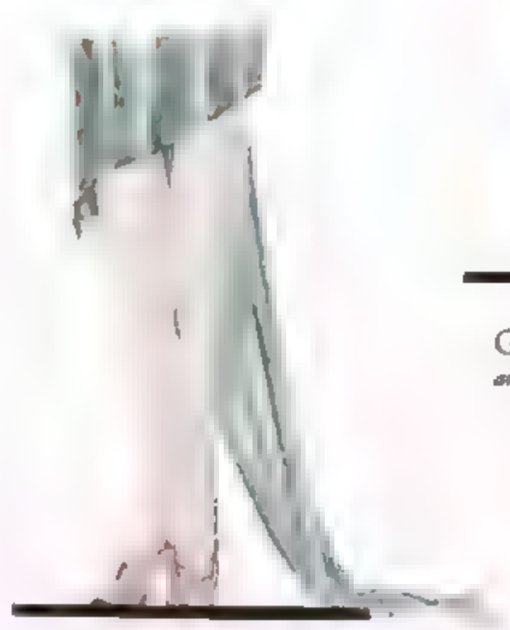
(Continued on Page 140)

The New Spring Colors

selected by the Realsilk Fashion Committee to complete the smart ensemble

Noisette—*a smart neutral shade in the newer, darker tone*

Gazelle—*a soft, rosy beige, particularly chic with colors*



Touquet—*a delicate tone created especially for daytime greys and all evening shades*

Gorge de Pigeon—*another neutral shade, leaning toward the rose tones*

Praline—*a new and fascinating compromise between beige and flesh*

Lady Egerton

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Neysa McMein

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* * * *

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THE NEW

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250 branch offices in the United States and Canada. Consult 'phone directory for your local office

(Continued from Page 138)

"No, somebody at the house might see you drop, and you done pretty well anyway. Still, I ain't a-going to give up. Some of these days I'll make you a pie that you won't have to make a bluff at eating. The trouble's been that ma's such a good cook herself she ain't got the patience to learn me, and if I do cook anything pa lets out such a roar that I don't dast try it again until I've forgot what little I did know. That's another reason why I can't ever marry you."

"Ain't that too bad!" says Ulysses. "Just as I'd got a good scheme figured out to bring your folks and my folks to time!"

"What kind of a scheme?" she wanted to know.

"Well, I'll tell you," says he. "First off I'll go and see the Reverend Spotkin. I know him right well, and he knows me because of something that happened years ago when he et a chicken dinner at our house. I won't tell you what it was happened, but he said to my old man that I was truthful, anyway, and that truth was a rare and precious jewel, or something like that. And s'far's me not having any chance to lie —— Well, the point is that he knows I'm truthful—which you don't seem to—and when I tell him how things is he'll believe me. I went to hear him preach last Sunday—sat right in the front pew where he couldn't help but see me and never took my eyes off him one time. And he shook hands with me afterward and I told him who I was. Anyway, I can fix it up any time that you go to town and let me know. You can give the folks the slip and scoot up to Spotkin's house, where the reverend and me will be waiting and ——"

"It certainly is wonderful the way you think of things and reason 'em out," says Sally. "Our old cat, Josephus, he'll rear up to the door and paw down the latch when he wants out, but I don't think he's near as smart as you are. For one thing, if he'd just stand and keep on yowling somebody'd open the door for him and save him the trouble. I had a scheme myself, but then I ain't never been down in Texas and Mexico and seen the longhorn cattle they've got there."

"Now you've hurt my feelings, and there ain't but the one way you can square yourself," says Ulysses.

"All right, I apologize," says she.

"That ain't what I want you to do. Here, let me show you," says he.

About a quarter of a mile down the canyon was Joe Minger's, and his girl, Barb'ry Minger, was Sally Slyfield's best and most int'mate friend—when they both felt int'mate and friendly and hadn't seen too much of each other. When Sally come down from her playhouse she remembered that she hadn't seen Barb'ry for nearly two weeks, so she took the short cut over to Minger's and stopped in, and her and Barb'ry had a long and int'mate gab that Barb'ry enjoyed so much that she come busting into Slyfield's the next morning for more of it.

It was a Sunday morning, and Slyfield, having done the strickly ness'ry chores and had his Sunday shave and put on his Sunday shirt, sat by the kitchen stove in his stocking feet, smoking and reading an intrusting article on Berkshire hogs in the Farm, Hearth and Home Journal; but you know how it is when a feller gets all settled and comf'table.

All the same, he jumped right out of the rocker when Barb'ry come in, being a mighty polite man with the ladies, excepting in his own fam'ly, where it wasn't ness'ry nor appreciated. You'd have thought he was glad to see her.

"This here's a pleasure, indeed, Miss Barb'ry," he says. "I trust you'll pardon my socks. Take this cheer, won't you? That trifling gel of mine is upstairs with her ma, but I reckon they'll be right down. You sho' do look mighty lovely this fine morning, with them bright black eyes of yours and them rosy cheeks, if you don't mind me saying so. This cool weather 'pears to agree with you."

"Now you quit making fun of me, Mr. Slyfield," says Barb'ry, smiling at him the prettiest she knowed how. "You know you don't mean it and it ain't so."

"If I may be excused for contradicting of you, it's well known, far and wide, that it is so," says the old rooster. "It was only the other day that a young gentleman made them there identical remarks regarding of you, and he said that your hair was like the raven's wing, to boot."

"What young gentleman was that?" Barb'ry asks him. "Not that I care," she says. "I don't like young gentlemen—when they're young. I like a gentleman to be sort of mature, even when he looks quite young, considering."

"Well, I disremember his name; but he'd seen you somewheres, and then he went on to say what I said he said," Slyfield told her.

"I could give you a trade last for that," says Barb'ry. "It ain't nothing about your good looks though. I guess you menfolks ain't much intrusted in other men being handsome, and it was a man said this about you. It kind of s'prised me too, because I'd always heard that you hadn't got no use for each other. It was Mr. Tuddingly, and he said that it was a pity that there wasn't more like you in Minnekahta County and that it would be a mighty good thing for our citizens if they had you on the Board of Commissioners."

The sweet smile on Slyfield's face faded right out and he frowned real ugly.

"Mr. Tuddingly was indulging in his notion of humorous joking, my dear young lady," he says. "I call to mind that he done so once in my presence and I took steps immediate to cure him of that there propensity. I allowed that I had succeeded, but 'pears not—not entirely. H'm! I reckon I'll be obliged for to take more steps. Yes—yes, I reckon that low-flung hound needs reminding."

"Why, no, he wasn't joking, Mr. Slyfield," says Barb'ry. "He was in earnest. He said 'Slyfield's a rank Democrat and I'm a Republican; but he's a square, honest man and I don't see as how his politics would be any objection if he'd consent to run.' He said —— Howdy, Mis' Slyfield—hello, Sally! I was just a-telling Mr. Slyfield about all the lovely things old Mr. Tuddingly has been a-saying about him."

"Mr. Tuddingly!" says Mis' Slyfield.

"Mr. Tuddingly," says Barb'ry, nodding until her back hair got loose.

"Oh, that's stale news," says Sally. "I heard about that ages ago."

"You did! Where did you hear about it?" her mother asked. "Looks like you'd have told me or your pa."

"I didn't know that you cared what that Tuddingly outfit said one way or another," says Sally. "And it wasn't Old Man Tuddingly I heard say it. It was somebody said Tuddingly was wondering if the Democrats wouldn't have sense enough to run pa for county commissioner—something about the cattle taxes, I guess."

"That was it," says Barb'ry. "Mr. Tuddingly told Uncle Joe that we needed somebody on the board that had backbone enough to make the cattle companies pay their taxes like anybody else. . . . Le's go upstairs, Sally, and look at that dress."

The two girls scampered upstairs and Mis' Slyfield looked at her husband and says "For the land's sakes! Can you believe that, Edmund?"

"We-ell," says Slyfield, "I'm free to admit that I didn't expect it from Tuddingly. At the same time, things have got to a pass in this here county where they certainly do need an honest man with brains and backbone on the county board. Even if the assessor ain't bought up, it don't make no difference. As soon as the commissioners set to equalize, here comes the cattle companies, one after the other, making a poor mouth and claiming the bulk of their cattle is here or there or elsewhere, and mostly elsewhere, and the board just takes their word for it and cuts their assessments two-thirds or more. I reckon Tuddingly has got sense enough to see that a man like me is needed. He knows I'm honest, and I sure showed him that there ain't nothing wrong with my backbone. He certainly done me dirt, plowing down my fence, and he prob'ly reelizes it by this time; but on the other hand, as the judge said, he may have thought it was his duty. There's worse than him, I reckon, and excusing of him being a damn Yankee—which, after all, ain't no fault of his—there ain't no reason for me to hold a grudge against him. He didn't break my arm nor he didn't shoot off my ear, so if he wants to jine hands and help me bring them robbing cattle barons to time, like he seems to want, I won't refuse his s'po't. And I'll say that wanting to does him credit."

Upstairs, Sally says to Barb'ry, after a considerable giggling, "How you could lie right out like you done is clear beyond me."

"I like that!" says Barb'ry. "Didn't you lie right out your own self?"

"I did not," Sally replies. "I was keerful not to. If pa got any wrong idees from anything I said I ain't to blame. Not but what I'd lie till I was black in the face for you, darling, only I just couldn't bring myself to do it for myself, if you understand me."

"It's just the same with me," says Barb'ry. "I'd sooner die than say an untruthful word, unless it was for a friend. Wild horses couldn't make me. But I done pretty well, didn't I, don't you think?"

"It was wonderful, and you're a perfect angel," Sally answers, hugging her. "But how about your Uncle Joe? S'posen pa meets up with him and asts him about what Mr. Tuddingly said?"

"Uncle Joe went to Kansas City a week ago," Barb'ry told her. "He won't be back for a couple of months, if then. And I'm a-going to see Carlos Green tonight and I'll make him help along with the good work. Carlos'll do anything I tell him—even lie."

I disremember whether it was that same day or the next that Ulysses S. Grant Tuddingly rode over from the W G where he was working, to see his folks, who was always glad to see him, even if he had lowered himself to cow-punching instead of settling down to till the soil like his brother William Tecumseh Sherman Tuddingly. There wasn't no doubt that Ulysses had got together quite a little bunch of cows and their offsprings—which the old man took care of for him. He wasn't nobody's fool, Ulysses wasn't. Whether his views was that mavericking was a matter between a man's conscience and the stock association I wouldn't undertake to say, and it's neither here nor there. What has a bearing on the case is that he says to his daddy, "I hear," he says, "that you and Brother Slyfield is a-going to put us bloated cowmen out of business. Since when did you two kiss and make up, pop?"

"I don't know what you're a-talking about," says the old man. "Any time that I kiss that murdering, bushwhacking reptile it'll be with a half a pint of buckshot."

"Seems like to me that would be mighty ungrateful, the way he's going around cracking you up and boosting you for county commissioner."

"You're crazy," says Tuddingly. "I ain't a-running for no county commissioner."

"That's the trouble, according to Slyfield," says Ulysses. "He allows that you're about the only man in the county that's got the brains as well as the backbone to prevent the cattle companies from going practic'ly tax-free."

"That's what they're doing, sure enough," says Tuddingly—"going tax-free—practic'ly. Slyfield's right there. We ain't getting near what we ought out of 'em. Why should they have their taxes reduced, or their assessment—and me have mine shoved up, like last year?"

"I'll tell you why," says Ulysses. "The reason is that half a loaf is a heap better'n no bread, and it wouldn't be a heap of trouble for the Anglo-American and the Keystone to move their headquarters over the line into a county where the commissioners will be pleased to meet with their wishes. That's something that Slyfield ain't got the sense to see. He thinks it wouldn't be no great misfortune if the companies did move out—claims that they keep the country from settling up with you horny-headed grangers, and such foolishness. He tells Crawford that to his face and then goes on about you.

"'Tuddingly and me has had our little difference,' he says, 'and he's a black Republican to boot; but he's honest, I'll say that for him, and you fellers can't bulldoze him. He's smart too. Republican or no Republican, he's the man we want, and if he's got the sense of public duty that I guess maybe he has got he'll let us elect him. From all I hear, the war's over now and we might as well let bygones be bygones and work for the upbuilding of the country.'"

"Well, there's sense in that," Tuddingly admits. "He ain't so unreconstructed after all, I guess. The devil ain't never so black as he's painted. Slyfield's got his good points."

"He may have," says Ulysses; "but he's got foolish idees, and if you run for commissioner you don't need to count on my vote and influence, pop. If Slyfield had had any sense he wouldn't have picked a fuss with you."

"It was me picked a fuss with him, and I'm sorry I done so," says Tuddingly. "I don't blame him for jumping me."

"You don't blame him for shooting off your ear, either, I s'pose," says Ulysses, a-jeering him.

"It ain't shot off," says the old man, fingering it. "No, I don't blame him for that either. If you had a lick of sense yourself—which you never did have—you'd see that Slyfield was right. He's a good man."

"I'm right with pop," William Tecumseh Sherman puts in. "I've heard about the way Slyfield's talking pop up, but I didn't never say anything about it, account of knowing how set pop was agin him."

"I ain't set agin him," says the old man. "Don't I tell you so? Quite the cont'ry."

"Well, I see you're all agin me," says Ulysses. "I won't say no more about it; but you can just count me out of this here Slyfield love feast."

Sally Slyfield told Ulysses S. Grant Tuddingly that she couldn't hardly believe it, and it seemed like a dream that she was due to wake up from any minute—and thank her lucky stars that it wasn't reely so. Then she told him that he could keep on setting where he had been a-setting, account of his looking better the farther he was off; besides which, it wasn't right just because pa'd wound the clock and climbed off to bed, sweet and trusting, to take advantage and act in a way that a gentleman wouldn't act if a lady's father was present. This happened the second time that Ulysses had made a call at the Slyfield homestead, with kind welcome from Pa and Ma Slyfield and no slight intended by their retiring early, leaving Sally to entertain the young man.

"Now smile," says Ulysses.

Sally wouldn't. She said she'd smile her face loose if he behaved, but if he didn't she'd ask pa if he wouldn't kindly step downstairs again for a minute. When a girl's folks showed confidence in a girl and acted reasonable about a girl's gentleman friend, it behooved a girl to prove that she was worthy of the same and it behooved the gentleman friend to govern himself according. Mr. Tuddingly, Jr., had to keep in mind that he was practic'ly a stranger not previously acquainted with Miss Slyfield, who wasn't the kind of a girl to permit premature brashness.

"Well, Miss Slyfield," says Ulysses, "I've only one remark to make, which is that I'm a-going to misbehave once at least and right now. I hate to have a lady strain her silvery voice, but if you feel you've got to yell for pa I reckon you'll have to yell."

"Pa!" called Sally. "Oh, pa! Come down here quick!"

(Continued on Page 145)

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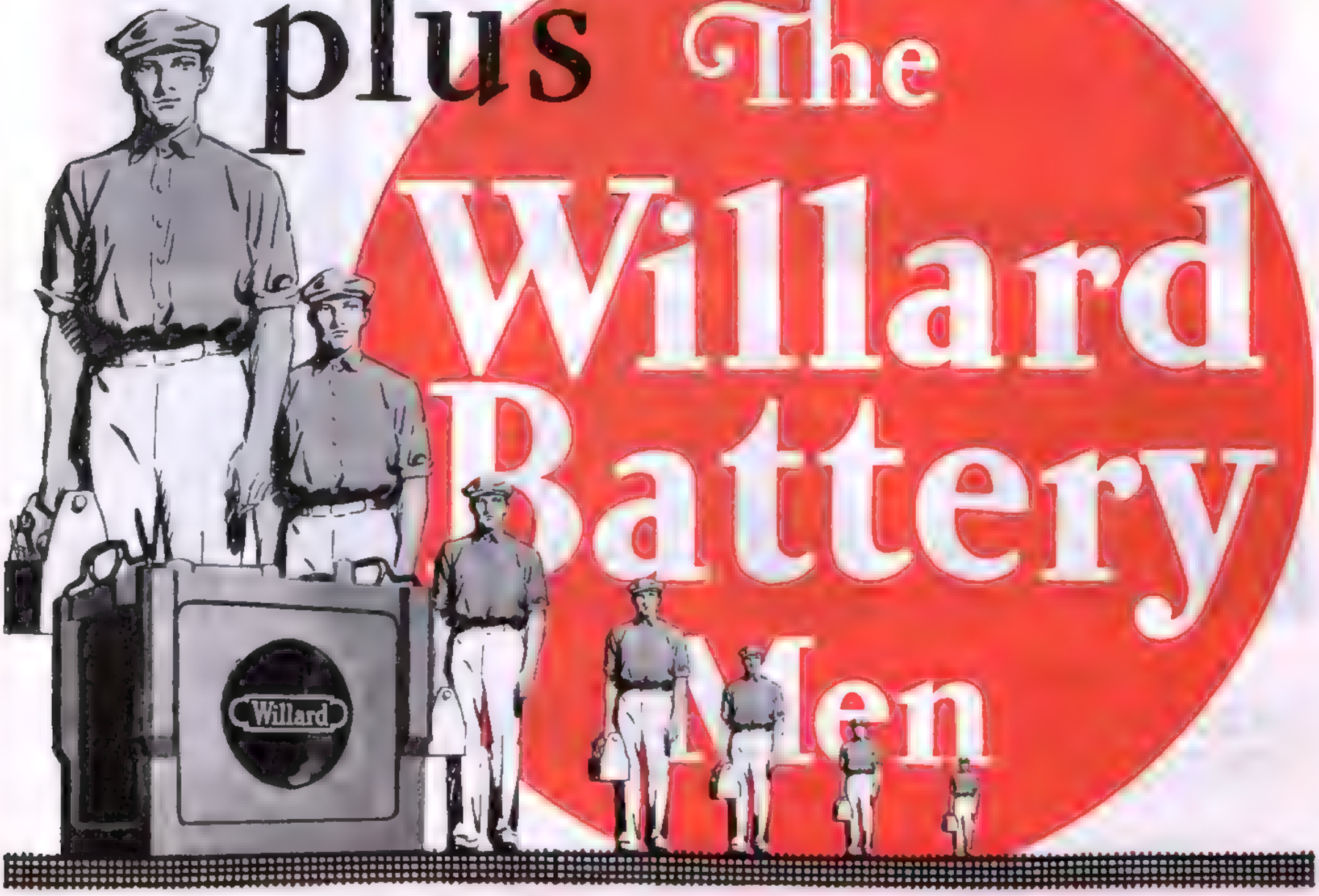

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STORE PLANNERS, DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF FINE STORE EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 140)

Pa didn't pay no attention whats'ever; probably because he didn't hear, account of her calling under her breath. Having misbehaved, Ulysses set down beside her on the sofy.

"If you'll p'mit me, I'll hold your lily hand now for a spell. Elegant weather we're having, Miss Slyfield, ain't it? Did you make any apple pie today? I ain't hinting, but I'm kind of interested in anything you do. Do you know that the moon is a-shining bright in the heavens above?"

"What of it?" Sally asks him.

"It kind of reminds me of a pie," he says. "I don't mean the shape of it, but I was thinking of a poor, neglected pie a-lying on a flat rock alone this very minute and the moon a-shining down on its sad, pale face. It almost makes me weep to think of it."

"Maybe it ain't there now," says Sally. "Something may have come along and et it. You don't know. You can't plague me about that pie; but if you come to Sunday dinner ——"

"Think of me being invited here to Sunday dinner!" says Ulysses. "And here it wasn't so long ago that we had to hide out in that cave of yours! But them was the real happy days, after all."

"It was heaps of fun," says Sally. "This here seems so—so ——"

"I feel thataway about it myself," says Ulysses.

"What way?" she asks him.

"It's so dog-gone safe and pleasant," says Ulysses. "Everything lovely and no chance of being otherwise. It's all fixed for Milt Berger to get the Republican nomination and the Democrats will nominate Wishart. They've got it all cut and dried and pop and your old man will be thicker than ever when they get a grouch in common. Now we got 'em started, they're a-speaking right complimentary about each other all around, and when the nominations are made they'll have a good time together a-cussing out the ring. We'll be having our families over to dinner every Sunday."

"Don't you like my fam'ly?" says Sally, sitting up straight and jerking her hand out of his.

"Of course I do," says Ulysses, "but ——"

"But you don't," says Sally. "Well, I don't like yours none too well, Mr. Ulysses S. Grant Tuddingly, so there! My fam'ly doesn't plow up people's fences just because they've got a mean grudge against them and ——"

"No sense dragging that up," says Ulysses. "If I wanted to, I might say ——"

"You'd better not say it in this house," Sally told him. "If that's your Yankee idea of ——"

"Better say damn Yankee," says Ulysses, getting up from the sofy.

"All right," says Sally. "Damn Yankee. And I think you'd better go now, Mr. Ulysses S. damn Yankee Grant Tuddingly—and maybe you can find a nice Yankee girl to make pie the way you like it."

"Now see here, sweetheart," says Ulysses, "I don't mean ——"

"I'd like for you to go, and not come back ever," Sally told him.

"Well, if you feel thataway," says Ulysses, and grabbed up his hat. He looked at Sally once, but he didn't get no encouragement to linger from the way she looked at him, so he went, and he was skassly out of the door when she slammed it behind him and carried the lamp upstairs.

She seemed all right the next morning, excepting of a nose that was swelled some, and she was in good sperrits, as far as you could see.

Her pa joked her about her beau leaving her so early, and she said that she felt too sleepy to have comp'ny and he prob'ly noticed her a-gapping.

"I'd have thought that he wasn't the kind to make a gel go to sleep on him," says Slyfield. "Anyway, he's a fine, upstanding, smart young feller and you might do a heap worse than pick somebody like him. They tell me that he's pretty well fixed, and that he's quitting the W G to look after his cattle himself. I hear that Bill Thompson is getting out the logs to build him a house on Witch Creek, where his claim is. I spose he told you about that."

"No," says Sally, "I guess he knew I wouldn't be interested none." She stamped her foot. "I just hate the name of Tuddingly!" she says. "Yankees!"

"You talk foolishness," says her pa, right severe. "I don't want to listen to no such talk. The Tuddinglys is a good fam'ly and Yankees is human beings, and when that young man comes on Sunday, you treat him right. You hear me? You act like you was nine stid of nineteen and getting on for an old maid. . . . What do you want I should bring you from town, honey?"

"I reckon you might bring me, please, a stick of red-stripud candy and a doll, if you see one that'll squeak to suit you when you take a notion to squeeze it," Sally told him.

Slyfield didn't say nothing to that, but hitched up to the buckboard and drove into town, and who should he run into but old Jim Tuddingly. They'd met up about a couple of weeks afore that and they'd been mighty p'lite and friendly, but hadn't talked about nothing but gen'ral topics. This time they grinned at each other real cordial and shook hands.

"Glad to see you, neighbor," says Tuddingly.

"Howdy, suh?" says Slyfield. "I hope you're as well as you appear to be, suh."

"You're looking real rugged yourself," Tuddingly says.

"Po'ly, suh, po'ly," says Slyfield. "I've a sort of a run-down feeling and I may have an attact of my old complaint, the collywobbles, if I don't take some so't of a stimulant. I would be tickled to death if you'd jine me, suh."

"I was just a-going to say that I was threatened with the mullygrubs," says Tuddingly. "I don't care if I do jine you in a social remedy."

They was close to the Eagle Bird and didn't have far to walk. Slyfield took bourbon and Tuddingly took rye.

"Here's to your good health and prosperity and the health of your family and to peace on earth and good will to them that deserves it," says Slyfield.

"The same to you and many of 'em," says Tuddingly. "May you live long and die happy and never have no reason to regret it."

They drunk, and Tuddingly said he could feel his mullygrubs was yielding to treatment and Slyfield says his collywobbles was greatly relieved. Tuddingly suggested that they ought to keep them diseases on the run and it was his turn next, and Slyfield fell right in with the idee.

"Here's to good fellows wherever they may be, and one of 'em is you and the other one is me," says Tuddingly.

"Drink her right down and the sooner the quicker. You cain't drink too much when the licker's good licker," says Slyfield a-tilting his glass. "Speaking of fam'lies," he says, "I had the pleasure of a visit from your son Ulysses last night. A noble young man and one for a father to be proud of. I'd like to drink his good health."

"Ulysses is all right," says Tuddingly. "I spose I can't refuse, but seems like ladies had ought to come first, and that daughter of yours, Miss Sally, makes me envy you the joy of being parent to a lovely young thing like her."

"She's a good girl," says Slyfield, "and a help and a comfort to her mother and me. I wish you could have tasted the apple pie she baked yesterday for dinner."

"I bet it was good," says Tuddingly. "I heerd tell that 'Lyss was to your place oncet before and I don't blame him. Well, here goes! Paint your nose; make it blossom like the rose. And now, Colonel Slyfield, we'll have another one more to the Bright Eyes of Beauty, than whish—than which the lady you mentioned—that I mentioned—you undersh-understand me, colonel?"

"I understand you, suh," says Slyfield. "There's no misunderstandings between us, I'm glad to say. Time's past for that, m'dear friend, and I wish here and now to 'spress my 'preciation of your—your gen'rous 'preciation of me, and when I'm elected county commissioner this fall ——"

"Y' mean when I'm elected county commissioner this fall," says Tuddingly. "Beg pardon, colonel. I got your meaning, but you got twish—twisted. If you'd try rye instead of bourbon —— But I know what you mean. When I'm 'lected, and right here and now I want to say that your gen'rous tributes to my qualifications amongst our fellow citizens does you honor, and if I don't bring them robber cow outfits to time ——"

"You?" says Slyfield. "What the devil do you mean? You ain't a-running for commissioner. You're working to 'lect me."

"Like Sam Hill I am!" says Tuddingly. "Nos-sir! I'm willing to jine hands and forgive and forget and bury all unkindness, but I don't help elect any Johnny reb to public office. Not by a jugful!"

"Are you crazy drunk enough to think I'd want to use my influence to put you in that office?" says Slyfield, bristling up. "That's an office needs a Democrat, suh, a man with brains, a man with backbone. I don't know what skulduggery you've been a-practicing, but it's some damn Yankee trick, and I've a notion to take steps ——"

Tuddingly was shedding his coat. "Listen to me, you Tennessee mud turtle," he says. "I'm under five hundred dollars' bond to keep my hands off'n you, but thank God I'm able to afford to give you a five-hundred-dollar licking, and by John Brown's body, I'm a-going to do it this time!"

That afternoon old Slyfield come home to supper with his face all decorated up with sticking plaster and a bandage over his left ear. He didn't eat hearty, account of a couple of loose teeth and soreness in his jaws, but he talked tolerable fluent, and what he said wasn't no glowing tribute to the Tuddinglys, root and branch. Mis' Slyfield chimed in, indorsing of his remarks and acting sympathetic, like a good wife should, but that trifling no-account gel of his, by heck, she turned on 'em both, and you'd 'a' thought the Tuddinglys was dear friends of hers and her own pa nothing much more than a quar'lsome old whisky guzzler. And then she goes and locks herself in her room and won't even let her mother in to talk to her.

There was quite a rain all through that night, but it cleared up afore sunrise and the sun come out by afternoon and dried up the buffalo grass so's a person could walk on it dry-shod. On a large flat rock below the ridge trail there was a white, pasty mess that an old porcupine stopped to investigate. It seemed to smell good to him and he went to work on it, and was licking the bare rock when a shower of stones and dirt came a-clattering and a-bouncing down from the bluff above, and he threw up his quills and scuttled off. Up near the scrub cedars, Ulysses S. Grant Tuddingly was a-making his way along to the little cave, and he had been careless with one of his feet. He nearly made another misstep backward when he got to the cave, which would have made another mess on the rock below if he hadn't been pretty quick getting his balance. The reason that he started back was that he heard a noise inside the cave when he had counted on finding it empty, and it was the kind of a noise a female woman sometimes makes when things ain't a-going to suit her.

"Sally!" he calls, soft and low.

The voice stopped right away, but there wasn't no answer.

"Sally!" he calls again, and then, as there still wasn't no answer, he caught hold of a branch of the cedar and swung himself in. It was sort of dark at first, coming out of the bright sunlight, but he made out that Sally was there, all kind of huddled up at the back of the cave. He dropped on his knees beside her and tried to get hold of her hand. After a moment she let him take it, but it was cold and lifeless.

(Continued on Page 147)

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More than 20,000 doctors recommend it

We Offer this 3-day Test

WHEN you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

If so, don't ever take drugs in order to sleep. For drugs never do give restful sleep. They always make you feel "logy" and dull the next day.

Today there is no need for using drugs. For you can now drink a *pure* food-beverage called Ovaltine that gives you instant restful sleep. Doctors everywhere recommend it not only because it induces sleep in a *natural* way, but also because they value so highly its special concentrated food properties which build up and restore your tired mind and body as you sleep.

Hence, morning finds you a new man. You are fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We offer you here a 3-day test. To let you prove what we claim. Note how much better you sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

First—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your stomach. Digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows. And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)

That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed—abounding with new-found vitality and tireless energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Brighter, more enjoyable evenings this way

When you feel dull and listless in the evening it is because your energy is exhausted. Ovaltine brings restoring sleep that gives energy that outlasts the day. Mr Mitchell says:

"I was in a run-down condition—could not sleep at night. Since taking Ovaltine I feel 100% better; sleep very well and do not tire during the day."

C Mitchell,
Hibbing, Minn

Make this 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities.

It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

For that refreshed glow when you wake up

Because Ovaltine brings instant sleep in a *natural* way—because its special food properties also help to restore your drained energy—you awaken bright-eyed and vigorously healthy. Mr. Eldridge writes:

"I am under a heavy nervous and physical strain every day. Ovaltine produces sleep that makes me wake up refreshed. No more brain fag."

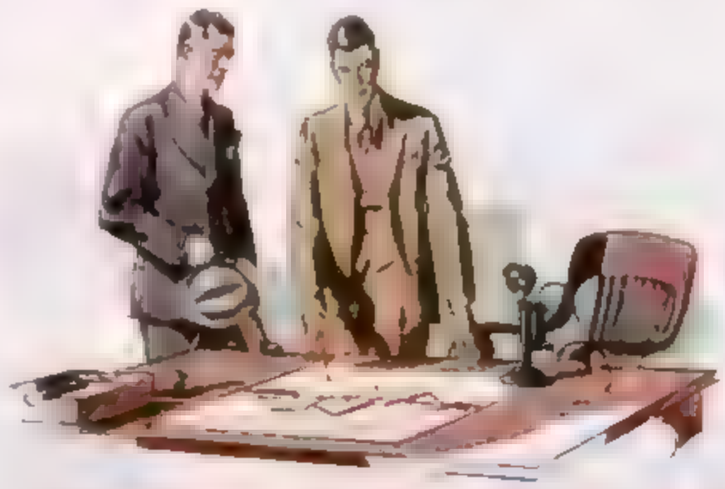
W H Eldridge,
Bronx, New York City

Here's sleep that brings ambitious days

"To be able to work hard all day you must get the kind of sleep that gives you tireless stamina and energy. Ovaltine does this in a natural way Mr Pelican found

"Before I used Ovaltine I didn't know what a good night's sleep was. Now I sleep every night and feel much more like working. Ovaltine is wonderful

E. H Pelican,
Philadelphia, Pa.



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(Print name and address clearly.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

One package to a person

(Continued from Page 145)

"What do you want?" she says, in the same kind of a voice.

"Seems to me like I left something here," says Ulysses. "It was a girl that I would have been willing to bet thought a heap of me. When I started out I didn't believe I'd find her here now, but I allowed that if I sat and waited maybe I'd see her somewheres around the house where another girl told me to get out and not come back ever. Maybe I've lost her."

"I reckon you have," says Sally. She pulled her hand away and Ulysses drew back.

"Why?" he asks.

"She didn't know that you was a low-down young cow thief that ought to be in the penitentiary in Sioux Falls," Sally replied.

"Besides being a Yankee," Ulysses s'gests.

"Besides being a damn Yankee," says she.

"Where did you get all this here information?" Ulysses asks her. "I've been a-trying to keep it dark."

"I got it, and more too, from my pa."

"And what did you tell your pa when he told you all that?" Ulysses inquires. "That's the part I'd like to know."

"I s'pose you know that your pa beat my pa up real brutal without no rime nor reason," says Sally.

"Did he tell you that too?"

"It's easy enough seen. You've only got to look at him."

"I don't know about whether there were any rimes or reasons, but I do know that my poor gray-headed parent was mistreated something shocking by Mr. Slyfield," says Ulysses. "He's sure got a bloody shirt he can wave now, where your pa made his nose bleed on it, as well as practic'ly destroying his eyesight until the beefsteak brings down the swelling. I may remark that he had a considerable to say about that girl I lost. If it was true, I reckon I'd best not try to find her again."

"Maybe you hadn't," says Sally. "You didn't care nothing about her, anyway, only to have the sport of playing with her against the wishes of her folks and insulting her about her pies. As soon as her folks let you visit her in a proper way, and she'd got so she could make a pie as good as anybody's pie, you picked a fuss with her."

Ulysses started to speak, but he thought better of it and stopped and shook some tobacco out of a sack into a paper and rolled him a cigarette and lit it.

"What did your pa say about me?" Sally asked him when he'd got his cigarette smoked down about two-thirds. "Did he say I was a little wildcat that was always a-letting her tongue run away with her?" Ulysses blew three smoke rings out toward the mouth of the cave. "Ain't you going to be p'lite enough to answer? What did you say to him then?"

Ulysses threw the butt of his cigarette away. "I told him I hoped that one of us would change his mind about you, but it sure wouldn't be me, owing to my having made up my mind about you to stay until it's zero in Hades and the cows has all come home, and if I wasn't no longer a son of his, account of that, we'd have to let it ride thataway, that's all. What did you tell your pa?"

Sally kept him a-waiting that time. When she spoke it was in voice that he couldn't skassly hear:

"I—I told him that I didn't care if you had stole sheep and massacreed ——"

"Wait a minute," says Ulysses hoarsely, hitching himself alongside her again. "I want you to tell me, but I want to hold you like this—and I want your head right here like this—while you're telling me. Not yet! Just a moment and then you can go right ahead.

"So I ain't lost you, after all," says Ulysses S. Grant Tuddingly, after Sally had told him what she had told her pa and after they had fixed it to make a call on the Reverend Spotkin that evening.

"No, I—reckon—I—was—just—mislaid," drawled Sally.

Tip Yoakum began: "Did the old folks ——"

"Excuse me," said the stocktender. "I'm mighty interested, but I got to look after that there Hubbard squash."

POLLY TALKS HER PRICE UP!

(Continued from Page 26)

Mexican redheads, that we could get for about sixty dollars a dozen, South American single yellow heads at eighty dollars a dozen and Central American and Cuban parrots—all green. Males, of course; females ordinarily speak very little. Though there are exceptions, a talking or singing or crowing bird is usually a male. Next to good talkers we wanted brilliant colorings and, third, rare specimens. Rarity is good for advertisement and an occasional gamble—and it's always pleasing to get the feeling, once in a while, that you've got something the other fellow couldn't—but the high price often makes it too hard to dispose of.

I bought the birds we wanted from various big dealers all over the country, with here and there an occasional bargain at a private sale or exchange. Agents for the big dealers bring the birds in during the middle and last of June, so that, fresh from warm tropical countries, they can be gradually acclimated. Parrot mortality is heaviest when the young birds first reach this country; they are then very delicate, suffering from changes of temperature and food. We lost 13 per cent of the first shipment we got in. As they get older they become much hardier.

John's Follow-Up Method

From the birds we got in, John selected the ones he thought would be most easily trained to talk—fine young birds, active, yet not too wild, with smooth plumage and healthy eyes and feet. He would take nothing, to be taught, more than eight weeks old. It is usually almost impossible to teach a bird more than a year old that has had no previous training, and the younger the better. He would range them in rows in a darkened, soundproof little room over the store, and day after day for two months he would stand before them and repeat for an hour some commonplace phrase with full round vowels and no hissing sounds.

Some birds would be quick to learn, some slow, and the original group would soon divide into two or three classes. Some birds, of course, he sold without teaching anything. Bright birds were promoted. When John had taught them ten or twenty words or phrases they were graduated and their prices fixed. Seventy-five dollars will often be paid for an ordinary green parrot that can repeat, say, twenty-five words. Individual birds, however, vary almost as greatly as humans, and occasionally birds of the kinds considered the best talkers cannot be taught to speak a word.

John taught his birds English—no German. Obviously, too, judging from the pained expression I occasionally caught on his face, he considered that the fragments of Spanish some of them had picked up on the way were much better left unsaid. We got a good many parrots from sailors and captains of tramp steamers, and since the African grays had a long way to come, they frequently acquired quite a fluent and profane line of conversation before they reached us at all. Then it was up to John to expurgate if he could. Besides words and phrases, he taught them snatches of songs, and would even occasionally train one for a special purpose. One African gray he taught to say: "Have you tried ——?" naming a brand of tea, and we sold it immediately to a large grocery store carrying that brand, for $100, to be used for advertising.

Before John had been with me half a year I began to notice an odd thing: Customers who had been in the store only once or twice before would greet him like an old friend. And he would treat them the same way, in his more reserved manner—ask after their mothers or brothers or aunts. "How in time," I said to myself, "does he get to know all these people so well?" It was fine for the trade, without a doubt—everybody seemed to like to talk to him and ask him about their birds—but how did he do it?

Finally, one morning, a young woman who had bought an African gray from us for seventy-five dollars, came in for seed and began to talk to John. I was sure she had been in only once before—the morning she bought the parrot—but here is what they said:

"He's a wonderful bird!" she told John. "A dear!"

"And does your husband like it hung over the piano, or wouldn't he still rather have it in the corner by the window?" asked John.

"Oh, I've put it just between the rooms, where the baby can see it from his crib," she answered. "He loves it. You remember where his crib is?"

Well!

As she was going out I waylaid her, drawing her out of John's earshot, begged her pardon, but explained how I'd been wondering where on earth he had acquired all this information about the inner lives of customers. She laughed.

"He asked for my address before I took the bird away," she said, "and a week later he came to the apartment. He said it was just to bring us an extra perch, but I'm perfectly certain that he followed me up to see that the parrot got a good home. He did the same thing with a friend of mine, but he doesn't know I know about that."

Among the Legatees

So that's what my quiet John was doing! I questioned him and found out that, sure enough, that was it. He was a little sheepish about it, and under his apron folded his hands tightly, as he talked, over a fat stomach.

"The parrots that I teach so many words," he said seriously, "I get very fond of. There are no grandchildren in my family; my own two boys are grown up. These birds I love. So when a bird is bought and taken away I try, if it does not go too far off, to see that it has a good home. I want to help the people who buy them too. They are almost always kind-hearted, but they do not know how to take care of a young parrot—about the food, and no teasing into bad temper, and so on."

I didn't discourage him; I thought it was a fine thing for him to do. Instead, I made some improvements in the store. I had clearly printed on cards the price, the name, the habits, the natural habitat and the food of every odd or unusual bird I sold, and fixed them on the cages. I saw to it that John had more time. Any man willing and able to put as much as that into his work is sure to win out in the long run, it seems to me, if rightly handled. I told John we'd call his salary twenty dollars a week, with 10 per cent of whatever we made from our parrot sales as a bonus. I told him to take all the time with a sale that he needed, and thoroughly instruct the customers in the care of their birds before they took them away.

"On the whole, do you think the birds are well treated?" I asked him.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "People get very fond of their birds. Only last month a rich woman who died left one of our parrots $1500. Another lady spent fifteen

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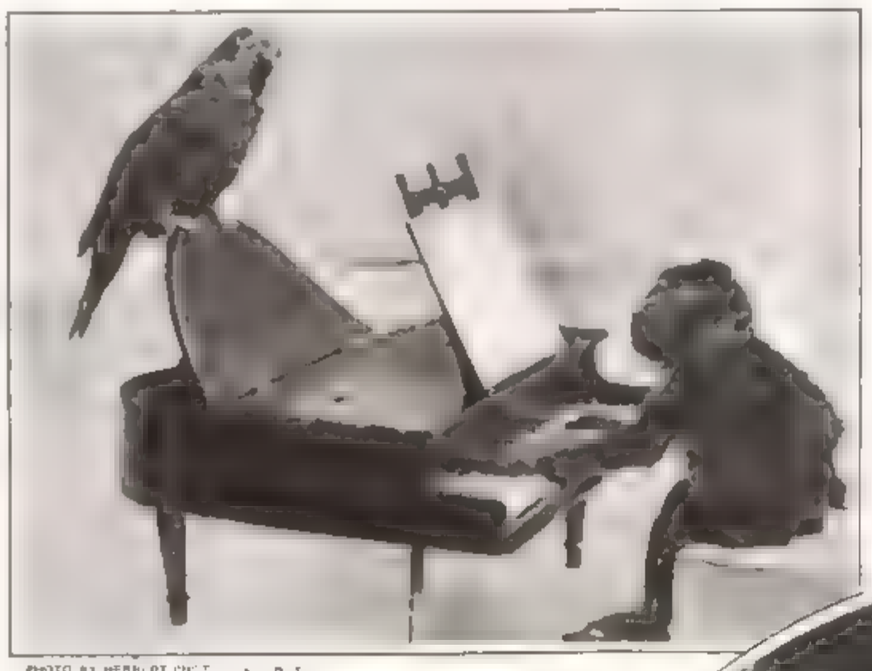
dollars to phone from Cincinnati to a bird that we sold her just after I came"

Besides the 200 or so of the best-known parrots that we wanted to make into good talkers, we handled around 100 other specimens of the parrot family, desirable for their gorgeous coloring or rarity. We had several macaws, large birds that came from South America, rather harsh voiced, with long tails. Their colors were usually brilliant red and blue, blue and yellow or red and green. These we bought at fifty dollars a pair, to sell at $100. They are frequently used as decorations in hotels, theater lobbies, and so on. Macaws are gentle, reliable and hardy, although they are apt to fly away if they are given any liberty at all. They were fine attractions in the store. For quite a while we kept a blue-and-yellow macaw in the window, and very often in the late afternoon we used to see a slender, gray-haired lady of refined appearance, who looked like a school-teacher—a teacher of poetry, perhaps. She would stand outside and gaze at the macaw with an expression very near rapture. He was, in fact, almost unbelievably beautiful, with shining sapphire blue on his body and the backs of his wings, and yellow deepening to orange on his breast and underwings. One day while I stood watching her the macaw suddenly spread both his wings wide, exposing all his beautiful orange linings. Wings seem always to carry a connotation of the heavenly, and with his sun-and-sky coloring, he did look like the angel of the flaming sword—for a second. Then he ducked his head and pounced on a tasty insect between his wing feathers. I was obliged to smile at the almost comically grieved expression on the uplifted face of the refined lady.



Learning a New Song

Another time, I really believe, one of our bright-colored macaws showed a customer the way to liberty and self-expression. It was a red-and-blue macaw, and he was a quiet little middle-aged man with dull brown hair and mustache and eyes, and dull brown suit and shoes and necktie. He looked as if he had never dared to wear a bright color in his life. He came in regularly, once a week, for canary seed. One day he saw the brilliant red-and-blue macaw in a corner of the store. While I tied up his package he watched the bird admiringly, though he said nothing. Perhaps it was the combination of bright colors and confidence that caught him. But—whether it's Score One for the macaw, or not, I don't know—the next time he came in he was sporting a bright red tie!

Help From a Little Boy

We got one hyacinthine macaw—a lovely deep blue bird, very rare. A Portuguese sailor brought it in, said he'd got it from a Central Brazilian native, who had taken it from the nest when it had only pinfeathers on. I suppose that sailor swapped a fifty-cent jackknife for it. We paid him $200—he knew it was rare and valuable—and we finally sold it, six months later, to a private collector in Chicago for $900. You don't often strike luck like that.

Crested cockatoos, from Australia and India, sold fairly well; a twelve-inch-long white Leadbeater's cockatoo, especially, was a fine drawing card in the store. He could snap up his crest as deftly as a lady jerks open a fan, and would do it if he were frightened or annoyed. But he proved hard to sell. I had paid a big price for him—$100—and he wasn't showy enough with his crest flat to attract rich buyers. Finally one busy noon, when there was quite a crowd in the store and John and I were hurrying from one corner to another after canary seed and fish food and dog biscuit, a lady with a little boy came into the store. She had bought a Sealyham puppy the week before and had been in every day since for one thing or another—food, harness, muzzle, pedigree, soap, and so on. John said he was sure she bought one item every day just because the boy loved to come in. An eager little kid, he was, and he did love it, but he picked up everything he could lay his hands on, and his mother would often say, "Naughty, naughty! Stop!"

This particular noon he calmly put his hand into an aquarium of terrified goldfish and took out a handful of water plants. As usual his mother said, "Naughty, naughty! Stop!" And behind her a young African gray parrot that had heard her say that every day for some time cried "Naughty, naughty! Stop!" The seven-year-old was none too willing to recognize authority even from his mother, but discipline from a twelve-inch bird was more than he'd stand for. "I ain't!" he shouted, and hurled the dripping water plants at the parrot. Consternation promptly broke loose. The parrot fell to screeching wildly, the puppies yapped excitedly and a black spider monkey, throbbing with curiosity, swung from bar to bar of his cage, chattering as he went. You never heard such a noise. Customers held their breaths and waited for the circus to subside.

In the cage next to the offending parrot was the frightened Leadbeater's cockatoo. Like magic the single long white feather on his head spread into a gorgeous, indignant crest—scarlet, yellow, scarlet again and white tipped. A quiet man in gray, waiting unobtrusively, stepped nearer. The little boy, aghast at the babel, was led wailing into the street. When quiet crept over us again and I finally got a pound of hemp seed weighed and wrapped I caught sight of John selling the Leadbeater's cockatoo to the man in gray for $300.

Such a fright as that to the animals might very well have had serious consequences. We always have to be careful of frights, particularly with canaries. Birds die of fright oftener than any other class of pets, and I have lost more than one twenty-five-dollar roller canary when somebody carelessly knocked into the cage or terrified the bird in some way. I remember one young parrot that left our store able to talk unusually well. Through some accident the people who bought him upset his cage and knocked it down a flight of steps. The terrified bird was apparently uninjured, but he would not, or could not, speak. For four months he was utterly dumb; nothing they could do or say would make him answer them. Finally the maid, catching her foot in a rug, fell against the cage, and the bird was upset once more. But the second shock miraculously restored its speech as it had been before, to the owner's delight.

He told John the first thing the bird said was "Cut it out!"

We had a few long-tailed cockateels, which have no power to raise or lower their crests; conurus, a kind of American parrakeet, usually green and yellow, with long tails; lories, which are usually red and relatively soft billed, with a strange, brushlike tongue

For some time John had been breeding the popular little shell parrakeets, or budgerigars, in his small suburban home—some whites, mauves, cobalts, olives, lilacs, greens and yellows. Seven inches long—half of it bird and half of it tail. The Japanese bought up the dark and light blue ones so rapidly not long ago that the price of a pair jumped from $40 to $500 in a single year. The greens more than doubled in price. Perhaps they will produce a new color, as an artist blends pigments. These parrakeets are, of course, worth much more when they are finger tamed, and John saw to it that this was done to his. He would take a bird the day it left the nest, four or five weeks' old, cover one wing with soap and keep it in a very small cage for a few hours. Then he would hold it loosely in one hand and put the forefinger of the other hand just in front. The little bird would step onto the extended finger. He did that every day until the bird was perfectly tame. We had one little parrakeet, four months old, that would imitate the linnet and sparrow, but it was certainly puzzled when it came to a mockingbird.

A Cockatoo

During that first year, I made one big mistake that my years in a pet shop should have protected me from. I bought from a native Mexican gentleman—whom I would dearly like to see again somewhere—four dozen parrots at twenty dollars a dozen. That looked like a great bargain until the birds turned out to be what are called in the trade "broncos"—adult parrots, trapped in Mexico and thoroughly wild. They were unfriendly, and John found that it was impossible to teach them anything at all. They can be bought in Mexico for something like ten cents apiece and they are worth just about that much here, except, perhaps, to an utterly unscrupulous and unwise pet-shop owner. When they are numerous, during migration wanderings, in Mexico and Central America, they destroy crops to such an extent, flying low over the fields, that farmers are glad to get rid of them at any price. They come in great flocks and are almost as destructive as swarms of locusts.

We sold quite a number of pairs of little love birds, gentle, affectionate little green-and-blue creatures, some of them so tiny you could put them through the bars of a canary's cage. The head of a large department-store pet shop told me the other day that he sold about 5000 love birds last year. Nyassa love birds, from Africa, have become very popular in this country, and until recently their price was very high, although it has gone down now to twenty dollars or twenty-five dollars a pair. They are difficult and dangerous to get because the country into which agents or natives have to penetrate for them is also inhabited by the deadly tsetse fly that carries sleeping sickness.

A Live Owl for Contrast

Ladies, buying a pair of love birds, would almost invariably ask John if it were true, as they had heard, that if a pair of love birds are separated the one left alone will die. John would explain that it was not the rule; that it was, in fact, an exception. Occasionally—though very rarely—if one bird is taken away the mate will pine away and die. Sometimes a female, stricken with widowhood turns vicious and fights other birds. When John explained that even lonely love birds are seldom inconsolable, his customers would look extremely disappointed. I suppose they wanted to be assured that such an ideal of fidelity and marital devotion was actually materialized somewhere.

Besides this regular stock we handled a few odd or rare, or unusually intelligent birds. One day an Alaskan traveler brought in from the Upper Koyukuk Valley a porcupine owl that he'd caught. He said the bird used its voice as a mariner uses a siren; hooting, then listening intently. If there is any obstruction he gets an echo. Occasionally you find someone who wants an owl for a pet, just because of the strangeness of it. The porcupine owl went to a zoölogical garden, but John sold two rare monkey-face owls to an artist who lived in a log cabin in the mountains. A short while after that the property man of an English melodrama, just landed in America on an American steamship, brought us a fluffy little owl six inches high, two-thirds of him head. The man said that in Liverpool the little bird had slipped into a crate of wax figures that were part of his properties. We kept it for a while and finally sold it to a taxidermist. When the man came in later for dog biscuit I asked him if he had mounted it yet.

"No," he said, "I'm keeping it. My window is full of stuffed birds—mostly owls. Now I've put this little live owl in the window with the stuffed ones. People stand outside and look at the birds, often for a long while. This live owl sits very still, but sooner or later he blinks his eyes. Then you ought to see the people. They can't believe their eyes. Their hair stands on end. They either go right away, scared to death, or come in to make sure it wasn't wood alcohol they had last night. It's attracting a lot of attention."

When we came to the end of our first year of John's parrot management I found that his affectionate care and interest had turned it into one of the most prosperous branches of the business. Of the 300 birds I had bought we lost only about twenty-five—less than 10 per cent. Of the others we sold about 150 at an average of $20 each, about 25 at $50 and another 25 at $75. The balance we had to let go for what we could

(Continued on Page 153

Worth More
because they give more

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Hood Balloon Tires—flat tread from the beginning—are built to meet 1928 driving conditions, at prices that make for real economy. Try a set.

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10,000 Miles is the

You may not realize that your car is sluggish in get-away, lags on hills, is slower starting—but it surely is if you have driven 10,000 miles with the same spark plugs

Here is a proved, inexpensive way to restore your engine's liveliness and power and to avoid repair bills

Automotive engineering research has recently made important discoveries about the efficiency of your engine after 10,000 miles of travel.

It is now established that many motor troubles originate from faults in ignition—*and can be prevented* by simple, periodic attention.

Following these recommendations, thousands of motorists are today enjoying a measure of carefree, zestful performance that is entirely new and unprecedented.

This invites you to study the facts—to see for yourself how the common sense plan here outlined may save you hundreds of dollars in repair expense.

After 10,000 miles the best spark plugs show wear

In a complicated piece of machinery like an automobile engine, many parts must obviously take more stress and endure more wear than others.

During a season's driving of 10,000 miles, for instance, each spark plug fires over 20,000,000 times—the overwhelming total of 120,000,000 firings in a six-cylinder motor.

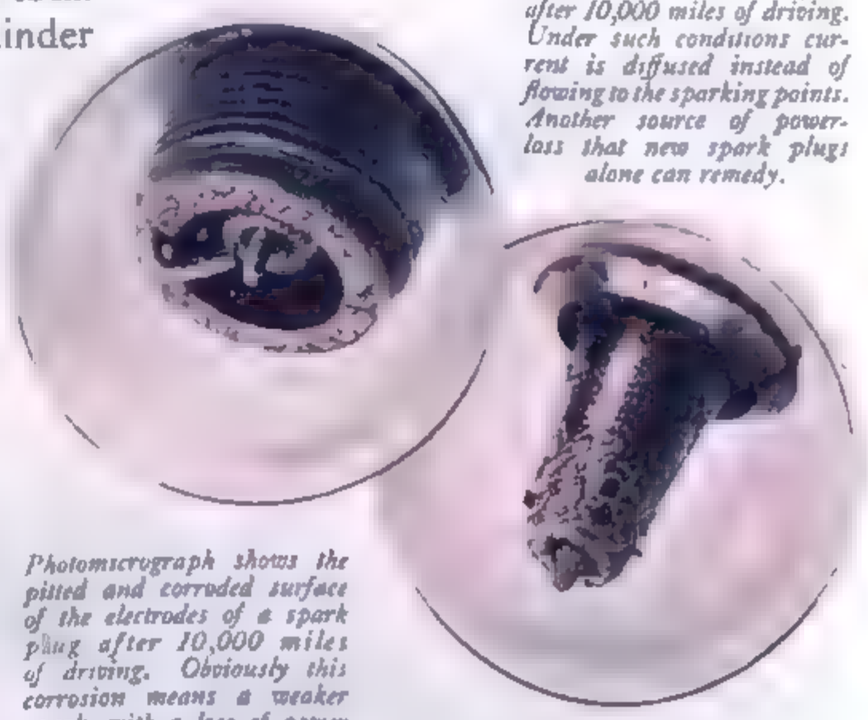
Of course the average owner does not stop to think of the inevitable wear that must result from such tremendous repetition of effort—otherwise he would examine spark plugs periodically. But now you can learn the definite facts.

Look at the photomicrographs reproduced. Note how the electrode points are pitted and corroded, how the insulator is carbonized.

Why Changing Spark Plugs Forestalls Motor Trouble

After 10,000 miles of running, spark plugs show this wear and tear. With electrodes pitted and corroded and the insulator carbonized the current is diffused and the spark weakened. Burning of the gas is much slower and only partially complete. Of course Champion Spark Plugs wear longer and deliver better service, but even Champions yield in time to the tremendous stress imposed by present day motors.

This results in power lost, fuel wasted and eventually in serious motor trouble. The car is sluggish and slow to accelerate. Your own common sense will confirm the findings of experts and convince you that it will pay you to install new spark plugs at least every 10,000 miles.



Photomicrograph shows the carbon-crusted surface of the insulator of a spark plug after 10,000 miles of driving. Under such conditions current is diffused instead of flowing to the sparking points. Another source of power-loss that new spark plugs alone can remedy.

Photomicrograph shows the pitted and corroded surface of the electrodes of a spark plug after 10,000 miles of driving. Obviously this corrosion means a weaker spark, with a loss of power and fuel waste.

And when you do put in new spark plugs, insist upon dependable Champions.

Why Champions Put New Life in Your Motor

For no other spark plug compares with Champion—its performance is as exclusive as its unique and individual design and the excellence of the materials used in its manufacture.

For years Champion has been acknowledged as the better spark plug—and Champion has continued to merit such a position by always pioneering in advance design, anticipating the needs of motor car engineers.

Today Champion is more outstanding than ever before by virtue of its great ad-

Danger Mark

vances in the cause of the modern high speed, high compression motor, which might still remain for future development but for Champion.

The exclusive sillimanite insulator has been perfected to withstand the higher temperatures of the modern engine.

A remarkable new sillimanite glaze further protects the insulator, keeping it free from carbon and oily deposits. The whole ceramic structure represents strength to withstand the tremendously increased stress of the high compression engine, and a certainty of complete insulation which insures proper sparking efficiency under all driving conditions.

The new, all copper, patented gasket seal of Champion's two-piece construction further assures better engine operation because it remains absolutely gas-tight against the increased compression of the modern engine.

Through long, painstaking laboratory research a special analysis electrode has been developed. Besides being almost immune to pitting and corrosion under ordinary driving, they insure a *fixed spark gap* giving the utmost in efficient ignition.

More than 100,000 dealers carry dependable Champions

Check the mileage on your speedometer today—and if over 10,000 miles, be sure to put in new Champions.

Even if your car already has Champions and seems to be running smoothly, you will find it pays to make the change. And the new spark plugs are really not an expense because they save their cost in gas and oil, and assure greater motoring satisfaction.

Everywhere spark plugs are sold, you will find Champions—with the double-ribbed sillimanite core. Champion X for Model T Fords, 60c. Champions for all other cars, 75c. (Canadian prices 80c and 90c.)

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Spark Plugs

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More than 200 years before Columbus discovered America these wrought iron grills were put in place on the Cathedral of Notre Dame. For seven centuries they have weathered rain and sun. A truly remarkable testimony to wrought iron's resistance to rust.

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For identification we knurl our spiral trade mark upon every length of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe. Neither paint nor time will erase this permanent identification mark which protects you against error or substitution.

PIPE which must be renewed during the life of a building is too expensive. The same is true of pipe which bears too high an initial cost. Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is the happy medium. For public building or private residence it affords a lifetime of trouble-free service at a reasonable cost.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

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RICHARD A. KERNS, ARCHITECT

READING PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from Page 148)

get—some of them for as little as five dollars. Altogether, with the two or three lucky sales of high-priced rarities, like the Leadbeater's cockatoo, that gave us a total for the year of close to $9000. For the stock I found I had paid out in all some $3600—nearly half as much again as I had originally estimated, but little enough considering our sales.

We lost quite a bit, though, in one thing and another taking care of young newly imported stock, buying the broncos, and so on—and John's salary came to nearly $1100. I had raised him again to twenty-five dollars. After going over the books carefully and figuring in the proportionate part of the shop overhead, I made out a check to John for $310—his share of 10 per cent on the parrot-department profit. He was as delighted as a ten-year-old boy.

The next year we did still better, buying and selling more than 400 birds at a total profit of almost $5000—due largely to old John's everlasting care and patience and skill

We bought and sold about a dozen pairs of peacocks that year at prices that varied from $50 to $500 a pair, according to their beauty. Quite a number are raised in this country. One rare and beautiful white peacock that we got went to a zoo in Illinois for $600. Another peacock—not white—we sold to a little church for $50. It lived in the rectory garden; but one day, we learned later, it became involved in a terrific battle with an invading police dog and lost its crowning glory—the gorgeous, iridescent train. Evidently the poor bird never realized the disaster to its dignity, for it went right on spreading the real peacock tail—the inconspicuous dull brownish feathers, in the place where a tail should be, to support the beautiful train of plumes that spring from the lower back.

Six hundred or a thousand dollars seems like a lot of money for a bird, but there's many a highly trained talking parrot that would bring two, three, even four times that amount. John once sold to a rich woman an African gray that had a vocabulary of around 100 words and phrases, for $2000—the highest-priced bird we ever sold—and a New York business man who owns what is said to be the most valuable parrot in the world has had three offers of $5000 for it. It, too, is an African gray.

What Makes It Talk

One day, while he was waiting for change, a young boy, seventeen or eighteen, stood staring at a Mexican yellow head in a cage on the counter. It was a boarder and was saying, over and over, "God bless my soul!" Finally the boy burst out with "But what makes a parrot talk?" John looked bewildered and glanced around for me, but much as I've tried to find out about birds, it was no easy question to answer.

"Well, it's a combination," I said finally. "A combination of four things: A throat especially well built to reproduce sounds, a strong instinct to imitate, an unusual amount of intelligence and a good memory. Take the first, for instance—the throat. I talked just the other day with a taxidermist who was very much interested in the formation of birds' throats. He told me that the organ in a bird that produces the voice or song, called the syrinx, is full of special muscles—and the syringes of parrots and other talkers are most elaborate of all. It's these muscles that make them able to modulate tones. And of course you've got very acute hearing in the talkers, or they couldn't reproduce the sounds at all. But once the sounds have left that box—the syrinx—the birds have no control over them at all. They open their mouths but they can't use the tongue in speaking, as we do. Their tongues are strange—soft, thick, fleshy and round.

"Given the specialized throat muscles, the instinct to imitate steps in. Birds with just as carefully built voice boxes as the parrots don't talk because they haven't that strong desire to imitate. On the other hand, you often find a bird which tries its darnedest to produce a good imitation and can't do it because it hasn't the muscles. A parrot loves to imitate and he loves to have an audience. Some will have men's voices, some women's. It's always interesting to hear them reproduce exactly the more delicate shades of meaning or emotion that they get with a phrase. They can make 'Poor Polly!' the saddest or tenderest or most caressing sound in the world, if you give it to them that way."

Sometimes I think it's a competition in imitation between teacher and pupil. I've listened to people in the store trying to teach a parrot something—usually doing it surreptitiously and half under their breaths, as if they're afraid I'll hear them. They make excuses, sometimes, to come in four or five times a week to see if the bird has caught on to the phrase. They say it several times, and the bird repeats it—very tentatively at first. Immediately the teacher adopts the parrot's own intonation, and so the two go on, over and over.

A Live Bird With a Dead Language

Often a customer will give to some parrot in the store what people seem to have adopted as the parrot clan signal: "Polly want a cracker?" And if the parrot happens to be a patient or a boarder who has been taught outside our store he will very likely answer: "Polly want a cracker?" Then the customer, delighted at getting a reply, says: "Oh, you do, huh?" And the poor parrot, much puzzled, cocks an inquiring ear toward this unfamiliar phrase.

"And on intelligence," I went on to the boy, "I'd score a parrot pretty darned high. You hear a lot of stories to prove the truth or fallacy of that, but the eye, after all, is a pretty good evidence of intelligence. A bird, to me, has a much more intelligent eye than an ape. One ornithologist told me that parrots had proportionately much larger and better-developed brains than any other race of birds. Some even say it is as large for the bird's size as a man's.

"People have told me many stories, too, to prove their parrots' excellent memories. I believe—even discounting exaggerations—that parrots retain certain mental connections remarkably well. I remember a sailor—George, his name was—who had a good instance of that. George was often in South America, and came into the store with something to sell every time he struck this city again. He owned, for some four or five years, a pet parrot that traveled back and forth with him all the time.

Once, between trips, he fell to playing poker with the proprietor of a small out-of-town road house. He lost heavily and drank enough to make himself a little uncertain of what he was doing. Finally, cleaned out of money, he gambled with his parrot and lost even that. Disconsolately he wandered away from the place. Seven years later he happened to go to that same road house. There, hanging over the bar, was his own parrot. The bird took one look and called, "Hello, George!"

In South America an explorer declared that he found a parrot that was the only living thing that was able to speak the language of a certain exterminated tribe. Then there is the famous parrot for which a sixteenth-century cardinal in Rome is said to have paid what in our money would be $500, because it could recite the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed.

Before the war $1,000,000 worth of parrots and other birds of the same family was imported to the United States, according to governmental statistics. During the war, of course, importation stopped and birds with vocabularies of fifty or seventy-five words became almost priceless. People in this country tried to breed them, but with very little success. At first they used incubators, but the baby parrots, which, like doves or pigeons, are fed from the crops of their mothers, died. Recently there has been more success. The young are now raised in a nesting room where the temperature is kept at 110 degrees and the humidity maintained by tiny spray pipes that discharge onto the sand floor where the birds make their nests.

About the third year John began to take in birds to board and to treat for sickness. He charged three dollars a week for the boarders and had quite a steady clientele, especially in the summer. For treating sick birds he got, usually, five dollars a treatment. He was very proud when he performed his first operation and removed a tumor from a $300 parrot. Shortly after that we had a yellow conurus brought in by a distressed lady who, almost in tears, unwrapped her pet and showed us a pathetic bird stripped almost clean of feathers. It was just bare bird. It had contracted the habit of feather eating, from idleness or loneliness or some such complaint, and it was too late to do it any good. It died shortly after of cold. Once a bird is thoroughly bent on self-mutilation, it is sometimes impossible to break the habit.

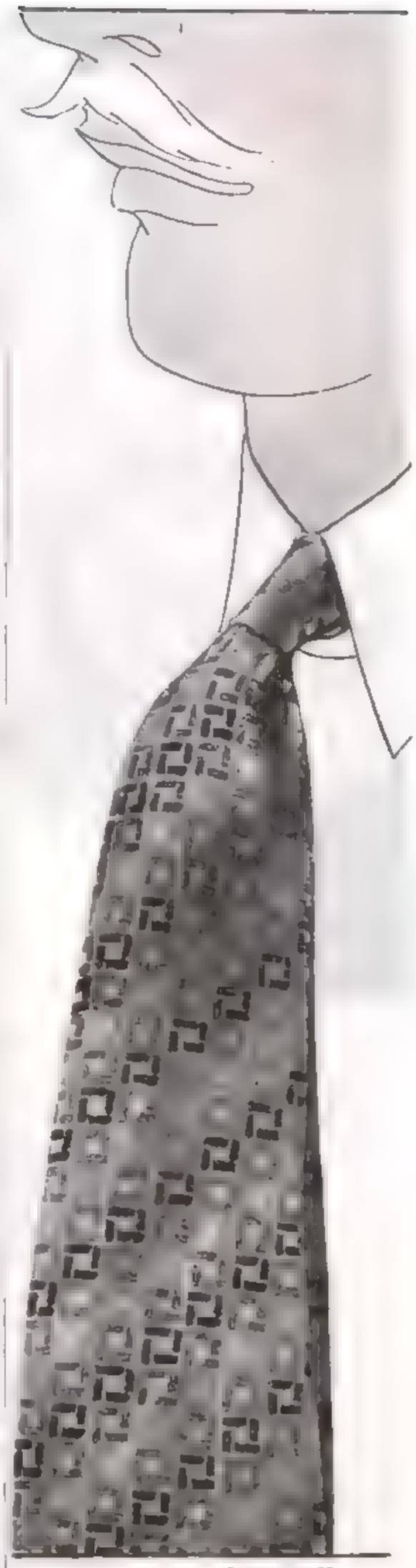
The usual ailments were cold or indigestion. Young birds fresh from the warm countries take cold easily when they reach their new homes if they are exposed to any kind of draft. Once acclimated, however, they live long and hardily. There is a parrot in England said to be 125 years old. Normally, I should say—and, of course, with good care—they live from fifty to eighty years.

From time to time we bought or swapped or sold many a bird not of the parrot family that could talk, and talk well. One day a man who said he worked on a local Eastern railroad brought in a crow blackbird he had captured. For months, he told us, some mysterious practical joker had been playing dangerous tricks on the engineers by imitating the whistles used for Stop and Go It had a disastrous effect on the whole engine yard; the routine was disorganized. After being fooled several times the men didn't believe actual whistles when they heard them. They got conflicting signals. They quit—many of them—in disgust. Finally, one morning, two engines collided because of having received contradictory signals—a Go from the proper source and a similar Go—two short whistles—from the mysterious joker. This man decided to catch the culprit. All one night he hid in a tree near the yard and watched. In the morning a crow blackbird flew to a branch high over his head and, perching jauntily, gave the Stop signal! The imitation was perfect. With much difficulty he captured the bird and, hating to shoot it, brought it to us. We turned it over to a museum, where it continued to whistle Stop and Go in perfect, and futile, imitation.

Crows as Conversationalists

Crow blackbirds often talk very well; in singing they have intervals similar to the human voice, so that you can put down their phrases on music paper. They are clean, friendly birds and good pets; many people rate their intelligence higher than that of the parrot. We had one in the store named Jack. When you said to it "Hello, Jack!" it would reply simply "Hello!" and not "Hello, Jack!" or "Hello, Polly!" as a parrot would be more likely to do. Customers would occasionally ask John if the old belief that splitting a crow's tongue enabled it to talk was true, and John would assure them that it was nothing but useless cruelty. Most crows can be taught to talk clearly without any such artificial aids. One day the foreman of a big factory in a suburban town brought in a pet crow that he said he was obliged to sell, much to his sorrow. He had bought it because it spoke a few words of English, but he soon found that it spoke English, Italian, Gaelic and crow, while he himself spoke only English; and whatever it said in Italian and Gaelic roused the factory workers who were his neighbors to fury.

We had other talkers, too: One or two magpies—the incorrigible rovers—noisy and mischievous, never at home and never out of trouble, stealing everything, from bits of ribbon to bits of jewelry; jackdaws,



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Tip-Top

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Radium Dial $4

Until you see Tip-Top you will never know how fine a wrist-watch $3.50 can buy

AT $3.50, Tip-Top is the most remarkable wrist-watch value you have ever seen. Looks twice the price any day! Just glance over this list of its features—octagon design, silver or radium dial, sunken second dial, artistic hands and numerals, Krack-proof Krystal, and detachable strap of genuine pig-skin. No wonder it is so popular! Then look at the convenient angle at which its dial is set—an exclusive feature that makes Tip-Top easy to read when worn on either side of the wrist.

Tip-Top is sturdy, too. Made for active people. Its dependable movement doesn't get temperamental. Its Krack-proof Krystal won't break. And its pig-skin strap and dust-proof case will stand a lot of rough treatment. But see Tip-Top for yourself. Your dealer will be glad to show you both dials—silver for $3.50 or radium for $4.

There is also a Tip-Top Pocket Watch for $1.50—$2.25 with radium dial. It has many refinements such as octagon design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal, yet it costs only 50 cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.

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Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.

Radium Dial $2.25

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also irredeemable thieves; ravens; purplish-black starlings—a bird whose poor memory prevents its being able to talk very well—jays, which can repeat words but seldom sentences. Best of all was an occasional myna, a dark brown or black bird similar to a starling, from Southeastern Asia, that can easily be taught to talk, and whose enunciation, many people claim, is far better than a parrot's, if you begin their education early enough. There is one that belongs to a certain zoological garden that has long been in need of funds. The head of the garden trained this bird to say in a low, ominous tone, "How about the appropriations?" and it was the hit of the next congressional meeting. "Appropriations" is quite a word for any bird to say, and it would be fine if I could say "He got the appropriations," but I don't believe he has yet.

About the last of the third year I decided that we had been buying birds through the larger dealers long enough. So I hired two agents of my own and sent one to South America and one to Africa to get the best they could for me. Some of the young birds in the southern countries are trapped. More often, however, natives watch the nesting parrots and, when the fledglings are three or four weeks' old, steal them from the nests. For a couple of weeks the young birds are kept in the homes of the natives and fed with a spoon. Then they go to a concentration point to await exportation in charge of the agents to the headquarters of the big dealers in the north—Europe or the United States. These hand-raised birds are the best of all. In some countries, when the fledglings are only a few days old, natives trim their wings and leave them in the nests, to be easily captured later, unable, as they are, to fly. They are put on perches and the agent gets them on his trip. In any case the young parrots could be bought for around two or three dollars apiece in quantity.

An Honor for the Parrot

Nowadays American dealers get their own parrots from all over the world—Australia, Africa, Mexico, South and Central America, the Isle of Pines, Borneo, Java. It is said that the largest proportion of parrots to the acre can be found in the islands from the Celebes to the Solomon group. What is still more surprising is that, although the area of these islands is less than one-fifteenth that of the four main tropical regions, they are said to contain 20 to 25 per cent of all the known parrots. And travelers in tropical regions are occasionally appearing, even now, with new kinds.

I have investigated the history of parrots, wondering how long the family had been known to man. I found that they rose and fell in fashion, with the rise and fall of nations. Alexander's Indian conquests made them known in Europe more than three centuries before Christ. Aristotle, about the same time, described a parrot. Then, centuries later and just after Christ, the Roman emperor Nero sent explorers to the upper limits of Egypt for the brightly colored birds. They became part of the luxury of the age; they lived in tortoise-shell cages with silver wires. Occasionally they even had the unparalleled honor of appearing—cooked—on the table of some Roman dignitary; they are said to be excellent eating. With the fall of the Roman Empire they declined in popularity. And although they continued to be mentioned here and there, they did not regain their old recognition until the increased travel and exploration of the fifteenth century brought them again into prominence.

The popularity of the parrot today is fairly secure. Although he has his enemies, who deride his intelligence and dislike his noise, his own particular public, in whose eyes he is a cherished pet, is no small one. It is large enough, at any rate, for John the unmercenary to have built up that branch of the business to the point of bringing in a substantial profit.

Late one afternoon, shortly before I retired, we were gradually closing up for the night. I put a dish of meat in the last supperless cage, where a little Cairn terrier was mothering five smart youngsters, and began somewhat wearily to untie my apron. It had been a busy day. Near the front of the store, John, with his overcoat on, was standing before a parrot cage. He looked tired too. The last of the day's retreating light, falling across that corner, changed the wires of the ordinary cage to silver.

Feathered Jewels

"Well, John," I said, "tired?"

John looked around and smiled. "A little," he said.

"John," I went on, "you've been happy here? You've liked the work?"

He answered without hesitation: "I had not been so happy since I left Germany."

"I'm glad of that," I said. "You've done well here. But you know, don't you, that I'm giving up the business pretty soon? What will you do then? Stay here?"

"No," he said. "I will not stay when you are gone. I am getting old. You see, on my little farm—it is but a mile from Theodore, my son—I raise animals—dogs, rabbits, canaries, parrakeets. And I have been saving my money. So, on the animals I can make enough to keep myself, and have the good feeling of something extra in the bank."

"Well, that's fine," I said. "But the people that have known you here will miss you."

"Perhaps, but many of them I shall see anyway. They are now my friends. You, too, I hope. And I have my own parrots at home to teach. That I shall not give up."

He opened the door of the cage and very gently took the bird from its perch inside. It knew him well and showed no fear. It began a low, half-laughing gurgle of inarticulate sound and touched his hand lightly with its beak. I sat down to watch them. John began to scratch the green head bent hopefully toward him.

"Is it not true," he said, turning to me, "that there are many people who do not realize how beautiful a parrot is?"

He held it up so that the last of the light fell across the gleaming plumage.

"See!" he said. "It is just an ordinary green parrot—not nearly so brilliant as a macaw—yet when you look closely at its feathers they shine with flecks of colors you had not seen before. They are iridescent; they are like many tiny jewels!"

He put the parrot back in its cage. The room had grown dusky and unusually still.

"I think many people miss that," he went on slowly, intent on what he was trying so hard to express. "You have a bunch of flowers. It is beautiful. Good. But when from that bunch you take out just one flower and look very, very closely at it, how much more beautiful and interesting it becomes! So it is with the feathers of a parrot. Is it not so?" he added, smiling half apologetically.

I put his old brown felt hat on his head.

"Sure it's so, John," I said. And we went out and closed the door.

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THE QUEST OF A LOST CHILDHOOD

(Continued from Page 15)

For Heifetz's biography, when it comes to be written, the chapter on Compensations will be as infinitely varied.

I remember a June holiday when Heifetz would not go near a violin until, roaming incog through the odd corners of Paris, his rowdy party ended up in a smoky little café tucked away somewhere near the markets and called, if memory serves, the Tranquil Father. There he was suddenly bitten with a notion that he ought to be playing in the three-part orchestra that was wheezing sleepily in the corner. So he cajoled the violinist into giving up his cheap little fiddle, and thereafter the thick air of the Tranquil Father was tremulous with such music as the world hears none too often. The old *patron* wept for sheer happiness, and I think Heifetz himself was never prouder in his life than when a fee of a hundred francs a week was officially offered him if he would settle down forever as first violinist of the Tranquil Father.

The Incidental Music

Then I remember a larky night in New York when, behind closed doors, the embattled dramatic critics put on a show for an audience of players, playwrights and producers. Such unaccustomed reviewers as Laurette Taylor and Wilton Lackaye wrote the criticisms and, at that splendid chance to get a bit of their own back, leaped as trout leap at a fly. One skit called for the incidental music of East Lynne, the sickly sweet strains of Then You'll Remember Me, floating as from some invisible conservatory. A program note to the effect that this offstage music would be furnished by one J. Heifetz was regarded as a feeble joke, so that the sight of him bowing and scraping during the curtain calls had all the fillip of the unexpected. For during that performance he had been stationed offstage, fiddling for dear life on his precious Guarnerius. At a concert in Carnegie Hall everything must be just right for him, from the crease of his anxiously selected trousers to the temperature of his dressing room, or somebody pays dearly. But here he was, toiling like a Turk under a management so scatterbrained that they had forgotten to provide a light for him by which to read the notes or a music stand on which to rest the copy of the old song with which he had provided himself. Indeed, he had to play in the dusk, with the music pinned on the back of an indignant stage hand. And he was glad of the chance, because—although I am not sure it worked out that way—he was at least supposed to be having fun.

Wherefore, whenever you dodge just in time to escape from being run over by his motor car, driven with maniacal speed, please summon what philosophy you may have to remember that he is letting off a steam that long went without the normal vent. And if, in cracking ice for your cocktail, it ever seems to you that he is brandishing the pick with a somewhat cavalier and even contemptuous disregard for the safety of a pair of hands that belong by rights to the whole world, you ought, I think, to remember that once, and for a long time, he was a carefully guarded kid who smoldered inwardly at being treated as something more precious than the boys next door. If, by the way, you were to look up the word "heifetz" in a Hebrew lexicon, you would find that it is a synonym for "treasure."

Your Freudian sets great store by the indices of your earliest recollections, and would gloat over the rich significance of the fact that the most remote thing which Heifetz can summon out of his childhood is an act of quickly suppressed rebellion against his eternal bondage. He was five years old at the time, and his mother was dressing him to go to his lessons at the conservatory in Vilna, when, in a moment while her back was turned, he escaped half clad from the room, the house, the street; and was not found until long afterward, magnificently dirty and hiding behind a rain barrel, in company with some tattered Huckleberry Finn of the Vilna ghetto under whose chieftainship he had humbly enlisted.

A Father's Optimism

That supreme gesture of defiance is Heifetz's first memory. There may have been earlier ones, for at five he was already an old-timer in the service of his art. His father had begun his lessons before he was four, starting him on the scales six hours a day, when his fingers were so little that even on a quarter-size violin he could make them reach the right string only by using the other hand to tug and haul them into position. I do not know why the impatient Ruvin Heifetz so long delayed these first instructions. He must have made his great decision long before that, not later certainly than that day in 1900 when drinks were served at the corner vodka shop because it was a boy over at Heifetz's. Of course it was a hope then rather than a decision—a

Heifetz, Zimbalist and Kreisler

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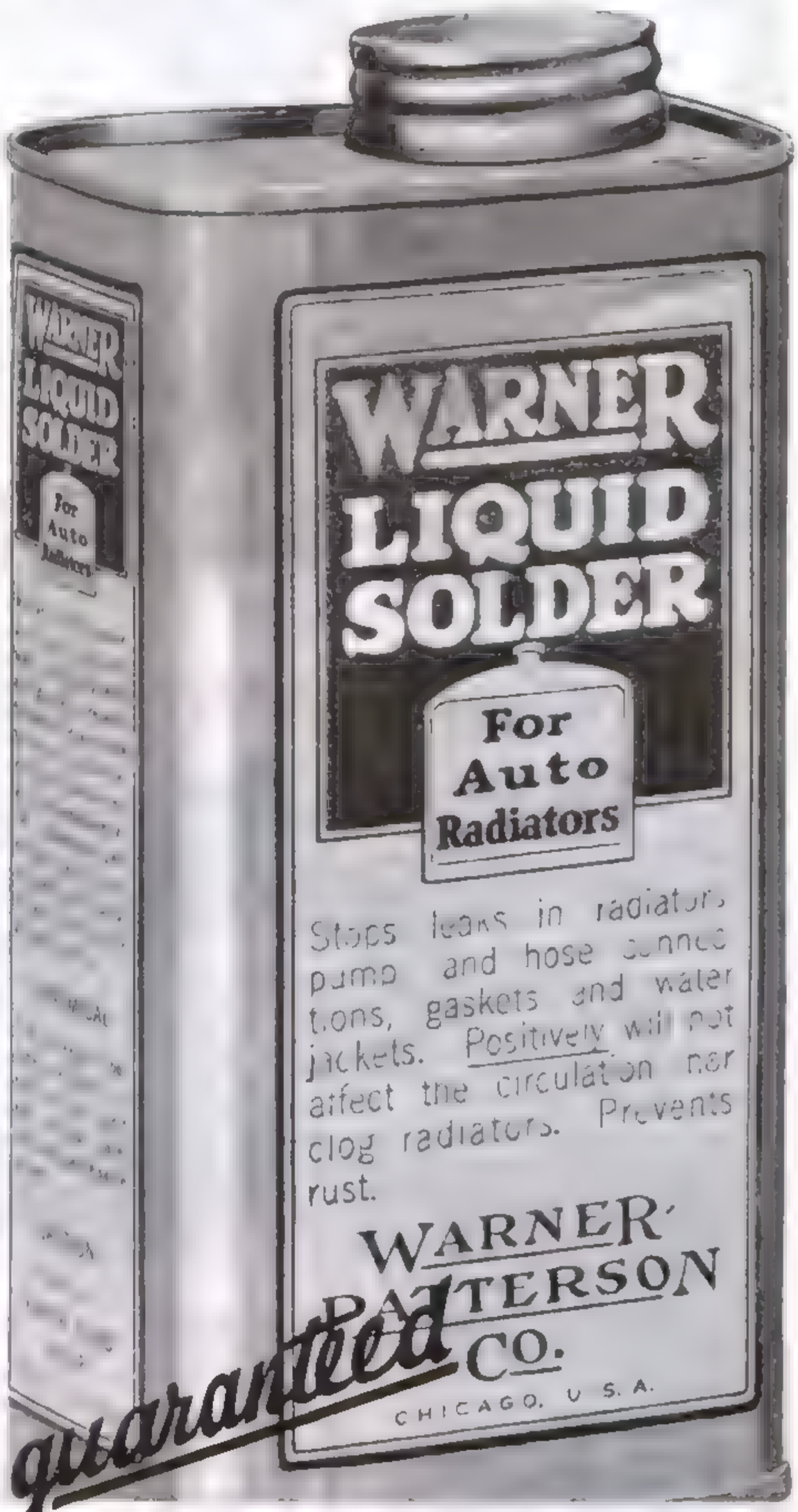

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hope drawing its chief nourishment from the circumstance that music was the only key that would open the great doors of Russia to a Jew

For a time this father's optimism must have had to feed on pretty skimpy pasture. Indeed, the other members of the cabaret orchestra in which he played the fiddle used to roar with derisive laughter when he would boast of his great plans for the baby he had at home. Whereupon, with much heat, the elder Heifetz would collar these doubting Ivans, dragging them to his home and bidding them be quiet while he showed them. Then, standing beside the crib, he would play a bit of Tschaikovsky on his own violin. Complete silence from the crib. Then, with a wink at the skeptics, he would play it a second time, but at a certain point would pluck a sour note from the strings. At that the two-year-old would let out a squawk of protest and reach through the bars to catch at his father's coat. In that gesture of musical criticism the elder Heifetz foresaw, as in a crystal ball, the rapt crowd at Carnegie Hall.

His first foretaste of that triumph came when the boy was seven, for Jascha was only seven at the time of his first public concert. There were great mirations in Vilna on that occasion, but it is difficult at this distance in time and space to measure the caliber of the critical judgment to which the boy's playing was subjected. In fact, he himself would now have no souvenir of his first performance in public if, when he was playing in Lowell, Massachusetts, one afternoon a few years ago, a woman had not come around afterward and given him her copy of the program. She had tucked it away as the souvenir of a great occasion, and when life shifted her from the Baltic Sea to Massachusetts Bay it was still among her possessions.

From time to time in the following ten years there were other concerts throughout Russia and in Germany, the receipts going into the family pocket, with such doles to the boy himself as he learned to demand, beginning with an afternoon in some provincial Russian city, when, with much glowering, he insisted—successfully—that his allowance of fifty rubles be doubled, because, forsooth, the governor of the province was out there in the audience waiting to hear him play. Of course it was not until four years after his American debut that the income from his talent became his own by law.

To Keep the Pot Boiling

By that time the elder Heifetzes had accumulated a comfortable fortune. But it should be remembered that this father and mother toiled for years on their part of the undertaking, the father fiddling till early dawn in that Vilna café and then allowing himself only four hours' sleep before beginning the morning's lessons—those endless scales, three hours—six hours, perhaps—of monotonous practice before it would be time for him to go back to work. Musicians would know, too, how jealously these stewards must have guarded the great talent intrusted to their care. In the formative years, only enough concerts were given to keep the pot boiling. Although the boy was an amazing virtuoso when he was nine, they still kept his nose to the grindstone of a complete musical education, just as the guardians of this new eleven-year-old wonder, Yehudi Menuhin, who played so marvelously with the New York Symphony Orchestra this past winter, have now heroically withdrawn him from the platform for a number of years to come.

If the nine-year-old Jascha Heifetz was similarly withdrawn, it was not that he might play baseball or learn the principal exports of Bolivia. But at the conservatory there were lessons in counterpoint, harmony and fugue, in sight reading of the viola, in the complete mastery of the piano and in the history of music. Then at home his small sisters had to look sharp to keep from being trodden underfoot by the swarm of tutors summoned to train their darling—and sometimes unbearable—brother in French, German, English, painting, history, and the like. Nor was all this allowed to stint his religious training. The fact that he was to play the Glazounow Concerto in St. Petersburg on the night of his thirteenth birthday was not permitted to interfere for one moment with the endless lessons in Hebrew that were a part of the travail of his *barmizvah*, which was to be solemnized a few hours before.

During the years in which they were thus making a musician of their son, the elder Heifetzes resisted all the fabulous offers to put their roly-poly, curly-headed *Wunderkind* on show in America, refusing to turn him into a quick and easy fortune, even though greedy impresarios dangled tempting contracts under their noses and explained, with gestures and figures on the back of an envelope, that it would be possible—as, indeed, it would have been—for them to sell their infant prodigy down the river of showmanship for ten million dollars.

In the Forbidden City

Indeed, it was not their impatience which brought an end to his studies at the Imperial Conservatory. They transported him to the new El Dorado only when the Bolshevist revolution was toppling the whole structure of which they were a part. The conservatory where he studied was closed, the Czar himself was gone, the devoted music students were volunteering as armed guards to stand before Professor Auer's house, and the Red troops were patrolling the streets of Petrograd, when, abandoning their household goods, and traveling light, the Heifetz tribe made good their escape across Siberia to Vladivostok, Japan and the United States. They have not since gone back. But if, in the tour of the world which Heifetz made in 1926–1927, fiddling his way across Europe, Egypt, India, Australia, the Philippines and back through San Francisco, there was no space allotted to Russia in the itinerary, it was because the route was booked too long ago. If he could have made an eleventh-hour detour into the land of his birth, it would have been as an honored guest of the Soviet Government, one to be received in state and lodged at the Kremlin in Moscow and in the Winter Palace in the city that used to be St. Petersburg—a St. Petersburg different in more than name from the one at the gates of which the Heifetzes knocked timidly nearly twenty years ago.

In the days of the Czar, it was only as a music student that a Jew could have found lodging in St. Petersburg. When Zimbalist's mother brought him to the Imperial Conservatory to study under Auer, she had to leave the city at once and, since there would be no train until dawn, had to walk the streets all night, because no house would take her in. To hold his post as court violinist under three Czars, Auer—himself a Hungarian Jew—had to undergo conversion to Christianity. And to stay in St. Petersburg so that he might keep an eye on his boy, the elder Heifetz had to enroll himself solemnly as a student at the conservatory.

It was principally so the boy could sit at the feet of Auer that the move to St. Petersburg was made in the first place. This amazing old man—he was eighty-two on his last birthday—is now established in New York, settling here to end his days in peace. He still teaches a little as in the days when, out through the doors of the Imperial Conservatory, his students, their fiddles under their arms, trooped to the far corners of the earth, inspiring at last a song which many a New York nighthawk has heard but which has remained until this moment among the unpublished works of the Brothers Gershwin:

Mischa, Jascha, Toscha, Sascha

We think you really ought to know
That we were born right in the middle
Of darkest Russia.
When we were three years old or so,
We learned to fiddle on a fiddle—

(Continued on Page 160)

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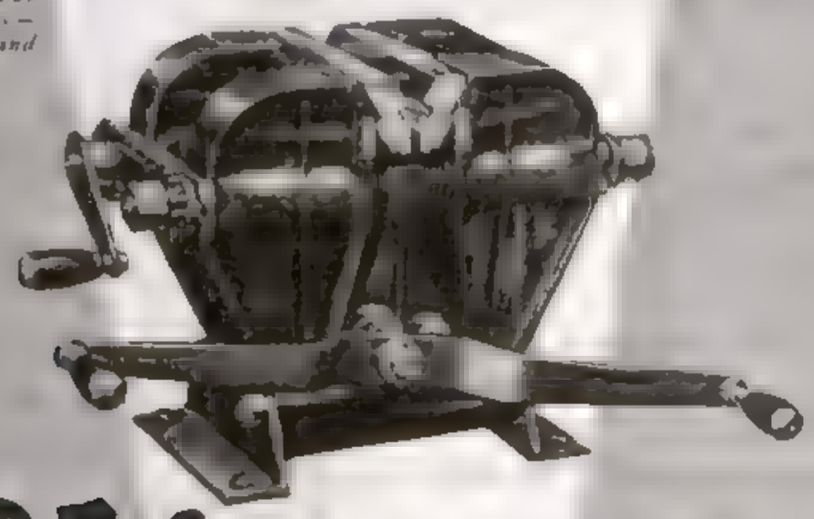

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(Continued from Page 158)

In darkest Russia.
When we began
Our notes were sour—
Until a man,
Professor Auer,
Set out to show us, one and all,
How we could pack them in, in Carnegie Hall.

REFRAIN

Temp'ramental Oriental gentlemen are we,
Mischa, Jascha, Toscha, Sascha,
Fiddle-le-diddle-le-dee.
Shakspere says, "What's in a name?"
With him we disagree.
Names like Sammy, Max or Moe,
Never bring the heavy dough;
Just Mischa, Jascha, Toscha, Sascha,
Fiddle-le-diddle-le-dee.

And they tell me that on the day before one or another of them is to play at Carnegie Hall, a fine limousine may be seen at the curb in front of Auer's house, while inside the virtuoso stands hat in hand, in humble quest of a bit of brushing up or, at least, a benediction before his concert.

I think that we may guess that Ruvin Heifetz was, and still is, another great teacher of the violin. For it was an exceedingly well-taught fiddler whom he half reluctantly delivered into the machinery of the Imperial Conservatory back in 1909. Once inside, there was still another door to pass, for the great Auer took only such pupils as he chose. His word was law inside the conservatory, and in the old days you could have told he was in the building by a stiffening of attention everywhere and a hush along the corridors.

At first his door remained closed to the Heifetz boy, because he had already heard too much about this marvel from the provinces and entertained all the old-school prejudice against infant prodigies, who so often blossom early, only to wither early, and who, in any event, have hopelessly much to unlearn. Indeed, he would not even hear the newcomer play, and did not hear him play until he had to as one of the judges of the Maytime exams. Those would be held in the small concert hall of the conservatory, packed to the doors with anxious students and still more anxious relatives, as one by one the youngsters stepped up to play their pieces. Then Glazounow, the director, glanced along the green-baize table around which the faculty sat, and each judge would give his mark by lifting his hand. The marks were calculated on a scale of five, so that two upheld fingers meant "Not so good" and the whole hand held up was equivalent to the ejaculation of the little boy who, when told that his answer to a question in school was very good, replied, "Good? Hell, it's perfect!"

In the Promised Land

It was before such a tribunal that Jascha Heifetz presented himself for his first examination, playing the easy Melodie of Tschaikovsky and then a difficult Paganini-Auer composition. In the breathless silence that ensued, all eyes followed Glazounow's as he swung around to look at Auer. The old guard surrendered magnificently. He held up *both* hands.

Through such gates and past such sentries Jascha Heifetz entered at last into the promised land. I sometimes wonder whether he finds it quite as advertised. It may be a great advantage to have so early a start on the rest of your kind that they can never catch up with you. It must be sweet to have the world at your feet when you are seventeen. It is doubtless pleasant to be Cher Maitre in France, Geehrter Meister in Germany and Maestro Illustrissimo in Italy. But then what? It may well be that after twenty years of public performances one is visited with a little weariness. When such weariness comes before one is thirty, it must play havoc with the ordinary charts of life expectancy. I thought I detected at least a note of that premature weariness in the epitaph which Heifetz composed for himself a few years ago, and which ran as follows:

JASCHA HEIFETZ
KILLED IN ACTION BY A FLYING STACCATO,
AGED 23 YRS. 7 MOS. 30 DAYS
SO HERE ARE LYING HIS REMAINS;
NO MORE CONCERTS, NO MORE TRAINS

Now when he spends so much time on trains and in hotels, endlessly circling the globe on the sheer momentum of an ambition his father had for him, he has, one may imagine, his own misgivings. When, for instance, his camaraderie with so kindred a neighbor in the arts as Zimbalist is limited to the five minutes in which the two could touch hands in an Australian railroad station where their routes chanced to cross last year, he must wonder if it was for such a bondage that all those scales were learned in Vilna long ago.

Another Genius?

I have seen the music students in Carnegie Hall look at him enviously. But once at the beginning of the Christmas holidays I saw Heifetz looking at the swarm of back-slapping, coonskin-coated, ukulele-playing undergraduates who uproariously invaded the Pullman coach in which he was riding from concert to concert. And this time, grotesquely enough, it was in his eyes that I saw the envy.

He, then, may have his own doubts. But not his father. In these later American years Ruvin Heifetz has turned away all save one of the would-be pupils knocking at his door. He is now spending many hours a day patiently imparting what he knows to a nine-year-old violinist who is the son of Alma Gluck and whose name is Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

But there have recently been faintly alarming indications that he also has his eye on another and still younger pupil. That is his grandson, Arthur Blair Chotzinoff, aged one year and something. Recently the elder Heifetz has been caught several times in this young man's nursery, playing the violin as if he had just chanced to go in there for practice, or humming to the baby and, as he did so, beating time with upraised finger, again and again and again describing a rhythmic triangle in the air over the fascinated crib. Then one day not long ago Master Chotzinoff responded by doing a little conducting on his own account. A small finger raised and followed that now-familiar gambit in the air, and in the process kept perfect time. That was all the incorrigible virtuoso maker wanted to know. Grandpa Heifetz went then to his desk and composed a letter to some neighbor of the old days back in Vilna. It seems he had left behind him there something which, mistakenly, he had never expected to need again. Would they find it please, crate it carefully and send it to his address in Central Park West? It was a quarter-size violin.

FOUR BROTHERS

(Continued from Page 10)

Annapolis, and the other, for two weeks, on the ferryboat that plied between Claiborne and Annapolis. The rest of the time he had lived at home and spent his days loafing behind the barber shop, where men threw horseshoes, borrowed one another's tobacco and drank out of the same bottle.

When the twins interrupted these thoughts by turning in from the road, Mulligan wondered why people couldn't tell them apart. They were nothing alike. Carroll was taller and his hair lighter than Ezra's. Ezra stuttered. Even in the semi-darkness, Mulligan knew which was which at a glance.

"What you all dressed up for?" asked Carroll.

"S-supper r-ready?" Ezra was always hungry.

Seeing William in the kitchen, they entered without waiting for a reply.

Funny people couldn't tell them apart, ran Mulligan's thoughts. People liked them. Even he liked them. They asked his advice, and when they fought with each other they came to him separately, each swearing he was going to kill the other; then in half an hour or less they would go up the road, shoulder to shoulder, or out fishing in the same boat.

Their voices, issuing from the house upon the silent evening, sounded unnatural, too high-pitched. This great gloomy place and the thing that so recently had happened made their nerves more than usually taut.

Pap had leaped out of bed, and knocking over furniture, had stumbled into the kitchen. There he had died in his chair. And that was the way William would die too—a drunkard. He looked like Pap—the same cleft in his broad chin, the same large hands and feet, the same thin nose. Mulligan pictured William leaping out of bed in an attempt to escape from something that did not exist; he could see him stumbling into a chair, then sinking down in a heap and becoming suddenly silent, like Pap. Maybe the twins would die that way too. With nobody to make them go back to school next year, they would do a few odd jobs and spend the rest of their time back of the barber shop throwing horseshoes, swapping lies and drinking out of the same bottle, like William. What William did, did not greatly matter; Mulligan never gave it a thought one way or the other. But the twins were different.

From inside came William's blustering voice saying in loud tones, "If he don't, I'll make him." He might have been talking about the money Mulligan had taken from Pap's clothes or he might have been talking about supper—Mulligan did not know which, nor did it matter. With his chin resting between his fists, he continued to gaze toward the oyster wharf. He was waiting.

Dusk had deepened. At the masthead of a schooner moored near the grain elevator across the creek a stay light appeared like a single low-hung yellow star in the blue gloom. Straining his eyes, Mulligan could still make out the sail of the oyster boat at half mast; listening intently, he could hear the flapping noise of its sail. The wind was springing up; and he tried to think only of Anna Lee. But suddenly there flashed before his eyes a disturbing vision of Ezra and Carroll reeling through the ramshackle house, shrieking, then sinking down to become rigidly silent.

Jumping up from the makeshift step, he went into the kitchen, shut the door behind him and turned the key in the lock. "What you going to make me do?" he demanded of William.

William returned the fierce look, then grinned.

"Come on, kid," he said in a conciliatory tone, "mix up some flapjacks."

Mulligan moved toward him. The twins waited motionless. William was known as a bully, but no one had ever been able to lick Mulligan. He passed the cupboard, passed within a few feet of his eldest brother, and going to the door of the bedroom, peered in. The smoky kitchen lamp high up in its bracket cast only a dim radiance that hardly penetrated the shadowy room beyond. The bed, with its white covering, alone was visible. All of them could see the bed and a strained silence settled over the kitchen.

Mulligan stood there pondering, trying to make up his mind. Presently, leaving the bedroom door open, he moved to Pap's chair, opposite the stove, and gazed down at the greasy cushion. He could see clearly the thing that had happened just the other night, and the others could see it, too; but the difference was that Mulligan could see the scene being enacted years hence. He looked up at William and William's face was actually pale and distorted, like Pap's; then he glanced at Carroll, and Carroll turned away from what he saw in Mulligan's eyes and put a stick nervously into the stove.

"Wh-what's the mat-ter?" gasped Ezra.

"Pap's dead," said Mulligan, as if speaking only to the twins. Going to the kitchen door, he unlocked it. William could leave if he wanted to. But none of his brothers moved. Mulligan again turned to Pap's chair and in a high key asked, "What did Pap promise in there?" A scene five years ago was now vividly in his mind, with Pap beside the bed and all of them standing around. "He promised to give us a trade—that's what he promised." And his voice leaped still higher. "He never kept his promises to ma or nobody."

"You leave Pap alone!" growled William. "He's dead. You leave him alone."

"Pap's dead," echoed Mulligan in a monotone. "And that's the way you're going to die." He turned to the twins. "Look at Bill. He looks like Pap, and he's going to die like Pap. He never keeps his promises to nobody."

With an oath, William started toward Mulligan, but stopped short and shouted at the twins, "It's a lie, and both of you know it!"

The twins fidgeted. Only a moment elapsed, but when they glanced back to where Mulligan had been standing something extraordinary had happened. They gaped, and William gaped too. Mulligan had assumed the head of the household. He was seated in Pap's chair.

"I been looking up trades," he said presently in his quiet monotone. "All afternoon I been looking up trades. Carroll, what you going to be when you grow up?" Carroll, too startled by the pointed question to think of an answer, mumbled that he didn't know. "I been talking to Lawyer Caulk," suggested Mulligan. "You got to make up your mind what you going to be."

Pulling himself together, Carroll reckoned he might be a clerk in a drug store—soda-water clerk.

"Soda-water clerks get ten dollars a week and maybe steal a little; lawyers make more than that in a day. There ain't only three trades I been looking up—lawyer, doctor and preacher. I give you first choice; but you got to choose in a hurry, right now. Which you want to be—lawyer or doctor or preacher?"

"Reckon I'll be a doctor, if I got to choose," said Carroll. "Reckon I'll be like Doc Marshall and own a drug store."

"No drug store about it. You ain't going to be that kind of a doctor." Rising deliberately from the chair, he walked over to Carroll and grabbed him by the collar. "Lawyer, doctor or preacher?"

"Doctor!" squeaked Carroll. "Horse doctor."

Mulligan shook him. "Folks' doctor!"

"Lemme go!" cried Carroll. "I told you doctor—folks' doctor!"

"You stay there." Shoving him back of the wood box, he turned to Ezra. "What you going to be when you grow up?"

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"Pi-pilot," stuttered Ezra, who had his answer already formulated. "St-steamboat pi-pilot."

"Pi-pilot," imitated William, lolling against the cupboard.

Paying no attention to his eldest brother, Mulligan grabbed hold of Ezra and shook him.

"I give you second choice. Lawyer or preacher—which you going to be?"

"Ca-can't pre-preach," objected Ezra. "I st-stutter."

A howl of laughter came from William.

"Which you going to be?" insisted Mulligan.

"Law-lawyer," stammered Ezra. "Sh-ship law-lawyer."

"Sh-ship law-lawyer," echoed William. "Say, Ez, you'll make a great sh-ship law-lawyer."

Mulligan shot his eldest brother a menacing glance.

"No ship about it," he said to Ezra. "That don't mean nothing. Lawyer or preacher—I give you second choice." And he made Ezra's teeth rattle.

"Lawyer!" screamed Ezra without stuttering at all.

Mulligan, seemingly satisfied, resumed his seat, where, resting his chin between his fists, elbows on knees, he became deeply and silently thoughtful.

"Doc-doctor, law-lawyer," grunted William. It was time for him to assert himself. "Say, you twins better stick with me." And he told them that he and Roy Joyce had talked about opening a pool room. Enlarging upon this idea and the benefits to be derived, he offered them a third interest. "We'll sell this old shack," he explained. "We'll sell the shipyard and the oyster boat and move uptown, right on the main street, and live over the pool room. What you say?"

The twins glanced at each other, then shiftily at Mulligan. Mulligan aroused himself.

"You-all promised what trades you going into, and if you don't keep your promise you know what you going to be—like Bill and Pap." The solemnity of his manner had thrown a spell over the dim disordered kitchen. "There ain't only one trade left," he said. "Maybe I'll choose being a preacher. But you got to have a call to be a preacher."

William gave a grunt of disgust. "Preacher! Doctor, law-lawyer, pre-preacher!" He tried to laugh, but his voice struck a false note. "Reckon I'll go uptown," he concluded lamely. "Reckon I'll talk things over with Roy Joyce and get myself some flapjacks and coffee."

But possibly the low state of his finances occurred to him, for in the doorway he swung around and said bullyingly to Mulligan, "Pap had money in his clothes when he died." Mulligan did not deny this; and William, noting the set of his youngest brother's jaw, changed his tactics with surprising diplomacy: "Say, kid, you give me half that money and you can have the rest."

"Wh-what about us?" put in Ezra belligerently. Even the twins were two-fisted boys.

"You got trades," grinned William. "Say, kid, what trade you pick for me? Maybe I'll think it over, after I get something to eat. Can't think on an empty stomick. How much you get out of Pap's clothes? And don't tell no lies."

Mulligan glowered. Something William had said worried him. Maybe William had the right to sell the house and shipyard and oyster boat. He wished he had asked Lawyer Caulk about this. Particularly he was worried about the old abandoned shipyard, and even more worried about the oyster boat.

"What you want your brother Bill to be?" grinned William with assumed good nature.

A retort popped into Mulligan's head. He thought of telling him he could have Pap's town house—the calaboose. That was where he belonged. Instead, he made a wary move. Getting up with apparent aimlessness from Pap's chair, he turned his back toward William.

"I reckon you know what Bill's going to be," he said in a drawling voice to the twins. "I reckon Bill knows too. I reckon everybody in town knows without thinking." The moment had come when he must deal with his eldest brother and settle his status in the house for all time—now or never. His muscles became taut. Turning toward William, lolling in the doorway, he breathed a word or two: "Get out!"

"Who you talking to? Talking like a man up a tree," said William.

"Get out!" repeated Mulligan. His voice was none too steady.

William took hold of the door jamb to set himself for what he saw coming.

"Only asked you what you want me to be."

"Get out!" cried Mulligan. "You going to be what everybody kicks out of a house." And suddenly he hurled himself at the figure in the doorway, shrieking "Drunken bum!"

Ezra and Carroll rushed out into the darkness of the ill-kept yard, where, beneath the silent stars, two shadows rolled on the ground, rose and came together with the impact of panthers. Their grunts and cries were the noises of beasts fighting for supremacy—existence itself. So startlingly eccentric were their movements that they seemed everywhere at once—now moving separately, now hurling themselves at each other to go down again, grunting and panting.

For a moment the fortunes of the struggle turned toward Mulligan. He sank his fist into the body of his prostrate brother. "Drunken bum!" And William shrieked out an oath and hurled Mulligan against the side of the house. A moment later they were locked together, indistinguishable one from the other, a single black shadow in the shadowy darkness. The crashing impact of blows brought a groan from Mulligan.

"Drunken bum!" he managed to gasp.

When fortune was again with him he sank his fist into William's mid-section. And this time he added a word: "Drunken bum—or preacher?" Again William managed to throw him off, and in the next moment had him fastened to the ground beneath the wash bench, beating his head into the hard earth.

"Drunken bum or preacher?" moaned Mulligan, trying to protect his face.

The twins did not interfere. This was a fight for supremacy, to settle which was to be the head of the house—to settle it for all time.

"Rather be a drunken bum!" growled William, varying the blows with resounding slaps.

The bench turned over and with it the washtubs. Mulligan, at the bottom, managed by superhuman effort to rise up and shake himself free. His breath was coming in dry sobs. He hurled himself at William, and William, stumbling backward over a root, went down heavily. Despising no advantage, Mulligan clouted him a fearful blow.

"Bum or preacher?" But this time there came no answer. He started to strike his brother again, but something caused him to withhold the blow and gaze down at the battered motionless face. "Say which!" William did not move. Mulligan peered at him. "Bill, say something!"

"You ki-kill him!" shrieked Ezra.

All three leaned over the prostrate form. William's face was distorted and strangely pallid in the feeble light that came from the kitchen door.

"You ki-killed him!"

William's eyes were glassy; but presently they seemed to be looking up at something above and beyond the three strained faces that peered down. Then his eyes focused themselves and gazed at Mulligan.

"What's the matter, kid?"

"Get off him," breathed Carroll. "He's dying."

"You ki-killed him!" sobbed Ezra.

Mulligan persisted: "You got to choose. If you're dying you got to choose quick. Drunken bum or preacher—which you going to be?"

William made an uncertain gesture, wiped a dark stream from his forehead in a bewildered manner.

"Don't feel so good," he muttered weakly, and tried to grin. Mulligan moved sufficiently for him to breathe more easily, but refused to relinquish his hold.

William lay there gazing up above and beyond the faces of his three brothers.

Presently he said uncertainly, "Kid, something's up there. I saw it."

All of them followed William's gaze, looking at the deep blue sky with its infinite number of small stars.

"Didn't mean to hurt you like that," breathed Mulligan.

William lifted himself on his elbow and moved his head backward and forward.

"Ain't hurt." He grinned. "Didn't hurt me, kid. Maybe you done me good. I saw it. Reckon maybe I got a call."

When he was able to sit up, Carroll brought him a gourd of water from the well, and presently William asked, "What you going to be, kid, when you grow up?"

"Dunno," said Mulligan.

"You got to have a trade too. I reckon we took all the trades you been thinking about."

"More trades than three," said Mulligan.

"What are they?" asked William.

"Dunno," said Mulligan. "We got to have money. Cost a lot to be a doctor or a lawyer or a preacher. You got to go through school, all the way; and college, all the way, and more schooling. I'll make the money."

"How you going to make the money?"

"Dunno. Maybe oystering." Mulligan gazed toward the moonlit water of the creek.

"Pap couldn't make it oystering," said William—"them lean seasons."

Presently there came to Mulligan an inspired thought:

"Maybe I'll get some money from Grandpap—to help out."

"Pap couldn't get it," William reminded him. "Ma couldn't get it."

"Maybe I can get it," said Mulligan quietly. "I'll get the money for your schooling. I keeps my promises."

"He k-keeps his promises," echoed Ezra, convinced.

"Yep," agreed Carroll, "Mulligan keeps his promises."

The twins had faith in him.

He dug his hand into his breeches pocket and pulled out a small wad of dirty bills.

"You-all go uptown," he said to Ezra and Carroll. "I got something to say to Bill. You-all buy some flapjacks and coffee." He handed Carroll a dollar bill. "You go and see Doc Roberts. You tell him I sent you. Tell him I didn't have nothing in mind this afternoon except you. You talk to him."

He gazed down at the remaining wad of bills. "That's all we got." Peeling off another dollar, he handed it to Ezra. "You get flapjacks and coffee, and you go and see Lawyer Caulk. You ask him what you got to do to be a lawyer. You tell him I sent you. I got something to say to Bill." And he lapsed into silence until the twins, shoulder to shoulder, vanished along the oyster-shell road, then turned to his eldest brother, still sitting beneath the tree on the ground.

"Bill," he said, "you know you've always been a liar and nobody ever believed you. But maybe I'll believe you if you say you're going to be a preacher. Say it right out and maybe I'll give you a dollar for flapjacks and coffee."

William glanced at the money temptingly held in Mulligan's hand.

"I reckon I got a call. Can't be sure. I got to have time to think. Reckon I'll go uptown and talk to Mr. Starr."

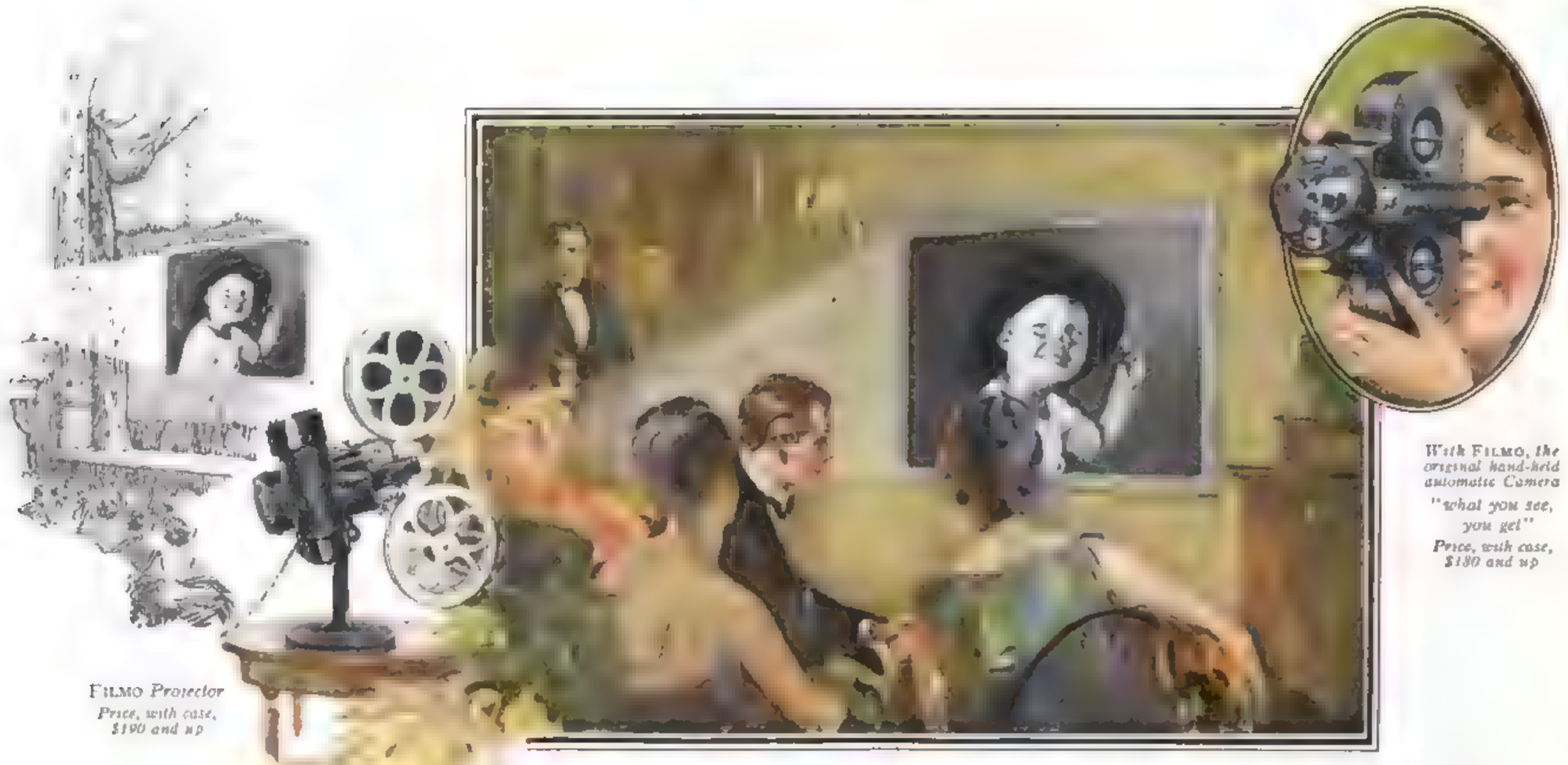
Mulligan handed him a dollar. "You tell the parson to tell you what he told me."

"You been to see the parson too?"

Mulligan nodded his head slowly.

William rose from the ground, glanced at the dollar and for a moment looked at

(Continued on Page 164)



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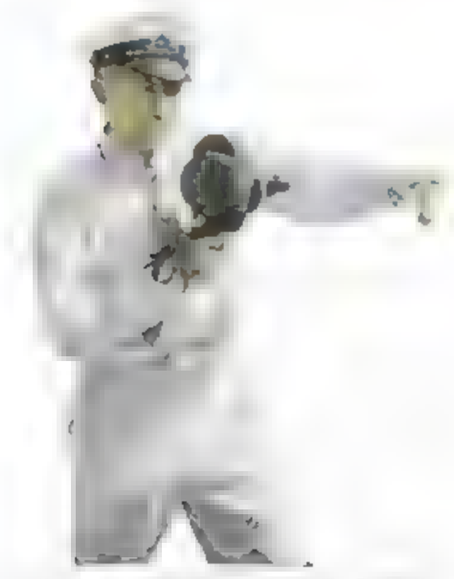

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(Continued from Page 162)

Mulligan as if he had never seen him clearly before; then, turning away, he disappeared along the road in the direction of St. Michaels.

Mulligan seated himself on the block that formed the step to the kitchen; he sat there with his face between his fists. Presently he muttered a word—"Grandpap." And once he said aloud to the shadowy night "Keeps my promises."

After a time, through the darkness, streaked by now with silent moonlight, there came a low quavering whistle, like the call of a whippoorwill. Mulligan did not move. Perhaps he did not hear it. Presently the whistle quavered again through the night. He raised his head and listened. It came to him that he had something to tell Anna Lee. He would have to tell her that, after all, he wasn't going to be a doctor or a lawyer or a preacher. Getting up stiffly, he went into the kitchen, washed the blood from his face and hands and, after slicking back his hair, went down through the old shipyard toward the oyster wharf.

Through the night there came the sound of block and tackle—a sail was being hoisted; and presently the oyster boat moved out from the sagging wharf toward the open water of the Miles River, leaving a silver wake behind it.

At the quick-lunch restaurant on the main street that evening, the twins, between mouthfuls of coffee and flapjacks, let it be known that something important was about to happen. At the drug store, a little later, where each consumed two glasses of soda water, it leaked out that they were thinking of entering upon lucrative careers; while outside on the street and down the block at the pool room, Ezra declared openly that Carroll had decided to be a doctor and Carroll retaliated by making public Ezra's decision to study law.

Meanwhile, on the small lot back of the barber shop, one of the dark figures offered William Talbot a drink which William gruffly refused.

"No kidding, I tell you," mumbled William. "If you want to know," he admitted finally, "I got a call to be a preacher."

This was one of the rarest jokes heard for some time back of the barber shop. But the laughter ended abruptly. William could stand no more. His huge fist landed squarely on the wide-open mouth of Roy Joyce and Joyce sank to the ground, moaning beneath the stars, with a fractured jawbone. After which William hastily made his way to the rectory, where he talked until midnight with Mr. Starr; and when he departed he carried with him a book of which he had heard, no doubt, but into which he had never before so much as glanced. He was going to be a preacher.

This was the beginning of the careers of the Talbot brothers.

And on this same night, in the small hours, long after William had left the rectory, Anna Lee Marshall ran swiftly along the unlighted streets and slipped in the back door of her house. In the flickering light of a match she glanced at the kitchen clock with a gasp of surprise. Quarter-past two! And as she stood there she heard the soft pad-pad of her father's bedroom slippers on the steps. Panic seized her and she thought of flying out again into the night. Instead, in this moment of stress, she turned back the hands of the clock just as the dark form of her father appeared in the doorway.

Both were silent, both motionless, until Anna Lee struck another match and in its feeble light glanced at the face of the man confronting her. She turned away and lit the lamp.

"Dad, I went out sailing and and the wind stopped blowing."

The blemish on the side of her father's face seemed a deeper purple than she had ever seen it before; and suddenly resentment welled up within her that the beauty of this night should be ruthlessly ended. Lanes of moonlit water, mysterious dark shores, and the pallid stars and the creaking of the mast and the strange sounds made by the ghostly gray sail still pervaded her thoughts. She could hear a quiet monotone relating impossible dreams of distant lands. In her mind were ecstatic moments, promises, breathless silences. All that was beautiful and mysterious must now be made hideous. Her resentment took form. She understood for the first time why her mother had left them. Her mother had been confronted like this at a moment when within her all was beautiful. Her mother had left her father, refusing to turn all this beauty into hideous lies.

"Who were you out sailing with?" asked Mr. Marshall.

"Mulligan Talbot," said Anna Lee.

Anger devastated his senses. "In a sailboat with one of those Talbots?"

"Yes," said Anna Lee.

"Who else?"

"No one else—just us two."

Impossible to credit such a thing! The birthmark became a deeper tinge.

Ungoverned words poured out, epithets. Anna Lee listened until her father paused.

"If all you say were true, I'd still like him." She met her father's gaze. Her eyes were like her mother's, and her body was beautiful like her mother's. "I love him," she said quietly. "I told him I would marry him—when we are old enough."

Foolishly she had turned the hands of the clock back to eleven, when the hour was past two in the morning. Now she turned the hands forward to midnight, then laughed a little hysterically and turned the hands forward to quarter-past two.

When she looked up to meet again the anger of her father, she saw not so much the birthmark as the unusual pallor of his face. This startled her. It was harder to withstand than his anger, for she knew intuitively what had passed through his mind. Something she had done had reminded him of her mother. Her mother hadn't lied.

"You mustn't see this Talbot boy again," he said in a thick voice. Anna Lee said nothing. "I'm going to punish you." Anna Lee nodded her head in assent. "Will you promise not to see him again?"

"No, I can't promise that."

"Then you mustn't go off the block unless I'm with you—for the rest of the summer. I'll send you away to school in the fall."

She nodded her head and tried to smile and they looked at each other for a long moment.

"Anna ——."

She came to him and put her arms around his neck and clung to him, sobbing.

"Is it really so terrible to love someone?" (Continued on Page 169)

"I Wouldn't Move if I Were You—and Don't Make Any Noise"

Interwoven
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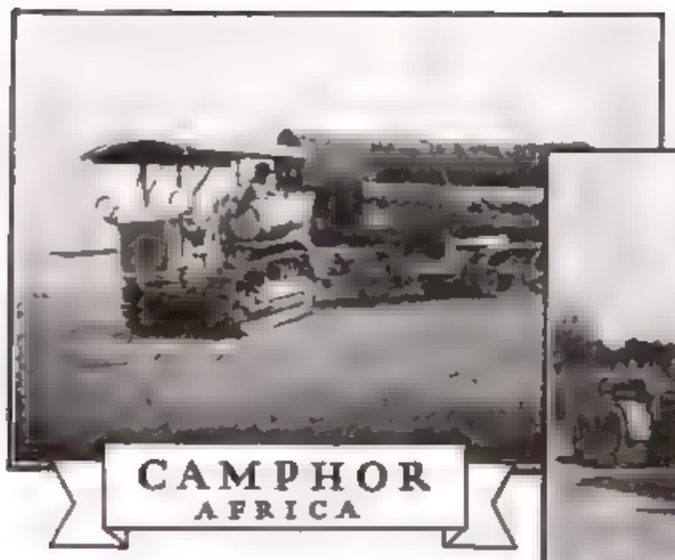

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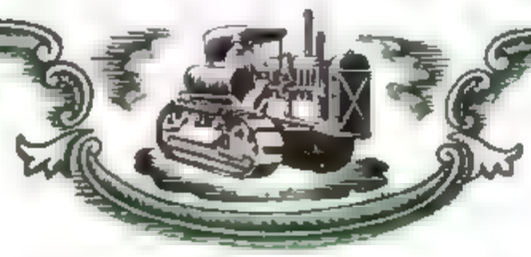

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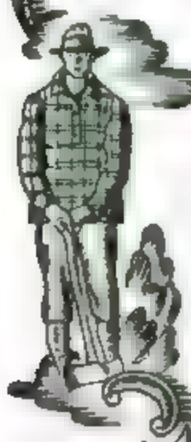

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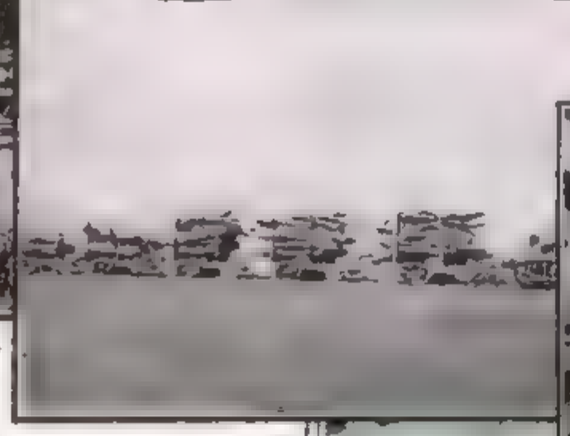

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(Continued from Page 164

He couldn't answer. Possibly he dared not. He stood in the position of both parents. He stroked her head as gently as he could, a clumsy man, and kissed her.

That summer Anna Lee watched the world go by—everyone in St. Michaels except Mulligan, for whom she waited with surprising patience. A change had come over her in a single night.

For years she had skated up and down the drug-store block, but now she had no desire to skate. She felt older. Day after day she saw Mulligan's brothers pass along the sidewalk, and though she never spoke to them, still, from her vantage point she knew where they were going. And this was strange, a new thing altogether—to watch people go by and to figure in her mind where they were going and for what purpose.

She asked her father to stretch a hammock under the tree in the yard back of the house, and she made him bring her an envelope of each kind of seed in the drug store, flowers and vegetables, and she planted the seeds indiscriminately, to see what would happen. She was in love; and when the flowers and vegetables came up, as some of them did, she would slip out of her room at night and come down to her tangled garden, where, in the darkness, the faint fragrance seemed to be her own inexplicable emotions which had taken delicate form.

In the day there were other things to occupy her thoughts, but at night her heart would beat fast and faster and she would call inarticulately to Mulligan until she felt sure he must hear her and would come to her. Then, when he did not come, she would imagine herself running through narrow streets, with monstrous black shadows, past huge gas tanks and weird fishermen's nets set to catch her, until breathless she reached the sagging wharf. In her vision, she would whistle like a whippoorwill and a dark form would move toward her through the shipyard, just like that night; and he would lift her down into the oyster boat and she would cling to him as she had that night.

Even in the daytime, when she closed her eyes, Anna Lee could hear the creaking of the sail and she could hear Mulligan's low voice telling her about strange lands to which he was going to take her—lands that did not exist, lands he was creating especially for her. In the evening, on her steps, she sometimes felt like a lonely island around which rolled a shallow, noisy tide. The things these other boys were saying were founded on fact, and yet they were silly; the things Mulligan had said had no foundation in fact, and yet they had not been silly. These others boys knew more than Mulligan knew, but he didn't have to know things; he could think of things and make them real. It was as if his mind were stronger, just as his body was stronger—strength enough to create new oceans and new lands and whole races of new people who made the people of St. Michaels seem weak and ridiculous. It came to her that he had pictured a race after his own image—people who kept their promises.

Another thing: He had given her a glimpse into what had happened in the kitchen on that night. He had told her simply he had taken Pap's chair for himself, and she had not understood the real meaning of this. But she had come to realize that there was a kind of symbolism about Pap's chair. That was what Mulligan had meant her to understand—the one who sat in Pap's chair was the head of the family. He was the youngest of the four brothers, but he had taken his father's place, and already a change had come over the Talbot boys.

William, the oldest, passed her steps regularly and she knew where he was going. Mulligan had said William was going to be a preacher, and she had laughed, just as all St. Michaels had laughed. Now William was going each day to the rectory. And Mulligan had told her that Ezra was going to be a lawyer. Imagine Ezra as a lawyer! He stuttered fearfully. And yet each day she saw him pass on his way to Lawyer Caulk's office, where he did odd jobs. Also Mulligan had told her that Carroll was going to be a doctor. And these things now amazed her. She was beginning to understand Mulligan in the light of small subsequent events. Carroll was now driving Doctor Roberts' buggy.

Looking out upon this quiet street on which apparently nothing ever happened, and yet upon which so many things were happening—inside of people—she began to get an exalted idea of Mulligan. It was as if he were a colossal blacksmith, stripped to the waist, standing at an anvil, forging a giant race of people. William and Ezra and Carroll were on the anvil. He was forging them into men to fit into the race he had pictured for her.

She saw him only once that summer. She loved him more for not coming to see her and, by turns, almost hated him for the same reason. Where had he gone? What was he doing? Surely he could not have been away all this time.

In the open oyster boat, with its gray patched sail, Mulligan had vanished from St. Michaels along the waterways that lead down the Chesapeake for many sightless miles to the Rappahannock River in quest of no less a chimera than the Golden Fleece. To him the fabulous wealth of Grandpap, of which he had heard since first he could remember, was real. His mother, years ago, had given up hope of ever receiving a penny of Grandpap's money, but Mulligan entertained no doubts. He'd get money from him somehow. He was going to keep his promise. To guide him, he had an old chart on which Pap had painstakingly traced a course to Grandpap's vast estate, but Pap had lacked the hardihood to follow his own charting. Mulligan's preparations for the trip consisted in boiling a large pot of potatoes and buying at the store a dozen bananas. He ate the bananas the first day, and as the night closed down and the shore lines disappeared, the stars alone guided him toward the goal where childish dreams end and grim realities take form.

A month later Carroll and Ezra, sitting in the kitchen doorway, saw a gray sail moving slowly up the creek. A little later they lifted a lone figure out of the oyster boat and carried Mulligan, one on each side, to the house of the Talbots.

"What about Grandpap?" asked Carroll.

"Didn't he g-give you nothing to e-eat?" asked Ezra.

Mulligan did not answer. Perhaps he could not. He sat in Pap's chair, staring at the stove.

That night, still weak and feverish from the agonies of hunger and exposure through which he had passed, Mulligan described Grandpap as tall and skinny, with eyes that look through you.

"He showed me his money," said Mulligan in a monotone that awed his listeners; "more money than anybody ever did see." The other members of Grandpap's family were somewhat hazy in his mind. He reckoned the women were in the kitchen or maybe outside doing the washing. "He took me upstairs in the attic, then showed me a big chest with money in it, mostly gold." This vision seemed to hold him spellbound for a long moment.

Then an idea came to him and he said abruptly, "He give me a quarter for each of you, to bind the bargain." And getting up stiffly from the chair, Mulligan dug into his pocket and pulled out three quarters.

"That all he give you?" grumbled William, breaking the spell.

"Just to bind the bargain," repeated Mulligan.

"Wh-what bargain?" stuttered Ezra.

Mulligan moved restlessly around the kitchen, with the smoky lamp throwing distorted shadows and the sharp eyes of his brothers gleaming as they watched him. Then, laying the three quarters on the table, he cautioned them to keep their hands off until they agreed to the conditions Grandpap had made.

"You got to sign a paper," he said.

Uncertainty now had left him. He knew by heart the plan for their future and did not mince matters. "You-all got to start in when school starts, and you got to stand at the head of your class. That's the bargain. Every month. And that ain't all. If you don't stand at the head of your class, I'm going to give you a licking from Grandpap. If you don't pass your class every year, Grandpap's going to stop giving money for your food and clothes and schooling. I got to report to him. He don't want to see none of you. If you go there he's going to stop giving his money. I'll get it from him piecemeal—money to pay for your schooling and clothes and food, and maybe a little spending money."

William wanted to know how much spending money, but Mulligan would not commit himself. The twins were silent, thinking of these things; William was skeptical.

"I got to see some real money," he declared sourly. "Those three quarters don't mean nothing."

Mulligan took no offense. "I'll go back and get the money, starting tomorrow."

"How long's this going to last?" asked William.

"'Till you finish your schooling."

"How much schooling?"

"Much as you need."

"It'll take t-ten years for me to be a law-lawyer," put in Ezra.

"Take longer than that for me to be a doctor," Carroll informed him; "maybe twelve years, maybe fourteen."

Mulligan pondered this. A curious expression came over his face—ten years, twelve years, maybe fourteen. Presently he nodded his head curtly.

"I'll get the money until you finish." And none of them doubted him. They knew Mulligan would keep his promises.

"And what's he going to give you, kid?" asked William.

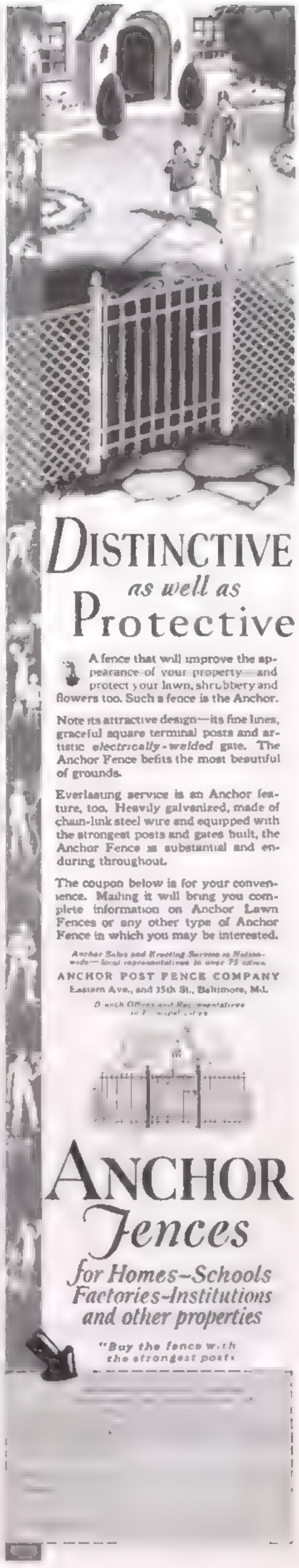
"Ain't my name Mulligan?" he said quietly. "He ain't going to give me a penny. You're different. You're his namesakes."

With their shaggy heads together, the four of them leaned over the kitchen table and formulated a crude agreement which Ezra, the embryonic lawyer, should have drawn, but as no one could read Ezra's writing, William labored with the pen and ink. In contradistinction to Pap, none of these boys prided himself on his handwriting or spelling. Nevertheless they signed their names legibly and pocketed the quarters, while Mulligan put the agreement inside his coat with an abysmal feeling. The die had been cast; and though lacking none in courage, the future stretched out before his mind's eye like a shoreless uncharted sea. His equipment consisted only of an open oyster boat with a gray patched sail.

On the following morning, too weary and sick at heart from an agonizing voyage to start out again, he sat for a long time in Pap's chair, looking beyond the rusty stove at nothing at all. After a while, by an effort of will, he brought himself out of this torpor and put water on to boil and cleaned his Sunday suit, which needed cleaning, for he had lived and slept in it for almost a month; then he washed his shirt, and while it dried in the warm summer sun, he pressed his suit carefully. Donning his clean clothes, he followed the narrow oyster-shell road to the heart of St. Michaels. There were four people he wanted to see—the doctor, the lawyer and the preacher, but most of all he wanted to see Anna Lee Marshall. He had important matters to talk over with each of them.

Anna Lee, sitting on the steps next to the drug store, saw him the moment he turned into the main street. She wanted to call out to him, but she could not make a sound. She thought of running across the street, but her knees were suddenly weak. Then, when she could see him more clearly, she felt suddenly empty. The vision which during these weeks had taken colossal proportions vanished from her mind. Instead of being a giant blacksmith, Mulligan was

(Continued on Page 171)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A fence that will improve the appearance of your property—and protect your lawn, shrubbery and flowers too. Such a fence is the Anchor.
Note its attractive design—its fine lines, graceful square terminal posts and artistic electrically-welded gate. The Anchor Fence befits the most beautiful of grounds.
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If you've baked beans yourself, you know that it takes real baking to get that real "baked bean" flavor.

We bake our beans just as you would bake them—in the dry heat of ovens . . . It's the *only* way we know to have them mealy, tender and golden brown in color, with that real nut-like taste without which "baked beans" are not *baked beans*. And remember only beans that *are* baked can be labeled "baked."

Of course, we select the beans carefully. And pick them over twice—by hand.

Then developing our own seed for tomatoes for the sauce makes a difference. The tomatoes must be plump and juicy and ripe, you know, and uniform in flavor and used while they still have all their wonderful garden-freshness . . . Uniformity and precision at every step.

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That golden baked-brown look of Heinz Baked Beans! That warm, tempting aroma! Every blessed bean ready to burst with the old-time baking it's been having. Over them all—and through and through every one—luscious tomato sauce . . . Welcome always this steaming plate of just-out-of-the-oven flavor.

HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

(Continued from Page 169)

merely an overgrown boy wearing funny clothes.

Almost directly across from where she was sitting, he paused and looked into the show window of the hardware store. Anna Lee knew he had seen her. He was waiting for her to call to him. She wanted to, but could not, and he hung there for an interminable time. Then it was too late. Without looking across, Mulligan walked slowly along the broken sidewalk and presently disappeared into Lawyer Caulk's house three blocks away. She did not see him again until autumn.

Mulligan visited the three other persons he had purposed seeing, and before returning to the shipyard purchased a sou'wester and a cheap black slicker. He bought no childish luxuries. His thoughts were grim. He was no longer a child. And that night he boiled more than one pot of potatoes and saw to it, so far as his meager means would go, that his supplies were adequate to the ventures before him. At sunrise he again hoisted the patched sails, while his three brothers stood on the wharf watching him.

"Don't bring back no bad money," said William affably; "no more chicken feed like them quarters."

"Bring back that iron ch-chest," grinned Ezra.

Carroll was silent, gazing at the immobile face of his youngest brother. There were no farewells.

Before the sun had risen above the fish hawks' nests, the oyster boat with its lone sailor rounded Greatneck, and, curiously, as if its pilot had lost his bearings, turned northward. But Mulligan knew these intricate waterways of the Eastern Shore—knew their secret coves, their hiding places, knew their private harbors and their yacht clubs where rich yachts and raised-decked cruisers rode at anchor. On a night five weeks later he slipped silently through the darkness across the Chesapeake and, following the western shore, came to the maze-like harbor of a large city, where, in the darkness of the night along deserted piers, the wharf rats meet their gods, and their gods are river pirates.

Then, in September, a rumor reached the little town of St. Michaels that the battered remains of an oyster boat had been washed ashore on the west coast of the Chesapeake. The town went about its daily round unperturbed except for four people. William Talbot began to gravitate toward the barber shop, Ezra and Carroll toward the bowling alley, where the work of setting up pins was more congenial than running errands for a lawyer or driving a doctor's buggy. They had given up hope of ever seeing Mulligan again. While Anna Lee broke the promise she had made to her father. The summer was nearly over, but she made no excuses. For more than a week she told herself that it wasn't true—no storm could drown Mulligan. And then on a night she slipped down to her garden and its fragrance failed to hold her. She had flown from here innumerable times in her imagination; now she followed her fancy, and running through the narrow dark streets came to the old shipyard with its tumble-down shed and broken ways.

At the end of the sagging wharf in the soft September wind, she imagined she could hear Mulligan's quiet voice. Staring out upon the dark emptiness, streaked with strange light, she could almost see his form. And it was not a colossal blacksmith but a boy with a solemn sunburned face that she loved. And she laughed a little at his funny clothes. He had pressed them himself, she was sure of it, and he had come uptown to see her. If she had it to do over, she would tell him she loved him more than anything. The warm night wind against her face was like kisses blown from a distance and the wind wrapping her clothing around her body had the feel of a lover's close embrace.

Then these emotional dreams were gone, leaving her empty as she stared out into the streaked darkness, and she began to sob. She could never love anyone else, and she called to him, saying ridiculous things. And there in the night, knowing she would never see him again, and yet clinging to illogical hope, it was as if hope and longing triumphed over logic and knowledge, as they sometimes do—most always do. Presently she could not be mistaken—Anna Lee saw far out on the water a ghostly gray sail moving almost imperceptibly along lanes of darkness and nebulous light toward the sagging wharf. She had been sobbing, then she looked up and she saw the sail of Mulligan's oyster boat.

Coming down the creek with a wry sail, the oyster boat passed the end of the wharf, headed into the wind and with the flapping of canvas slid alongside with perfect seamanship.

The lone figure made the boat fast, and Anna Lee whispered his name. But he could not have heard her, as the sail was making a fearful noise. He lowered it; then, looking up, he saw her.

Wind-blown, with her white dress clinging to her body, she had the appearance of a specter standing above him.

"Mulligan!" Anna Lee leaned toward him and held out her moonlit hands. Without taking her hands, he climbed to the wharf. "They said you had been drowned, but I didn't believe it—I didn't believe it." She was laughing. "I knew you'd come back."

"I been away," said Mulligan. Words did not matter. Peering at Anna Lee, he was unconscious of saying anything.

She nodded her head. "You've come back. That's the only thing that matters."

"I got money." That was the thing that really mattered. He looked away—looked toward the Chesapeake—those miles and miles of open water, those intricate rivers and the dark piers of the city. She could see something of this reflected in his hard level gaze and felt afraid of him. He was not a boy any longer—something had changed him.

"Was it so hard to get money from your grandfather?" she asked.

Mulligan did not answer. Her voice had been low and possibly he had not heard the question. He busied himself making the oyster boat shipshape, and Anna Lee watched his sure unhurried movements. The hazy moon revealed him a dark blurred silhouette. When he had finished he glanced again out at the river, seemed to peer into the moonlit gloom out there where all things were mysterious, then turned toward her abruptly.

"I got nearly three hundred dollars," he announced in a low monotone.

"Have you thought only of money?" asked Anna Lee. "I've thought only of you."

He jerked his head in the direction of the house at the far end of the shipyard.

"I got money for their schooling. I got to get more."

"Your grandfather wouldn't give it all in a lump?"

"I got to keep on getting it, piecemeal, till they finish their schooling."

"How long will it take?" she asked.

"Dunno. Maybe ten years, maybe fourteen."

He looked down into her upturned face, chiseled by the moonlight, with her dark eyes and hair like a shadow. He seemed to be asking a question.

She nodded her head. "I'll wait."

"Maybe ten years, maybe fourteen," he repeated.

"Yes, I'll wait."

And as they walked through the shipyard he told her he was going to build a ship, and he told her the kind of ship he was going to build—a sloop; just a few words, yet it seemed to arise from the broken ways. He could see it in his mind and—strangely—she could see it too.

"And when it's finished?"

"We'll travel," said Mulligan.

"You and I," said Anna Lee, "we'll go away." It was like a vow; like a prayer that the years might pass swiftly, and yet a promise that took no account of time. Presently she told him that she was going to be sent away to school. Maybe she would not see him for a long while. And though he was listening, he said nothing; and though he was close to her, he did not touch her. "I'll go away with you tonight—if you want me to," she whispered.

He looked beyond her at the dark ramshackle house. "I got other things to think about." There was no emotion in his voice—a dull monotone.

"Something's changed you. Do you still love me, Mulligan?" He nodded his head. "Something's happened to you while you were away. Did your grandfather do something to you—did he give you a beating?"

"No man ever licked me," said Mulligan.

And the girl felt that no man would ever lick him. She put her arms around him.

"Mulligan, you can tell me anything—everything."

In his drawling monotone he merely said, "I keeps my promises. I got money."

"You did something to your grandfather—is that it?"

"Never laid a hand on him."

"Then what has changed you? If you loved me you wouldn't be afraid to touch me."

"Got to wait," said Mulligan; "maybe ten years, maybe fourteen."

"But I—I can't wait; and you can't wait, either."

Mulligan felt her lips against his. She was clinging to him. Then presently Anna Lee was gone, just as if she had been a thing he had imagined; and he was standing alone in the old shipyard, with its tumble-down sheds and rusty machinery dimly illumined by a nebulous moon. Before his eyes arose the ship he would build for her. It stood gallantly upon the ways. Then it vanished, dissipated by grimmer visions.

"Ten year; maybe fourteen."

He moved slowly, like a dream walker, toward the huge rambling house with its staring black windows and the three brothers to whom he had come home. Entering the decaying house of his forefathers, Mulligan aroused them.

During the past fortnight they had accustomed their minds to the idea that Mulligan had been drowned and that henceforth they could do as they pleased. Now, if they could believe their startled senses, he had returned to haunt them!

"Git up," he said, dispelling any such notion. "I got something to show you."

And the three, in their underdrawers, crawled out of the double bed and followed him sheepishly to the kitchen, where he informed them he had the money for their schooling and maybe a little more—enough for store clothes.

This delighted the twins. In the dim radiance of the bracket lamp, their faces shone greedily.

"How m-much did Grandpap gi-give you?"

"What clothes you going to buy us?"

But William, a lank specimen, set himself to drive a stiff bargain. He reckoned maybe he didn't want any more learning.

"Say, kid, how much did you get out of the old miser?"

Then, perceiving in Mulligan's uncompromising gaze and the set of his jaw the change these weeks had wrought, William looked away shiftily and reckoned, after all, he'd go back to school.

Without further ado, Mulligan reached down into his breeches and pulled out a wad of dirty bills; and while his brothers leaned their shaggy heads over the table he counted the money before their astonished eyes—two hundred and eighty-seven dollars!

"You-all start school tomorrow," he said quietly.

"S-school don't st-start for a we-week," stuttered Ezra.

"You-all start school when school starts," drawled Mulligan. "Tomorrow we buy store clothes and schoolbooks."

On the following morning the rumor spread through St. Michaels that the Talbot boys had been taken under the wing of

This Cowboy Bold

may be from the East but on the ranch where his family spends the summer he knows his ropes—as any of the real cowboys will tell you!

Dad's a lazy Dude—just sits on the cabin porch, looking at the mountains or reading a book. Sometimes he goes fishing and then there's the best kind of a dinner to eat! But Big Brother goes off with the cowboys and rides all over the mountains!

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The "North Coast Limited" Sets the Pace Out West!

their wealthy grandfather, William Ezra Carroll, and this was given authenticity by the appearance of the ragged quartet at Sol Caplain's department store. Here William and Ezra and Carroll were outfitted under the lowering gaze of Mulligan, who held the purse strings none too loosely; and when school and the oyster season opened simultaneously, William and the twins turned their faces toward an education, while Mulligan, alone in Pap's oyster boat, went forth with long-handled tongs to grapple for a living.

He remained in and about the waters of the Choptank and the Miles until November; then, after administering three lickings—his brothers had stood nearer the foot than the head of their classes—he again went voyaging.

At this time Mulligan's only books were two ledgers in which he kept accurate accounts under the headings: "Money from Grandpap" and "Money I makes." But he kept no tally of the number of floggings. These were given with impartiality, though in the case of William the floggings were often in the nature of rough-and-tumble fights. Nor did Mulligan always come out on top.

He administered the last eight years after the first. Eight grim years had passed when, on a day in June, William, being graduated *cum laude*, but, nevertheless, fourth in his class, saw his youngest brother on the college campus and went forth to meet him. They spoke to each other—these young giants with arms and shoulders to match their unusual height—just a word or two.

"Not here," said William; and together they walked to a near-by strip of woodland, where among the long shadows they fought like enraged bulls until the sun had set. The youngest Talbot had traveled a hundred miles to chastise his eldest brother for not standing first in his class, and he made a thorough job of it—which somewhat belied the reputation Mulligan had acquired in his native town.

The twins were more lucky. When William was completing his first year at a theological seminary, Ezra, stuttering hardly at all, delivered the valedictory; and Carroll, being graduated by the same university, stood second only to Ezra. That autumn Carroll entered a medical school and Ezra took up the reading of law.

During these years an ocean had been between Mulligan Talbot and Anna Lee Marshall. This was the price Anna Lee paid for being persuasively pretty and enamored of life. Her father, not knowing what else to do with her, had put her in a convent school. He had taken her to France and left her there; but on the Continent two things had happened. First, she got glimpses of the mother from whom she had inherited many qualities, including piquancy and charm. The mother's eyes were dark and daring, like Anna Lee's, and when she looked at her daughter in a cloister, they were deeply amused.

"Your father knows nothing about girls," she said, "and less about women." If a daughter of hers was in love with a man in the States, it was ridiculous to suppose that an ocean could separate them. "I think," said the mother, fascinated by this flattering replica of herself, "if I were this man you tell me about, I should come over here in an argosy—or lacking that, in an oyster boat—and kidnap you."

"I wish he would," said Anna Lee.

Instead, there came the war; and during four kaleidoscopic years, crowded with vivid scenes and the continuous vibration of marching men, she compared many types with the boy she had known for a few unforgettable hours. All his wonderful qualities she found in these soldiers; but never, she told herself, in one uniform. At sixteen she escaped from the convent and in her twentieth year the war came to an end, and somewhere between these important events she received a letter from Lawyer Caulk. She had come into the estate of her father, who, at his death, had owned the business section of St. Michaels, body and soul.

She could not return to America at once, Anna Lee wrote her friend and legal adviser. Impossible—she was in the midst of things, driving an ambulance, and had just acquired a wound stripe. But he mustn't worry. It was nothing. The Americans were here, and soon she would be driving her ambulance again. And Anna Lee instructed him to buy for her the place across the creek from the old shipyard at St. Michaels—the large Colonial house with its boxwood gardens. She had always loved it, and wanted it, and after the war she would like to live there forever.

But after the war perhaps she was too restless to live on the Eastern Shore, or perhaps the boxwood gardens, by their antiquity, oppressed her; or the Colonial house, haunted by gay and elegant ghosts of a century past, needed many voices to dispel its high-ceiled gloom. More probably, within an hour after returning to St. Michaels, Anna Lee had heard of Mulligan's devastating reputation. It devastated her past, made it seem a sheer waste, and devastated the future—everything she had planned.

They talked so casually, these Eastern Shore men, as though what they said about Mulligan was of no real importance. They mentioned him and his brothers merely because the Talbot house could be seen, directly across the creek from Anna Lee's pillared Colonial porch.

"The place over there is an eyesore," said her lawyer, "but the man who owns it is harmless, a town character."

Harmless! What a word!

And Doctor Roberts mentioned him too, telling her of a wound he had sewed up recently in Mulligan's chest. Finest physical specimen he had ever seen; perhaps the strongest man in Talbot County, and the laziest.

Had she zigzagged across the tranquil main street inquiring in offices and stores—Leonard's and Leib's and Fairbanks' and Johnson's—she would have heard the same theme with endless variations: Harmless, shiftless, laziest man in town.

"That's what comes of expecting money," explained Julia Tunis gratuitously. And the little postmistress, an old friend, nodded her head toward the dilapidated place over the water. "William Ezra Carroll's fortune ruined Mulligan Talbot's father, and now it's ruining Mulligan. Too bad! You should know him, Anna Lee."

"I do know him," said Anna Lee crisply. "That is, I used to know him."

"Well, maybe you could talk to him. He spends his time wheedling money out of his grandfather, then comes back here and lazes around. Some folks say he's illiterate, but he isn't. He gets a newspaper from Norfolk and writes letters to his brothers—sends them part of the money he gets from his grandfather. I ought to know." Julia Tunis knew everything about everyone. "They'll be rich some day," she concluded. "Mulligan's just waiting. You ought to talk to him, Anna Lee—do him good."

But she did not want to talk to him. Her first reaction was never to see him again. She had been ridiculously romantic, mistaking clay for granite. A harmless town character! What an idiot she had been for six years! Just imagine! And yet a voice inside of her kept repeating, "He was—he really was a wonderful boy." She had to cling to something, even though with her own eyes she could see that the gossip was well founded.

Not a broken pane of glass in the blankly staring windows of the Talbot house had been replaced during these years; the sheds in the shipyard were more tumble-down than ever, and at the end of the wharf that sagged into the water a dilapidated oyster boat lazily rode the ripples of the creek. Even more convincing—a motionless figure sat idly on the broken ways—just sat there doing nothing.

This was her first glimpse of Mulligan, and she couldn't deny he had attained very nearly the physical ideal; nor could she find any excuse for certain emotion that swept through her. Her heart beat faster than it should, while a whimsical, or else intuitive, notion flitted formlessly through her mind. Mulligan's reputation in this little town was not a passive thing. It was active, incisive. People talked about his shiftlessness. It was as if he had built up and fostered this reputation and was using it as a mask to conceal for some reason the strength and energy that lay beneath. This passed through her thoughts, a mere suggestion; and then, unformulated, it escaped her and was gone.

But from the boxwood-scented garden that evening she saw a light burning steadily across the water in the Talbot house and she wondered what Mulligan could be doing. If there were a boat she would row across; and there being no boat, she thought of slipping out of her clothes and swimming to the shipyard, where she could see him through his lighted window. He must be doing something over there. She thought, too, of lovers who had met in this garden during past decades and wondered if there had been Talbots among them. Costumed figures strolled through her mind, to be dissipated by a dark mundane form; and she laughed a little, wondering if in all the romantic history of this place a woman, standing here, had ever dreamed of so impossible a man. Had the Talbots all been shiftless? One had come as a fugitive to this country, had conquered the forest and built ships to conquer the sea, so Mulligan had told her long ago. And she kept thinking and thinking of things he had told her, and she remembered she had promised to wait for him for ten—maybe fourteen years.

Six years had passed, but she couldn't wait forever; and leaving the deep scented shadows of the garden she went down to the water's edge and whistled, low and quaveringly, like the lonely call of the whippoorwill to its mate. Of course he could not hear way across the water, and yet Anna Lee waited. Then, after a time, she went to her room, from the window of which she could see the light across the creek still burning steadily. What in the world was he doing at this house, and what did it matter? Anna Lee shrugged her lovely young shoulders and dismissed Mulligan from her thoughts—forever, she told herself.

"This place," she said to Lawyer Caulk in the morning, "is much too large for one person." And in the same breath: "I'm going to add two wings." During the night she had made up her mind to leave the Eastern Shore and to turn the fine old Colonial house, with its shade trees and fragrant gardens, into an institution—some kind of a home; and she wanted Alice Martin, of Claiborne, who had been born for the sole purpose, to be at its head and make it really a home.

"But what kind of a home?" interrupted her legal adviser.

She had decided upon an old ladies' home. "These gardens were just made for them—to gossip and do their tatting and live forever—the old ladies of Talbot County." She loved the idea of them moving spryly along these walks and sitting in the sunlight and fragrant shadows. "They've always talked about me outrageously," she laughed, "and always will. I love them, and you must attend to the details and see that the work starts at once. I've thought only of Alice Martin and a large safe motorboat with striped awnings so they can go out fishing." For herself she wanted to reserve the room overlooking the creek—for when she was an old lady. "It's beautiful here," she added. "Maybe I'll come back before then. I don't know exactly what I'm going to do. Maybe I'll come back often."

But it was not until three years later that—no less radiant, despite persistent surmises as to the life she had been leading—Anna Lee returned to St. Michaels. She had come for the sole purpose of seeing how things were getting along at the home, she told Alice Martin; but when Miss Martin had left the room, Anna Lee went to the window overlooking the creek, knowing that an inexplicable something, stronger than she, had brought her back across the ocean.

Nothing had changed. The roof of the Talbot house sagged more than when she had seen it last and the sheds had tumbled down in a storm—nothing else. Then she noticed a pile of new lumber in the shipyard and presently discovered that the ways had been mended; but at the end of the wharf, as dark and immobile as the cluster of rotting piles, sat Mulligan Talbot—just sat there doing nothing; and Anna Lee, though for the life of her she could not have told what she had expected, turned impatiently away.

That night she said to Alice Martin, "We won't unpack any more clothes. I'm going abroad as soon as I've straightened things out with Lawyer Caulk and the bank."

"Haven't you just returned from abroad?"

"Yes; but I'm going back."

"To live with your mother?"

Something in the quiet voice of the elderly woman caused Anna Lee's dark eyes to sparkle with amusement.

"You mustn't worry on my account." She and her mother were excellent friends; they liked each other tremendously; but never lived together. "It's ridiculous," said Anna Lee, "to throw oneself away on little adventures when somewhere there must be something worth while. Perhaps it is right here in St. Michaels, yet I doubt if I ever come back. If you need this room, you must use it."

"We won't need this room." It was just as important for Anna Lee to have a home as for the old ladies of Talbot County. There were now seventeen charming old ladies. "I'm afraid they've annoyed you," said Alice Martin. "Is that why you're running away?"

"No. I love them."

"You should. They adore you—and gossip about you outrageously."

Anna Lee wished there were twice as many.

"I suppose some day I'll have to give them something really to talk about."

"No, no! That frightens me," said Miss Martin gravely. "As it is, you always make me think of a ship with white sails spread dangerously, scudding before a storm. I don't know what causes the storm. I suppose it's inside of you. Anyway, I'd like you to feel that this is your harbor."

"There really isn't any storm," declared the younger woman. "If I'm restless, it's because I'm looking for something that doesn't exist, and that's ridiculous. The war seemed a big adventure, but actually it consisted of countless minute details. It's very odd, but all of life is made up of molecules. And yet I keep telling myself there is something larger, something worth waiting for—the one adventure, big or small, which justifies one's existence. That alone would make it cosmic."

Whether she was looking for something or running away, her visits were few and fleeting and far between; but when she came again to St. Michaels the town had acquired a new landmark that could be seen down several of the narrow streets. Arriving late in the evening, Anna Lee did not see it, however, until the next morning. Up and up into the clear sky a tall slim mast rose from an unfinished sloop; and though an inanimate thing, it had a potent effect, as if someone had spoken to her, saying, "I'll build you a ship. I keeps my promises."

Perhaps to avoid hers, Anna Lee ran to many remote corners of the earth, from which it would seem an intangible thing, stronger than she, kept pulling her back to this quiet town on the Eastern Shore. Did she love Mulligan Talbot? No, she told herself frankly. Would she marry him? Unthinkable! And yet during the leisurely progress of the sloop toward completion she returned to St. Michaels again and again. It fascinated her, like the march of the universe—unhurried, inevitable—toward some mysterious and possibly dangerous end.

(Continued on Page 177)

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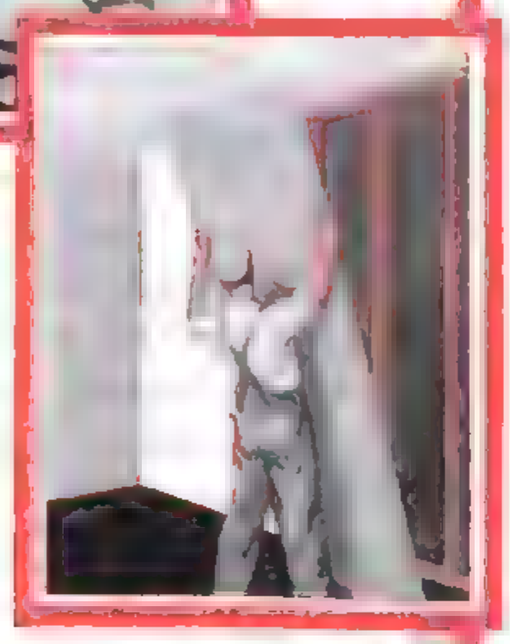

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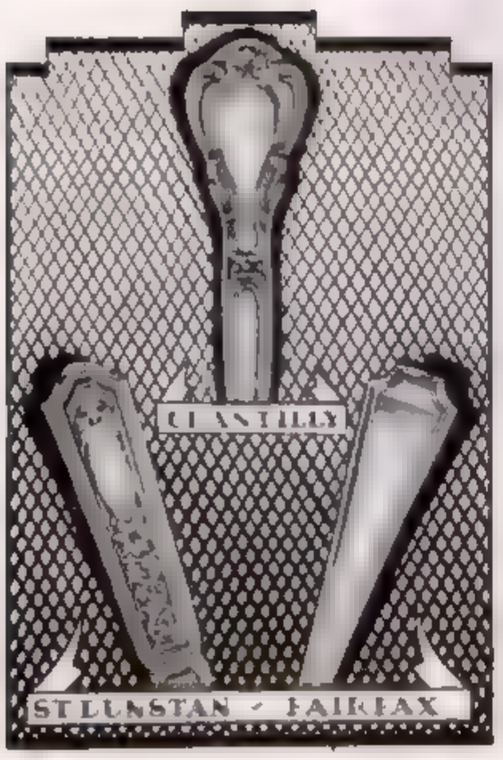

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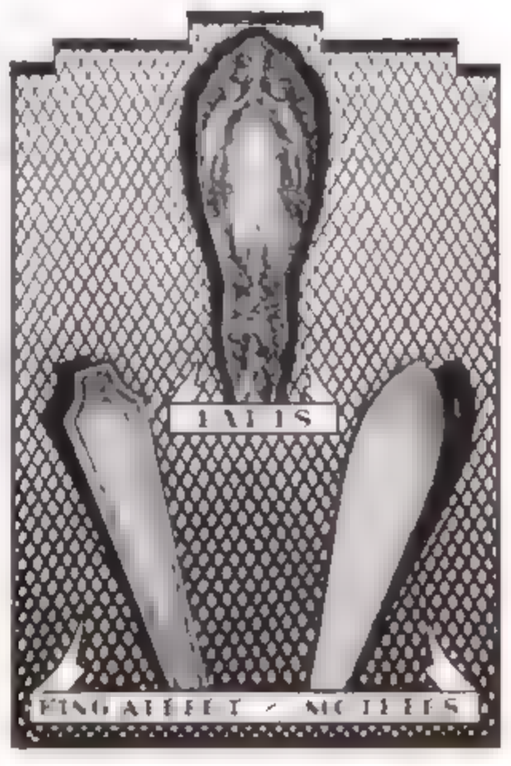

(Continued from Page 172)

An anchor appeared at the bow; lifeboats, like cockleshells, now swung from the davits; a steering wheel with brass-tipped spokes appeared at the stern. The hull had been painted copper color—a priming coat—which struck her eye as bizarre; and the portholes along the side and the windows in the low-roofed cabin seemed from this distance no larger than dolls' houses.

When she chanced to be on one of her fleeting visits she would sit at her window with her light out, looking across the dark intervening water with its restless shadows of silver and gold; and the whispering wind and the silent stars and the soft yellow light that streamed from the portholes of the sloop filled her with dreams of adventurous voyages with the man Mulligan might have been. What was he doing over there inside the sloop? She would go over and see. But she never did.

On a night in spring she looked down from her window to see only dark shadows. No light shone from Mulligan's ship. A shapeless black pile with strange outline stood where the decaying house of the Talbots for years had been an eyesore. Had it burned? Had it tumbled down during her absence? Suppose—suppose —— But at dawn she saw only the perfect thing that the last of the Talbots had completed. Across the iridescent water, the sloop seemed ready to take wings; and it came to her that lovers make love with words, while this man had written a poem in substantial material.

Did she love him? No! Would she marry him? Unthinkable! Then she must leave St. Michaels, never to return.

"I'm getting everything shipshape," she told Alice Martin. "This time I'm going away for good."

Then, on a night in June, one of the old ladies knocked at her door to say that the man who owned the shipyard across the creek wanted to see her.

"But what can he want?" Anna Lee managed to ask. "Won't you tell him—I can't see him?" Emotions like birds of prey beat their wings inside her breast. "Tell him—just tell him I can't possibly see him."

After the door had closed, her emotions took definite form. She was angry. After all these years, this sloth of a man had come for her! Imagine! She pictured herself as his wife. Mary Carroll of Virginia had married a Talbot—Mulligan's father. What a life!

But Mary Carroll had been penniless, and Anna Lee visualized herself rebuilding the Talbot house and supporting Mulligan while he became lazier and lazier. She could see herself prodding him until he made some pretense at work. Even more nauseous was the thought of this man, with hands to mold empires, squeezing money from a doddering old miser—Grandpap!

With a savage gesture, she pulled down a suitcase from the closet shelf and threw a handful of flimsy silk things into it from a drawer. She thought of asking Alice Martin to help her pack. Fugitive notions raced through her mind: Why shouldn't Alice Martin, the salt of the earth, have lovely sheer things like these? And Anna Lee's thoughts came back to Mulligan Talbot. Why hadn't she married him years ago? Why had she permitted him to humiliate himself, groveling before a miserly grandfather? What had he really wanted with her?

Going abruptly to the window, she looked out upon the blue, faintly illumined scene—such a night as she and Mulligan had known fourteen years ago, the same feel of early summer in the air, the same hazy moon in the sky. A dark figure in the stern of a skiff was slowly sculling, like Charon ferrying some dead soul across the Styx. She felt it was her own soul, yet she could look down calmly. Mulligan was moving out of her life, taking something of her with him; yet she could perceive beauty in the scene and a certain dignity about the man's departure. She was glad he was standing up instead of bending over his oars, and that a wake of silver followed his boat.

"Good-by," she whispered. Nothing could ever disturb her again. He had vanished into the shadows of the sagging wharf, and the night seemed mysteriously beautiful, tranquil yet palpitant, infinitely poignant. The man, she told herself, and the hold he had had upon her, both were gone.

Then, while she still leaned on her window sill, an ominous noise dissipated the silence—a dull, vibrant sound as if a blow had been struck with a sledge upon resounding wood. The echo died, to be awakened by another blow, and still another. What could he be doing over there? The blows fell methodically, and presently shattering the deathlike calm of her own being, there wavered across the creek a frenzied noise of ripping timbers. The tall straight mast that had brought her back from foreign lands seemed to be swaying perilously, beckoning to her before crashing down. Then it moved forward. With ports illumined, the sloop moved slowly forward. Alone in the night, Mulligan was launching the ship he had built.

She called to him to wait. But her voice was hardly more than a whisper, and she turned from the window and left the room. In the garden at the water's edge, Anna Lee paused, considering for a moment the motorboat with its striped awnings. But it would take time to start its engine. And turning, she ran along the shore with queer ideas racing through her mind—thoughts of herself when she had moved so swiftly up and down the broken sidewalk in front of her father's drug store. Her feet now seemed weighted. And she thought of the day Mulligan had taken her in his arms. She had been a child, then suddenly a woman. And what had she done since then? Nothing—less than nothing. And he? What had he been doing all these years? Also nothing—less than nothing? Merely building a ship?

The creek separated the grounds of the home from the mainland. A wooden bridge connected the two. She ran across, on and on, skirting the dark wharves where small houses with lights in their windows cast perplexing shadows; and presently she came upon an oyster-shell road, tinted lavender, and the road ended at the charred ruins of the Talbot house. Beyond lay the shipyard, silent, empty, bathed in moonlight. The sloop had been launched. Far out from the sagging wharf, with light emanating from its portholes, it swam in its natural element.

Anna Lee called over the water, then whistled quaveringly—the call of the whippoorwill; and a shadow moved out there, and the shadow took the form of a man standing at the stern of a small rowboat.

She wanted to see the sloop; more particularly, she wanted to see within this man of whom the years had made an enigma.

He lifted her down into the skiff and she sat in the bow, while he stood in the stern slowly sculling, with his eyes looking beyond her. They had said hardly a word. Nor did words matter. What had carved his face so deeply? She wondered.

When the sloop he had built loomed up above her like a ghostly thing, she said, "I had no idea it was so large!" And her voice sounded small in her own ears, as though she were in the presence of a viking and his ship.

He held the skiff motionless while she climbed the steps that hung over the side. He did not help her.

The deck, under the moon, appeared as well joined as a dancing floor; the windows in the cabin, shedding soft light, were no longer like those in dolls' houses; the lifeboats were no longer cockleshells. The shrouds were half-inch steel cables that stayed the mast with its intricate fore-and-aft rigging.

In a quiet voice that concealed any eagerness, he told her how the sloop would take the water coming over the bow in a storm and how it would ride a ground swell and a following sea, just as though it had been upon the ocean in all kinds of weather.

"How do you know about these things?" asked Anna Lee.

And the man replied simply, "That's the way she's built."

He had given thought to every detail and with his own hands had put on each plank; but it was the knowledge back of this work that caused Anna Lee to wonder—not merely chance knowledge, picked up here and there during years on the water, but technical knowledge that astonished her. It was as if she were talking to a marine architect.

Mulligan preceded her down into the forecastle and lit a lamp. In its limited rays she could see four bunks, and she asked, "Are you going to have a crew of four men?"

"Not when I leave America," said Mulligan. "The sloop is rigged so one man can handle her."

"He'd have to be a pretty good sailor, wouldn't he?" she laughed.

"He'd have to know something about it," said Mulligan.

He talked of bulkheads, and she could feel his own strength. He said you could flood any compartment and the ship would still sail—even with its engines and cargo.

"She'll carry a small cargo."

"Of what?" asked Anna Lee.

"Machinery and tools—later, crude rubber."

"Crude rubber?" A picture was slowly taking form in her mind—something he had talked of years ago, like a dream coming true.

When they stood again beneath the blurred moon near the forward hatch and he had explained how the engines would be lowered onto their beds in the engine room, he said, "There'll be two engines, one on each side the centerboard. It's a sloop, with a centerboard, for navigating shallow rivers." He had ordered the engines. They were waiting to be installed.

It was strange, she thought, as they moved aft toward the cabin, to talk so casually after all these years of waiting. Yet she liked him because of it. She thought of Continental types, men she had known. How different they were from this man, Mulligan Talbot, who, without saying a word, had held her through the years and, as if by his will, had brought her back again and again to this sleepy little town. She liked him.

At the side of the hatch leading down into the cabin, he pointed out an instrument board; and though the instruments were not in place, he described each in a way that made her see them.

"Standing here, you can steer with one hand," he told her. "Machinery will do the work."

Then, turning to the larger wheel—the one Anna Lee had seen from her window—he explained its necessity in case the mechanical apparatus should go out of commission. He stood with his hands on the spokes, and she felt more confidence in this wheel with this man behind it than in all the mechanical steering gear ever invented. He seemed a colossal figure no storm could intimidate, a steersman who from the beginning had known the port toward which he was bound.

In contrast, Anna Lee thought of the aimless frivolity of her own life.

Both were silent.

Presently she asked, "Where are you going when you leave America? And what are you going to do?"

He had two things in mind. "I'm going into the rubber trade," he said, "and I'm going to build ships—modern, oil-burning ships. In ten or fifteen years I'll own a shipyard and a rubber forest. I've studied things out."

"When you leave America, you leave for good?"

"Yes," said Mulligan.

The cabin struck Anna Lee as severe. It could hardly have been more so.

"I'm glad it isn't cluttered up," she told him.

He had made the furniture himself and the joints were mortised and doweled; nor did he seem to notice that the room was bare.

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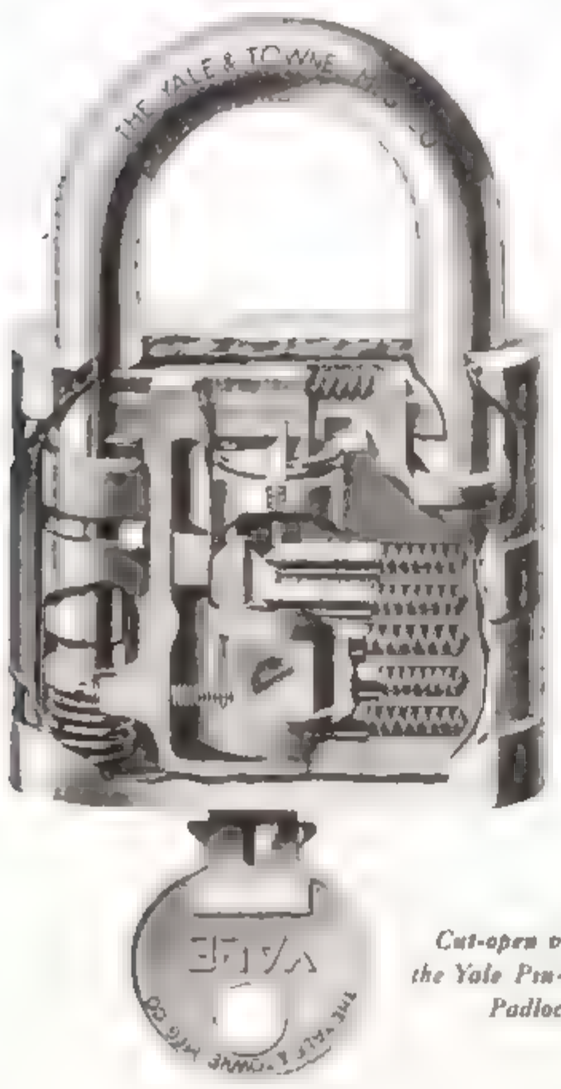

Cut-open view of the Yale Pin-tumbler Padlock

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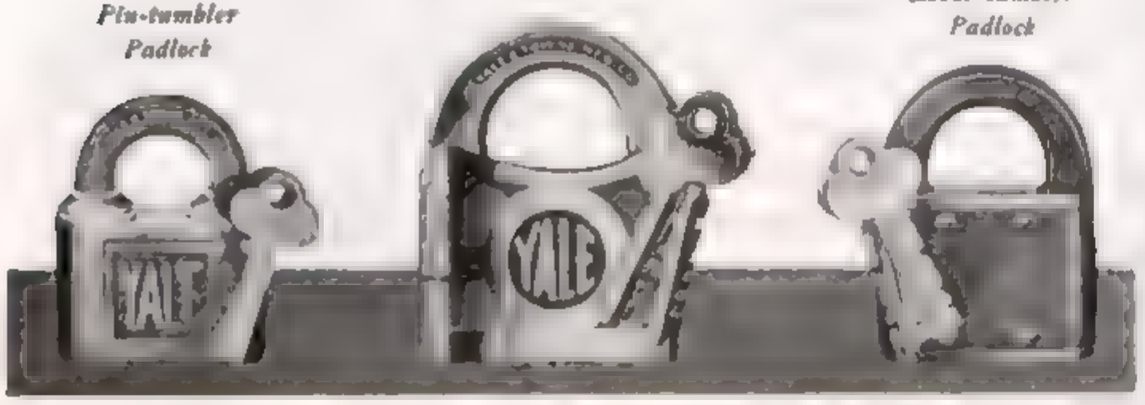

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

"The furniture is strong," he said. "And it will be cool down here."

He had built this ship to withstand tropical storms and tropical heat. That had been in his mind from the first. Also he had built it for extraordinary speed.

He took her to the engine room, and here too, though there was no machinery, he somehow made her see the engines on their beds, and the dials and gauges and levers. Like the instrument board outside against the cabin, these things were so vividly in his mind that Anna Lee could almost hear the throb of the motors. He lingered over this small room, the details of which seemed to fascinate him; and curiously enough they fascinated her too, for it was here as he talked she could feel the emotions of the man. She thought of the little town of St. Michaels, with its inhabitants all asleep, and she thought of their estimate of this man.

Turning back toward the cabin, he opened a door to a stateroom, and for some reason the severity of the room caused her throat to ache. This was the captain's stateroom.

"And where does this door lead?" she asked.

The door was directly across the narrow passage.

"To the mate's cabin," said Mulligan He paused as if for the first time since he had lifted her down into the skiff he was conscious she was a woman. "The mate's cabin," he repeated.

"May I see it?" she asked.

In his own stateroom he found the key, and, returning, handed it to her.

"It's different in there from the rest of the ship," said Mulligan. "The rest I only made strong. Keep the key. If you don't use it, the room will stay locked." And he turned rather abruptly and went aft into the cabin.

Alone in the narrow passage, she looked gravely at the key: then, slipping it into her pocket, she followed Mulligan. He was standing at the far end of the heavy oak table and when she faced him—not an easy thing to do—her eyes were laughing a little, and yet they were reassuring. She said nothing and he said nothing. From under the companionway he got a sheaf of plans and spread them out on the table and both leaned over them. This room no longer seemed bare. He showed her the working drawings of the ship, exquisitely done, and pointed out the systems for light and air and fresh water, and showed her the positions of the oil tanks. Then he brought out maps and traced the course the sloop would take to its first port of call.

She followed him to the bookcases, where there were volumes on shipbuilding and other technical matters, and books about the sea. Six large drawers contained charts. Here also were histories of the countries to the south—an amazing library; while on the other side of the companionway an even more amazing library contained books on law and theology and surgery. These brought back a memory, something she had not thought of for years. Once, long ago, he had asked her which she had rather marry—a doctor or a lawyer or a preacher.

"These are copies of my brothers' books," said the man's deep voice.

"Did you study them, too?" asked Anna Lee

"No; just looked through them to see what they were studying," said Mulligan.

"And is their schooling finished?"

"Yes." He hesitated as if uncertain whether to say anything more. Two old account books lay on top the shelf and he picked one up and thumbed the pages. "Finished and nearly all paid for. Less than two thousand will close this book. I'll explain about that." And he left her to get something from his stateroom.

Anna Lee glanced at the cover of the worn ledger. Printed sprawlingly were the words, "Money from Grandpap."

Mulligan returned with a small sheet of paper.

"It was during this period their expenses got ahead of me." The paper, a discharge from the Navy, showed that he had served for a period during the war. "I got behind on my end of the bargain," said the man.

"Your end of the bargain was to get the money from your grandfather, William Ezra Carroll?"

"That's what I bargained to do."

"It's a small debt," said Anna Lee courageously. "Will you let me pay it?"

His expression changed slightly, his voice became quieter.

"I'll have time to get the money while the engines are being installed. That will take six weeks or two months."

She did not argue the matter; but she asked another difficult question: "Mulligan, did your grandfather pay for this ship?"

"No," said Mulligan. "I have forty oystermen working for me. Some are in these waters and some near Norfolk. I never used a penny of Grandpap's money for myself."

So contrary was this to all she had heard, it was difficult to believe.

"The sloop must have cost an awful lot—and the engines and cargo—aren't they still to be paid for?"

He assented with a nod of his head. "I have a way of getting the money."

They were seated now at the long table, across from each other, and she continued to look at him questioningly. He was more of an enigma than ever.

"I don't understand you," she said. Such a splendid head, she thought—like Michelangelo's Moses without the beard. It was not easy to realize he was just her own age—only a few months older.

And he was studying her too.

Presently he said thoughtfully: "There's something I'll have to tell you about--some day. I can't tell you now; it would make you a party to it. I reckon I can't tell you until after I leave America."

"You can tell me anything—everything." He was so solemn that she laughed. "I don't mind being a party."

And he pondered this, deciding against it; then, on some pretext—he had forgotten to hang a stay light in the rigging—he left the cabin, as if escaping from the desire to unburden himself.

When he had reached the deck overhead, Anna Lee took the key from her pocket and went to the narrow passage leading to the staterooms. When he returned she was again at the table, and her eyes, dark and beautiful, had in them a strange smoldering light.

"I've unlocked the door to the mate's cabin," she said.

He studied her intently. "I don't know about woman," he admitted in his quiet manner. "I reckon you'll have to tell me whether you did it from curiosity or because you intend to accept the berth."

"Both," said Anna Lee.

The enigma concerning Mulligan Talbot was solved for all times on a night two months later—a night in early September, when, for the second time during its long service, the ferry plying between Annapolis and Claiborne, on the Eastern Shore, lost its bearings in a fog.

Late in the afternoon—and these facts were to prove of importance—Anna Lee, who had waited at the home for the return of Mulligan and his ship, heard the throb of marine engines, and going to her window overlooking the creek, saw the sloop moving under power toward its moorings. The engines had been installed and this thrilled her, and frightened her too. But why? She had never been afraid of anything in her life, she told herself.

The rattle of the anchor brought her thoughts back to the sloop; and presently she saw Mulligan lower one of the lifeboats and row to the sagging wharf of the old shipyard. Mist veiled him somewhat, yet she could see his form on the wharf; and a few minutes later he climbed into his oyster boat; and she wondered if he were going to sail across the creek. Such a little distance. She wanted to see him and she wanted to

Continued on Page 181

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(Continued from Page 178)

see the sloop with the engines installed, and the dials and gauges he had described so vividly. Still, she was frightened. And she laughed at her own conflicting emotions. She was afraid of Mulligan Talbot, yet she wanted him more than anything else in the world.

Instead of crossing the creek, however, the dilapidated oyster boat with its gray patched sails, grayer and darker than the veil of mist, moved out toward the wider waters of the Miles. She saw the oyster boat go about on another tack; then the fog that was beginning to roll in from the river obliterated the sail, erased it from the scene, and a moment later the hull of the boat also disappeared.

Until far into this strange night Anna Lee continued to look out upon the thick foggy darkness. She was not happy. In her breast, like an intolerable weight, there were intuitive forebodings.

Ordinarily the ferry from Annapolis to Claiborne, a distance of eighteen miles, takes an hour and a half to cross the Chesapeake. On this night it took longer. From the pilot house the flagstaff at the bow could hardly be discerned and beyond rolled a restless bank of fog, while the buoys marking the channel, in places treacherous and narrow, were totally obliterated.

No one, as the mate sagely pointed out, would make the crossing on such a night, unless he had to.

After feeling its way for more than ten miles, with the horn mournfully sounding at regular intervals, the ferry missed the lighthouse, and on the part of wisdom it was decided to lay to until the fog lifted. The hour was eight o'clock.

Shortly thereafter, in the dense fog, a man in black oilskins and sou'wester boarded the ferry. He boarded it silently, unnoticed, then loomed up mountainously beside one of the passengers on the boat deck and said in a quiet voice:

"I wouldn't move if I were you—and don't make any noise."

The passenger accepted the advice on both points. He wasn't frightened, so he said later; but he had the feeling that if he made any outcry it would be his last moment on earth.

"He took my wallet and he took my change purse and I let him do it," said this passenger rather sheepishly. "But I wasn't afraid of him. I kind of liked the fellow—kind of trusted him. I told him the key to my car was in the change purse and he dropped the purse back into my coat pocket, then told me not to move until the ferry got under way; and I did what he told me—I just stood there while he went up to two other men at the rail. Then I lost sight of him."

Fifteen or twenty minutes later this passenger again heard the unmistakable voice of the marauder. This time, however, the voice came from somewhere out in the foggy night. It called to the men in the pilot house and gave them their bearings—the Kent Point buoy was fifty yards off the port bow.

"Who's out there?" shouted the captain from the pilot house; and the searchlight swung around in the direction from which the voice had come, to reveal a rolling bank of fog and a shadowy dark object.

There followed a moment of silence. Then, from the lower deck, came the high-pitched excited cry of a roustabout deck hand:

"I know who it is!" he shouted. "I know him! It's the Black Duck!" And from out in the fog came the muffled sound of a powerful motor, and presently the bell in the engine room of the ferry sounded.

When the ferry was again under way, it was found that fourteen passengers had been held up and robbed. They reported their losses to the purser, who, when plied with questions, said he had never heard of the Black Duck. The roustabout deck hand—a wizen little man from Newport News—was voluble; but the mate, also from Newport News, was more trustworthy. He had heard stories about the Black Duck operating along the coast as far south as Hatteras, Lookout and Cape Fear. The mate didn't believe it was the same man

"Somebody imitating him," said the mate.

The Black Duck usually boarded befogged tramp ships, moving at half speed. His method was to come alongside in a fog and throw a grappling iron over the gunwale, then clamber aboard and go to the captain's cabin, and after holding up whoever happened to be there, he would depart with the contents of the safe. This was known as his technic. If he came afoul of any of the crew, he dealt with them summarily, then climbed back over the side. His nickname, the Black Duck, was due to the fact that he always wore black oilskins, and sou'wester pulled down over his eyes, or else—the mate did not know which—because his high-powered black motorboat had a way of disappearing like a duck that had dived.

It fell to the roustabout deck hand, when the ferry reached Claiborne, to inform the sheriff of the man's identity. He had seen the man go over the side, and he had seen him more than once, so he said, at the oyster packing house at the head of Tilghman's Creek. He couldn't be mistaken. He'd point him out—if there was a reward.

And at dawn of the following morning, after an all-night search, the sheriff and four deputies risked their lives and almost lost them in arresting Mulligan Talbot. A black motorboat, of the coast-guard type, was found carefully concealed on Kent Island a fortnight later.

In the days of Pap Talbot there had been a calaboose at St. Michaels, but since then, for lack of tenants, the calaboose had been turned into a fire house. Mulligan had been put in jail at Easton, the county seat; and there, on the day of his arrest, Anna Lee Marshall came to see him.

In the square with the courthouse stood the jail, with its barred windows. It sickened her senses to think of Mulligan Talbot in there, when his courage was limitless as the seas and his strength sufficient to match the storms. It was as if she could see his shadow through the thick walls, caught in the net for transgressing the law. Mulligan, so it was said, had combed up the ocean, boarding vessels to hold up their crews single-handed. She could not despise him for that. Anna Lee had seen enough of life in many countries to entertain the notion that it was largely piratical—only in most cases not openly and frankly piratical, as Mulligan's life had been. Deep within her, she admired his fearlessness. His physical strength had fascinated her; and now, in his trouble, trapped in the nets of little men, she loved him.

A table, a large cuspidor, three men and a pot of geraniums were in the outer office of the jail. When Anna Lee entered, the jailer, a rotund, good-humored person with a heavy gold watch chain across his ample chest, reached for his coat. She handed him a pass Lawyer Caulk had got for her, and she nodded her head to the assistant turnkey, formerly a St. Michaels boy named Roy Joyce, whose jaw William Talbot had broken on a night back of the barber shop. His jaw still had a knot on it.

"I'll bring Mulligan out here, if you want," said the jailer with more gallantry than good sense. "Glad to accommodate you, Miss Anna Lee."

"Better let Miss Anna Lee see him in there," advised Roy Joyce sagely

One of the deputies who had assisted in arresting Mulligan sourly seconded this advice.

"If he takes a notion he'll come out here anyways. Strongest white man ever I did ——."

She listened patiently, her dark eyes looking mildly at these men, while the rotund jailer unlocked the fireproof door that led to a double row of cells.

"He's at the end, on this side," directed the jailer; adding in a low voice, "Don't do nothing, Miss Anna Lee, to rile him."

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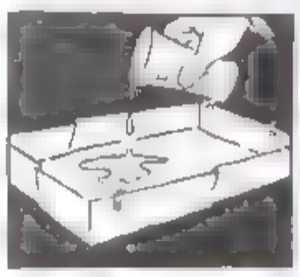
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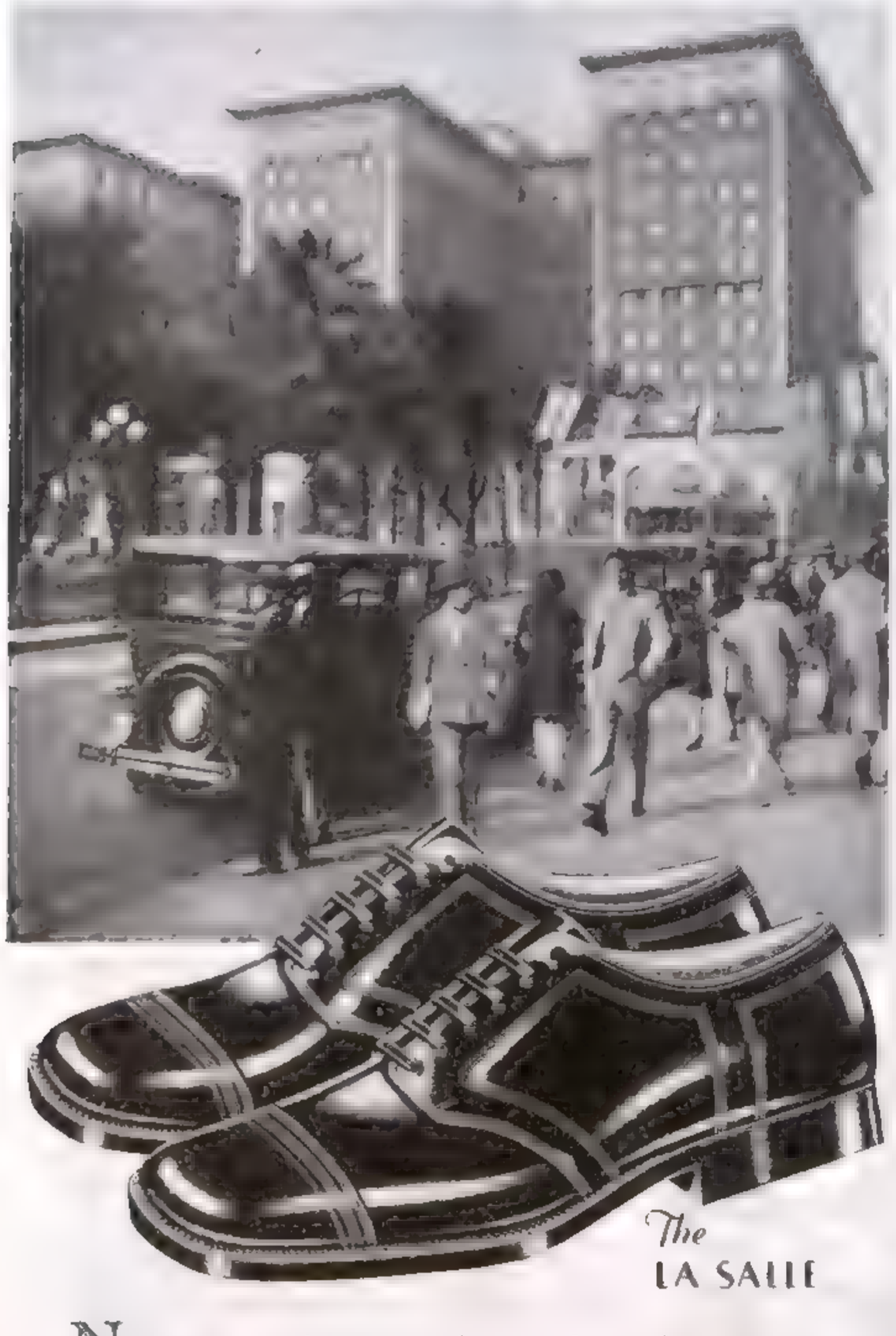

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She moved quietly between the rows of empty cages toward the end of the dim sinister passage to the last cell. Through a small window sunlight streamed across, making a pattern of bars on the wall. The sunbeams emphasized the darkness, and the shadowy man appeared even larger than in Anna Lee's thoughts of him.

"Mulligan!" she breathed, hardly audible. He moved toward the bars and she looked up at him, and both for a moment were silent. "There are a lot of things to talk about," she tried to say in a natural voice. "First—I love you. You may tell me everything or nothing, just as you wish."

"I reckon you know it all," said the man in the shadow.

"Shall we look at things squarely?" asked Anna Lee. "They say you are wanted in four different states." He did not deny this. "And it is being said, Mulligan, that for years you've been a river pirate and smuggler."

He nodded his head as if assenting, but said quietly, "Not since I was eighteen."

"And since then?"

"Mostly tramp steamers, until the other night," said Mulligan. "A man can wait for what he wants, but at the end he gets in a hurry."

"I could have paid for the engines and the cargo, if that was it," said Anna Lee. "If you had told me years ago, we could have arranged things together. I've been waiting, too; and, Mulligan, there comes a time when a woman can't wait any longer—just like a man. What are we going to do?"

Presently he said, "You mustn't wait any longer."

She took a deep quavering breath. "I don't think I can wait much longer. Suppose it's ten years—or twenty, what will you do at the end of that time?"

"I'll go to the place I told you and do what I told you."

"And I—I'm going there with you. But it isn't going to be ten years or twenty years. Nothing matters except that we go there together."

They were still talking quietly about the future, when the jailer's shadow came between them. He was sorry that her time was up; and being a man with a heart too large for his job, he walked slowly back between the cages.

"I'll think of you every minute," said Anna Lee in parting. "I'll think of you night and day. If you want me, if you want anything, have someone telephone to Lawyer Caulk. He'll come to see you tonight. And if your brother Ezra takes charge of the case, I still want Lawyer Caulk to help him."

The jailer, at the far end of the tier of cells, said, "Miss Anna Lee, time's pretty near up. Mighty sorry."

She continued to look through the bars at the shadowy man. "After the trial we'll sail away together. It won't be long."

He was tried by the circuit court. He sat alone with his lawyer, Martin Caulk, at the end of the long counsel table inside the railed-off inclosure, facing three judges and a jury of his peers. The state's attorney, a youngish man with florid complexion and sandy hair, put twenty-eight witnesses on the stand, and only on rare occasions did Lawyer Caulk interrupt with objections. As one witness after another pointed out the defendant as the marauder who on the night of September second had boarded the Annapolis-Claiborne ferry, the repetition after a time gave the effect of a man being beaten after he was down.

When the sheriff took the stand and told of the arrest, the grizzly old lawyer on cross-examination went into details. Four deputies had assisted the sheriff and one of these, coming up from behind, had clubbed Mulligan into insensibility with a rifle. Curiously, throughout the court room, by the time the prosecution rested there was a feeling of sympathy for the defendant.

During the second day all of the benches were filled and there were people standing against the wall, drawn to this trial by the sensational disclosure that a St. Michaels man who had been thought for years to be merely a shiftless oysterman had turned out to be a notorious marauder of the seas.

Lawyer Caulk, in support of a motion for dismissal, pointed out skillfully and at some length that the arrest of the defendant had been caused by a roustabout deck hand who had attempted to bargain with the sheriff for a part of the reward. Further, a number of the witnesses who had identified the accused had known Mulligan Talbot for years. If on the night in question they failed to recognize the man who held them up, they were drawing on their imaginations in now identifying Mulligan as that man; and if, on the other hand, they did recognize him on that night and failed to notify the authorities they themselves were guilty of a crime.

Upon the denial of this motion, the elderly lawyer, ready for battle, marshaled his forces into three battalions. First, he produced evidence tending toward an alibi. The accused had brought his sloop into St. Michaels on the evening of September second. Three fishermen set the hour at between six-thirty and seven. The ferry had been boarded at eight o'clock. This allowed at most only an hour and a half for the defendant to go by water from St. Michaels to Kent Island; and to show that this was next to impossible government maps and charts were introduced into evidence and the court asked to take judicial notice of the distance the accused would have to have covered in that time in order to have reached the scene of the crime.

Having adroitly created a doubt which, like a haze, partly obscured the mountain of testimony against his client, the old lawyer next attempted to obliterate the prosecution's case by showing a total lack of motive—the accused had ample means of support. An imposing array of sturdy oystermen were put on the stand to prove that Mulligan Talbot owned a part interest in an oyster-packing house at the head of Tilghman's Creek; and to the palpable surprise of the people of St. Michaels, witnesses from Norfolk testified that Mulligan owned in Virginia another oyster-packing house. Books were produced showing the income from these two sources. Both packing houses had been sold recently—to pay for the engines and cargo of Mulligan's ship.

The forward march of the defense was stopped at this juncture for the purpose of putting character witnesses on the stand. Reliance for this evidence had been placed in the defendant's three brothers who had been lifted out of squalor to positions of eminence by the man being tried.

The clerk called, "William Talbot," intoning the name; and the men in the jury box glanced over the crowded room, while the people occupying the benches craned their necks. It was known in Talbot County that the eldest of the Talbot brothers had been called recently to an important pastorate at the national capital—a brilliant man with a brilliant career before him. However, no one arose, no one came forward.

"Ezra Talbot," intoned the clerk.

Again a rustling noise ran through the court room. The old lawyer looked down contemplatively at the immobile, deep-carved face of Mulligan.

And for the third time the strident voice of the clerk shattered the silence: "Carroll Talbot."

Near the door someone whispered, and the whisper ran through the hushed room like a snake moving through autumn leaves. A woman laughed nervously.

"Order in the court room!" commanded the clerk.

Mulligan's three brothers had failed him.

The presiding justice, leaning forward, tapped the broad desk with the point of a pencil.

"If you have copies of the subpœnas, Mr. Caulk, the court will issue bench warrants for these witnesses."

"No, Your Honor," said the old lawyer. "These are brothers of the accused. One

(Continued on Page 185

The man in the Pullman and the man in the cab both Knew it was 9:25

A COUPLE were getting off the "Olympian" at Chicago. The husband glanced at his Hamilton watch—9:25 . . . Up ahead in the engine cab the engineer, his long vigil over, looked at his Hamilton before climbing down to the platform—9:25 . . . A mile away at the airdrome a huge plane slipped out of the clouds, settled to earth, and the air-mail pilot stepped to the ground. His Hamilton said 9:25 . . . And each of these men knew that it was 9:25 . . . not 9:24 or 9:26, or "about" 9:25 . . . You can carry this picture further. Across America fast Limiteds were speeding, while over desert wastes of Asia and up in the frozen North, expeditions and explorers were groping ahead—all supremely dependent upon Hamilton accuracy . . . It is one thing to fashion a watch that is a thing of beauty. It is another to make that watch so accurate that it becomes known everywhere as "the watch of railroad accuracy" . . . Whether you are a man or a woman; whether you want a pocket, strap, or wrist model; whether you want to pay $48 or $685—no matter *what* Hamilton you may select, you can be certain that it is a member of the same accurate family . . . If you would like to read some interesting things about the building of this masterpiece of accuracy, send for our two booklets, "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch" . . .

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(Continued from Page 182)

resides outside the state. I merely notified them of the time of the trial, laboring under the misapprehension that blood is thicker than water. But the defense," he added heroically, "can do well enough without these witnesses." And, turning, he asked, "Is Miss Anna Lee Marshall in the court room?"

The clerk intoned the name: "Anna Lee Marshall."

She seemed very young, very small, as she came down the aisle between the crowded benches with several hundred eyes staring at her. Entering the inclosure, she passed back of the massive shoulders of the accused and walked up to the witness stand; and as she paused to take the oath, the people in the court room remembered that she had been the prettiest child in St. Michaels, and they were persuaded that now there was no prettier woman on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. It thrilled them that she was taking the stand on behalf of an obscure oysterman. Still, what could she testify to? Merely that she lived in the same town with the defendant, had known of him for years and that during that time she had never known or heard any disreputable thing about him.

Seated in the chair between the judges and the jury, she folded her hands in her lap, then unfolded them—her only sign of nervousness—and looked down expectantly at her old friend and legal adviser.

"Your name?" he asked.

"Anna Lee Marshall."

"And where do you reside?"

"I have a room in St. Michaels—at the Marshall Home."

"You established and endowed that home, didn't you, Miss Marshall?"

"Yes." She nodded her head.

"Do you know the defendant?" asked Lawyer Caulk, raising his voice.

"Yes." She looked down at Mulligan. "Yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"Half my life—almost exactly."

"Do you mind telling how long that is?"

A senseless snicker ran through the court room.

"I'm twenty-eight years old," said Anna Lee. "I'll be twenty-nine next April. Mulligan Talbot," she added, "is four months older. We're both twenty-eight."

"I move that the last part of the answer be stricken from the record," barked the young state's attorney.

"Strike it out," said the court.

The old attorney paused, thoughtfully framing his next question:

"Your knowledge of the defendant, Miss Marshall - is it merely casual?"

An objection was overruled; and Anna Lee, aware of the sensation her answer would cause throughout Talbot County, hesitated, with her dark lovely eyes on the accused.

"We're engaged," she said—"we're engaged to be married."

So incredible was this statement that for a moment it held the court room breathless.

"How long have you been engaged to marry the defendant?"

"Since we were fourteen," said Anna Lee.

Then the sibilant sound of whispers caused the clerk to call for order.

Lawyer Caulk waited until silence had been restored. His next question was of the utmost importance:

"Did you see the defendant on the second day of September of this year?"

"Yes." Her voice quavered slightly.

"What has fixed that particular day in you mind?"

"Mulligan was arrested the next morning," answered Anna Lee. "Also, after launching the sloop he had been building for five years, he sailed away from St. Michaels to have the engines installed and to take on the cargo. We were to be married when he returned." And corroborating the testimony of several sturdy fishermen, she set the time of Mulligan's return to St. Michaels between six-thirty and seven o'clock on the evening of September second.

The state's attorney waived cross-examination; but Anna Lee, before leaving the stand, turned impulsively to the jury.

"There wasn't any reason for him to hold up the ferry," she said in her low persuasive voice. "He owned two oyster houses and his grandfather had money and I had money—if he wanted it. There wasn't any reason for him to hold up anyone, and he didn't do it." The large court room, with its blurred faces and stifling odors, seemed to swing on a pendulum. The state of Maryland and three other states wanted him, but she wanted him most of all. "He didn't do it," she repeated. "You mustn't send him to a penitentiary. You must give him to me."

Her grizzly old friend assisted her to a seat within the railed-off inclosure and leaning over her, said a word or two. He told her he was going to put Mulligan on the stand.

"No, no!" she whispered, almost hysterical. "You mustn't!" Lying to save oneself, raced her intensified thoughts, was cowardly; Mulligan couldn't be a coward. It was physically impossible. If put on the stand, he would tell the truth.

The old lawyer glanced gravely at Mulligan's grim face, then, turning to the court, said, "The defense rests."

In rebuttal of the testimony showing that Mulligan had received considerable sums from his oyster business, the prosecution put in evidence postal records showing that the accused had sent money orders to his brothers in excess of the moneys received from the oyster-packing houses. Two books of account found on the sloop were marked for identification.

In combating their introduction into evidence, Lawyer Caulk argued heatedly that they were not germane to the case before the court.

"Possibly not," agreed the state's attorney; "but the defense has shown that the accused made approximately fifty thousand dollars during the past ten years. To meet the implication of honest dealing, the state is prepared to show that the defendant sent nearly sixty thousand to his brothers and spent upward of forty thousand on the sloop. Where did he get the rest of the money?"

"From William Ezra Carroll," promptly answered the old attorney. "Counsel for the state is fully aware of where the money came from and for what purpose it was used—the education of the defendant's brothers. Since his fourteenth year the accused has made periodic visits to the ancestral home in Virginia to secure these moneys. The ledger itself is marked, 'Money from Grandpap.' And the defendant has disbursed the money with painstaking fidelity. If the state's attorney insists upon putting these books into evidence the defense will ask for an adjournment to take the deposition of William Ezra Carroll, the defendant's maternal grandfather, who resides in another state and is, it may be presumed, so far along in years that he should not be dragged into court."

The state then played its trump card, a crushing blow.

"I will combat any adjournment on the grounds mentioned," said the attorney flatly. "Personally, I have heard the rumor that the accused secured considerable sums of money from his grandfather. But the state has not come into court unprepared. This rumor has been run to ground; and if it may please the court, the state will offer in evidence an exemplified copy of the death certificate of William Ezra Carroll, the grandfather from whom these moneys are supposed to have come. He died insolvent seventeen years ago. He had been dead three years when, according to the claim of the counsel for defense, the accused made his first visit to Virginia. In a word the 'Grandpap' that appears at the head of this ledger is a fiction to cover the nefarious operations of the accused, who has been known for years along the coast as the Black Duck—a river pirate, smuggler and highwayman of the seas."

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The jury found Mulligan Talbot guilty and the court remanded him to the county jail to await sentence.

On the following night, at a special meeting of the wardens and vestry of an old and conservative church in the city of Washington, Dr. William Talbot, a splendid physical specimen of manhood, explained with sincere frankness his bewilderment at the facts brought out during the trial of his renegade brother, Mulligan Talbot. He had not seen this brother for several years; their relationship had always been strained, particularly since Doctor Talbot's graduation from college.

Throughout he had been totally ignorant of the nefarious manner in which money had been secured for his education as reported in the morning papers. Nevertheless, at the end of his dignified explanation, Doctor Talbot tendered his resignation and the meeting adjourned shortly before eleven o'clock.

From Washington to Annapolis, by the new and excellent concrete road, the distance is twenty-five miles.

On this same night at Annapolis, Ezra Talbot was closeted with the three other members of the law firm of which recently he had been made the junior partner. His confreres entertained no suspicion concerning Ezra's personal integrity. His explanation of his belief through the years that the money for his education had come from his maternal grandfather had been frank and sincere; and the decision had been reached that, to clear his skirts for all time, the matter should be laid before the Bar Association of Maryland. The immediate point of discussion had to do with the young lawyer's first appearance before the Court of Appeals on the following morning. Was it advisable under the circumstances? Finally it was decided that the senior partner of the firm should see the presiding justice of the Court of Appeals in chambers prior to the opening of court and ask for advice on the matter. The conference ended shortly after eleven o'clock.

Baltimore is some twenty-eight miles by road from Annapolis.

In Baltimore, on this evening, Dr. Carroll Talbot visited a patient in one of the large hospitals where, until recently, Doctor Talbot had been an interne. The patient's condition made an immediate operation advisable.

Later, in the office of the hospital, Doctor Talbot explained to a newspaper reporter that he had no knowledge except what he had read in the morning papers concerning the piratical life of his brother Mulligan. He felt there must be some mistake and purposed laying the matter before the Medical Association for investigation and advice. Doctor Talbot checked out of the hospital at 10:55.

Also, on this evening, Anna Lee Marshall told Alice Martin good night and retired immediately after supper. Her light was out when the inmates of the home went to their rooms. Shortly thereafter, however, Anna Lee moved silently down the two flights of steps to the reception hall and in the flare of a match glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece.

The hour was 9:35. And as the match went out a memory flashed through Anna Lee's mind: Fourteen years ago, when confronted by her father after being out in a sailboat with Mulligan, she had turned back the hands of the kitchen clock to eleven. That had seemed a big adventure; now, tonight, she was embarking upon an adventure which, because it meant everything in the world, was cosmic.

Leaving the reception hall, she went out into the heavily scented boxwood gardens, and beyond the gardens, at the end of the pier, she unfastened the moorings of a motorboat with gay striped awnings. Presently its engine coughed and phosphorescent foam rushed back along its side. Anna Lee stood with her hand on the wheel and her hair blown back, straining her eyes to catch sight of the channel markers as she piloted the boat skillfully out into the Miles River and turned its bow toward the dark open waters of the Chesapeake.

More than two hours passed. Then, shortly before midnight, a motorboat with striped awnings moved along the sea wall of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and, sliding past the ferry slip, floated into the deep shadows of a lumberyard wharf; and there, a moment later, the plaintive call of a whippoorwill sounded quaveringly through the night.

In answer, a man emerged from the shadows of the lumberyard, and climbing into the boat, donned a black slicker and pulled a sou'wester down over his face.

Neither spoke. Presently, however, the silence was dissipated by the noise of an automobile which came down the street toward the ferry landing and with lights dimmed slid in among the piles of lumber. Again the low plaintive call quavered through the night and a second dark figure appeared on the wharf, and climbing down into the motorboat, donned a black slicker and sou'wester.

Stuttering slightly the first shadow asked, "What's in that pa-package?"

And the second shadow answered in a quiet professional voice, "Chloroform and bandages."

An interminable time—perhaps ten or fifteen minutes—elapsed before the silence was again disturbed by the purring of a motor. Again the ferry landing was illumined, then, with dimmed lights, the car moved in among the piles of lumber and there was darkness and silence, save for a low whistle, like the call of a whippoorwill.

The third shadow appeared on the wharf, and climbing down donned a black slicker and sou'wester; and almost immediately the engine coughed and the motorboat with gay striped awnings moved out from the wharf and turned toward the open water. The helmsman now was a giant of a man whose only remark, delivered in a deep solemn tone, was:

"May God guide us successfully through this righteous though illegal adventure." There was no uncertainty in his voice.

On this night Mulligan Talbot was delivered from prison. The jailer of the county jail of Talbot County was awakened from deep slumber by a slight noise in the cellar under his living quarters. From outside, according to his report, there came a low whistle, like the call of a whippoorwill, and almost at the same moment the door from the cellar crashed in.

The jailer jumped trembling out of bed to be felled by a terrific blow that sent him sprawling on the floor. Two men leaped upon him, smothering his cry; and at this moment the door from the office opened and Roy Joyce, the assistant turnkey, with a revolver in his hand, appeared in the doorway to meet a similar fate.

"There was three of them," explained the jailer the next day. "The big one hit me and it was him that hit Roy. They all wore black slickers and sou'westers pulled down over their faces."

Joyce had been sleeping on a cot in the office. He slept there alternate weeks, partly dressed. The key to the heavy fireproof door that led to the tier of cells had been taken from his pocket. But the keys to the cells themselves were placed each night in the safe. This safe had not been touched—which had to do with one of the astounding features of the jail delivery.

The bars of Mulligan Talbot's cell were bent inward. There were five perpendicular and three cross bars, all bent inexplicably, and the steel frame of the door had thus been sprung sufficiently for the bolts to be forced out of their niches.

"No man," declared the authorities, "could bend those bars with his hands."

But there was no mark indicating that a pinch bar or jack had been used. And the authorities, other than the jailer and the sheriff, who were silent on this point, did not know the strength of Mulligan Talbot.

More remarkable, eight prisoners slept soundly through the delivery. Whatever noise there had been in the jailer's quarters might have been muffled by the heavy doors, and the rest must have been carried out quickly and silently. Nor did this matter. Both the jailer and his assistant were bound and gagged and expertly chloroformed. They regained their senses at daybreak.

And most important—the time of the delivery was settled beyond question by two means. The jailer's watch, which had been under his pillow, had fallen to the floor, with the result that the crystal had been broken and the timepiece had stopped. The hands pointed exactly at eleven. Corroborating this, the watch that had been in Roy Joyce's vest pocket also lay broken on the floor, and the hands pointed to eleven.

For the second time in his life Joyce was taken to a hospital with a broken jaw. The first time, fourteen years ago, he had been felled by the powerful fist of William Talbot on the night William received his call to be a preacher. But whose mighty fist struck Joyce this second time no one can say

Further, on the morning after the jail delivery Ezra Talbot, stuttering hardly at all, appeared calmly before the Court of Appeals of Maryland, sitting at Annapolis, and argued so ably that the presiding justice, prompted perhaps by a word or two he had heard in chambers, took occasion to compliment the young and brilliant attorney on the logical and erudite manner in which he had presented his first case; and in Baltimore, Dr. Carroll Talbot, apparently fresh after a good night's sleep, appeared at one of the large hospitals, where the patient upon whom he had operated during the previous evening was doing as well as anyone could possibly expect; while in Washington, the following Sunday, Dr. William Talbot preached with such forceful simplicity that members of his congregation paused in groups on the steps and in the vestibule of the old conservative church to commend the action of the wardens and vestry in refusing to accept their pastor's resignation.

St. Michaels, however, had lost a landmark and Talbot County its most vivacious young woman; for on the eventful night, in the small hours before dawn, Alice Martin, sleeping as usual with her door partly open, heard a footfall, and rising quietly saw a man descending the steps. Standing back in her room, with her heart fluttering from fright, she saw the knees, then the body, then the remarkable shoulders of Mulligan Talbot carrying an oversized wardrobe trunk. One hand supported the trunk—she could see that much, and the other carried a suitcase, while behind him, laughing silently, tiptoed Anna Lee Marshall with a leather hatbox and other things in her arms.

"Don't bump the woodwork," she whispered.

Doors along the corridor creaked suspiciously. The old ladies of the home, with something to gossip about for the rest of their lives, saw them pass.

And Alice Martin, from her window, heard the throb of marine engines out there in the moonlit night, and she saw the sloop move away from its moorings, toward the Miles River and the Chesapeake and the wider waters beyond.

"Good-by," she called softly. "Good-by, Anna Lee! Good-by, Mulligan!" And leaning on her window sill, she sobbed, "Good-by and good luck!"

The Black Duck had vanished from these waters forever, leaving a silver wake behind him.

Since then several months have passed and as no untoward circumstances have arisen to jeopardize the important work of William and Carroll and Ezra Talbot, it may be said confidently that the investigation of Mulligan's escape from prison has been officially closed.

If not, what can the authorities do about it? Each of these Talbots has a perfect alibi. And as for Mulligan, he needs no alibi. He is safe by now in a land to the south from which there is no extradition; and as the future lies before him, and Anna Lee Marshall is with him, there could hardly be a happier ending.

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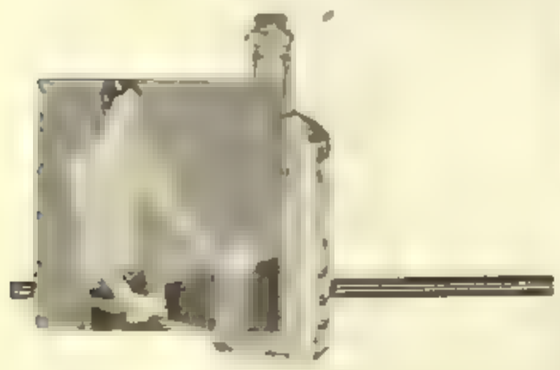

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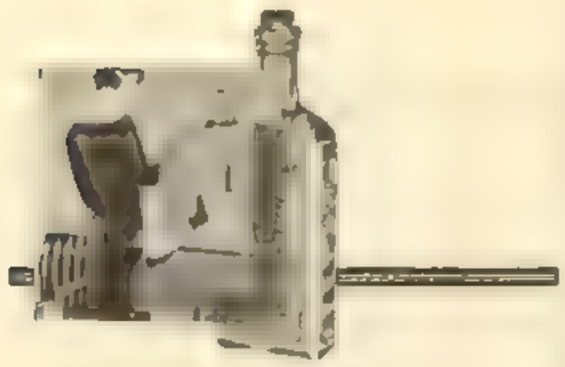

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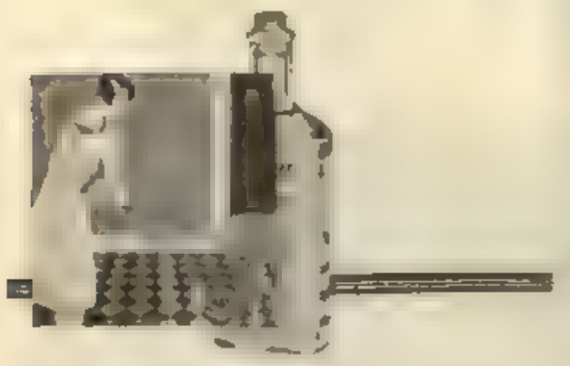

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JONAH

(Continued from Page 35)

him! We'll do it ourselves, Eb—you and me and Phin, here." He waved his hand at Mr. Lusk, who was endeavoring with indifferent success to protect the black coat from the forepaws of the collie. "This is Phin Lusk, Eb. He's going to help us out with the work."

Mr. Lusk submitted to Eb's handshake.

"I been kind of thinking it over," he said, "and I don't know but I'd ought to be moving right on."

"You can't go before you've had your supper," said Mrs. Diefenderfer decisively. "That's settled. Eb, you show Phin where to wash."

She bustled into the house and Diefenderfer followed her, his arms laden with parcels from the car. Eb jerked his head and moved away. Mr. Lusk followed him around a corner of the house to a crude bench which held a pail of water, a granite-ware basin and a cake of yellow soap.

"Help yourself," said Eb cordially. His eyes dwelt with approval on the neatness of Mr. Lusk's attire. "Guess I don't have to tell you what soap's for. Them wops didn't seem to have no great use for it."

Mr. Lusk removed and folded the black jacket. He turned back the frayed cuffs of his shirt and proceeded to a toilet wholly to Eb's exigent satisfaction.

"You struck a soft spot here," said Eb. "Mis' Diefenderfer, she can cook better'n the lady who wrote the book! Yeah, you're lucky, if you ast me!"

"Lucky!" Mr. Lusk repeated the word blankly. Eb, already laving his features with soapy water, sputtered emphatically.

"Uh-huh." His hands groped for the towel which Mr. Lusk placed in them. "That's what I said, and it's less'n you'll say, soon's you've et your supper."

Mr. Lusk sighed gently. "So fur, I only had experience with one kind of luck," he said, "and it gen'ly gets orneriest right after it looks like it had turned—like findin' that there ticket and then losin' it and gettin' threw off the train." He glanced uneasily about him, lifting a troubled eye past the cottonwoods to the peaks of the imminent mountains. "It looks right peaceable in here, but I bet they's trouble somewheres. Don't know as I'd ought to stay. Kind of hate to leave Mis' Diefenderfer run no risk of my luck. Apt to kind of scatter when it hits me, my luck is."

Eb, his eyes now freed of the menacing suds, regarded him with amused disbelief.

"You take my tip, Phin," he counseled, "and stick around till after supper."

While Mr. Lusk meditated a puff of warmly aromatic air billowed out of the kitchen door to the accompaniment of cheerful spatting noises.

"Well," he said, "maybe I better. It don't—it don't smell unlucky anyhow."

Mrs. Diefenderfer was preoccupied with the crowded cook stove when Mr. Lusk, having paused on the doorstep to deal sternly with the mud that clung to his shoes, made diffident entry on the shining linoleum, but she diverted an affable gaze from the several prestidigitations which engaged her to beam approval on him.

"You're real consid'rate, Phin. Haven't tracked in a speck of dirt on my floors all the time you've been here."

Mr. Lusk, affectionately surveying the skillet of sputtering, bubbling bacon, the smoky griddle on which wheat cakes acquired a beckoning gold-brown hue, the whistling coffeepot, moved his head in a circular gesture of deprecation.

"A man 't's bumped into as much trouble as I have ain't apt to make none 't can be helped," he said. He laid the derby on the window shelf. Turning, he inhaled profoundly. "Every time I get where I can smell your cookin' I can 'most believe 't Eb's right when he claims my luck's turned."

Mrs. Diefenderfer laughed inattentively, pushing back the coffeepot just as the golden foam welled to the brim of its spout.

"Well," she said, "I don't know about you, but it was certainly lucky for us when Bert picked you up. Bert says you've got a knack with the horses so they follow you around like puppies."

"Save my coffee sugar for 'em," said Mr. Lusk. "That's all that amounts to."

"Well, I declare!" She faced him, her hands backed on her liberal hips. "Going without your sugar! You take all you want, Phin! I guess we don't have to skimp our help specially such help as you. I tell you, Phin, after cooking for those Eyetalians that Monte Hartsell hired away from us I certainly do appreciate a man that wipes his feet and uses nice table manners." She bustled to the table, loading a plate. "There, you set right down and begin. No need to wait for Bert and Eb. And I don't want to hear any more nonsense about your luck either. You like it here and you're getting on first-rate and we're all real pleased to have you. So that's settled."

Bert Diefenderfer and Eb clumped in as she spoke. Mr. Lusk, for the time being, had something better than talking to engage him. He ate with industry and dispatch, but his little finger held itself decorously and primly aloof from its fellows, and, drinking coffee liberally sugared by Mrs. Diefenderfer's own hand, he supported the spoon daintily between second and third fingers. There was little talk at the table. Replete, Mr. Lusk followed Eb out to the corral and harnessed his team for the day's toil on the river bank. They loaded the wagon with small bowlders and, holding himself erect on the spring seat, Mr. Lusk drove through the brush toward the stream, conducting a mild-voiced conversation with the horses, who slanted back attentive ears to listen.

"Come on, now, you Betsy. Got a sight of work to do this mornin'." He lifted his tone a little so that it would be audible to Eb, walking beside the wagon. "Got to get this crick fixed up, we have."

"River! Told you fifty times it ain't no crick." Eb spoke impatiently. Mr. Lusk nodded.

"Meant to say river, Eb. But where I come from we'd call it a crick, all the same."

"Ain't seen it when it's way up," said Eb briefly. "With this here hot spell we've been havin', it'll look different to you."

Mr. Lusk shook his head. They were on terms friendly enough to admit of disagreement. The river of which Bert and Eb spoke in manifest respect failed utterly to impress Mr. Lusk. Obeying orders as to the reënforcement of its bank, he nevertheless clung to his constitutional guaranty of free speech.

"Have to raise quite a ways before I'd even call it a crick," he said. "Hate to see Bert wastin' good money fixin' up this bank."

"Won't look wasted, with this hot spell," said Eb. "Don't you worry about Bert, Phin. He knows what he's up to."

"Hartsell's bank ain't no higher'n Bert's," Mr. Lusk insisted, "and I don't notice Hartsell spendin' good money raisin' it. No, sir, and by what you tell me, Hartsell's real smart too."

"Look yonder." Eb's voice was hard. Mr. Lusk, following the direction of his fixed gaze, saw Monte Hartsell on the opposite bank of the stream. Teams and wagons and a gang of men did his bidding vigorously: already logs and brush and bowlders had commenced the construction of a levee roughly like the one on Diefenderfer's side. "How about that, Phin?" He spoke feelingly and pungently concerning Hartsell.

"Don't see why he ain't got as much right to build up his bank as what Bert has," expostulated Mr. Lusk. "Ain't none of our business if Hartsell wants to throw some money away, the same as Bert."

"We ain't got no time to talk," said Eb abruptly. "If Hartsell's goin' to buck us we got to hustle. Got to work fast to keep ahead of the gang seven—eight—nine of 'em! Golly!"

Under his directions Mr. Lusk quickened the process of unloading stone, but his manner and aspect contrived somehow to detach him from the task. He worked briskly but without enthusiasm, the topmost button of his coat still fastened, his derby hat so placed that its rim maintained a reassuring contact with his ears. Neither the slow progress of construction on his own side of the river nor the more notable activity on the other, his attitude implied, impressed him as important. He found time to observe the cloudless sky, the mountains shining in the sun, to inhale and approve air in which the morning chill gave way to amiable warmth.

"Couldn't have no nicer weather," he said cheerfully. "Yes, sir, Eb. It cert'nly looks like my luck had started in to change. Hot weather always suited me."

"Huh!" Eb grunted under the weight of a stone. "Wait till you see what it'll do to the snow up top of the mountains." He squinted unkindly up at the glimmering peaks. "If it keeps like this you'll get a chance to change your idees about this here river mighty sudden."

His tone bore conviction. Mr. Lusk, pausing in his task, regarded him soberly.

"Say, Eb, you mean this crick might get up high enough to be dangerous? You mean they's honestly a chance it would raise clean up to this here bank?"

"See for yourself, soon enough, if it stays hot like this! Eight years ago—time we had the flood—it raised four foot in less'n an hour. Make you think Niagry Falls was loose up yonder."

Mr. Lusk surveyed the flow of slightly muddied water. It was higher, even now, than it had been yesterday, and it had stopped its cheerful chuckle over the ledges and bowlders of the bed; its voice was softer and no longer merry. Beyond, on the farther bank, Monte Hartsell inspirited his gang with shouted orders. Mr. Lusk frowned thoughtfully.

"I guess, maybe, I'd ought to be movin' along," he said. "If you think they's honestly a chance it might——"

"You quit talkin' and get to work," said Eb harshly. "Ain't nothin' to be scart of. Have plenty of chance to save your skin, no matter how high it gets."

Mr. Lusk shook his head. "I don't know but I'd ought to move on, just the same. You ain't seen my luck when it gets started, Eb." He sighed. "I guess I'd ought to have knowed it was too good to hold out. Just when I figured it had maybe kind of started to turn too!"

"You can't run out on Bert now," declared Eb hotly. "Least you can do is stand by him, after the way he's treated you. And you ain't goin' to run out on him, neither, no matter if you're mean enough to do it. No, sir. You're goin' to stick right on the job and——"

He stopped short. Hartsell came through the stream toward them, wading in high boots, the water sucking at his knees. He scrambled over the logs of the bank and hesitated before the challenge of Eb's manifestly hostile aspect.

"How about coming over and working for me?" he inquired. "Need a couple more hands and I'd be willing to pay first-rate wages. Pay as high as four dollars a day, I would."

"Much obliged," said Eb harshly. "It'd be wuth it, I guess, workin' for you. Don't get wet while you're wadin' back, Hartsell. Hate to have you catch cold, we would."

He turned abruptly to resume his work. Hartsell, not in the least disturbed, apparently, by the rebuff, transferred his attention to Mr. Lusk. "How about you? Might make it four-fifty a day."

Mr. Lusk pushed the greening derby up and back from his lumpy brow as if thus to

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free and stimulate the processes of meditation.

"Well," he said, "I been thinkin' some about movin' on, anyhow, but I ain't decided nothin' def'nite yet." He tilted his head, rubbing his white-bristled chin. "I'll kind of think it over and leave you know."

Eb looked up to shoot a stabbing glare of disapproval at him, but Mr. Lusk remained unaware of this. Hartsell scowled.

"Trying to hold me up, eh? Well, all right, I'll go as high as five."

"I'll kind of think it over," said Mr. Lusk again. "It ain't never been my way to do things in a hurry, Mr. Hartsell."

Hartsell laughed sourly. "Might not have a chance to change your mind if you wait till the water catches you on this side," he said. "Raised a foot since yesterday and it'll come sudden when it gets ready. Of course if you'd sooner stay here and get drowned like a rat for three a day than get paid five for keeping alive and dry on my side, why, it's your business, but if it was ——"

Mr. Lusk surveyed him from below lifted brows.

"Mean to say they's more chance of me gettin' drownded on this side than what they is over yonder?"

"Use your head," said Hartsell impatiently. "My bank's higher to start with, isn't it? And right here's where the water broke through the last time it got up high. This bank you been building 'll go out like a lamp, and anybody that's working on it 'll get an elegant chance to swim."

Mr. Lusk slanted his head cunningly. "If that's so," he said, "why should you bother to build up the bank on your side like you're doin'?"

"Because I don't take any more chances than I have to, that's why," snapped Hartsell. "I play safe every time. But I can tell you straight out that this is the weak spot where the water's bound to break over. If I didn't fix my bank, Bert might have a chance of turning the flood over on me, but as long as I'm doing it, he might as well give up right now. You and Eb aren't doing him any favor staying here running up a wage bill on him. And you got a poor chance of getting paid too. Bert'll be busted high as a kite by the time the water gets done with him."

Mr. Lusk scratched his chin. "Well," he said slowly, "I'll think it over anyhow, and if it looks like you say, I might be over." He regarded the stream with disfavor. "Don't know as I'd want to do no swimmin' in muddy water."

Hartsell's glance moved past him. Following it, Mr. Lusk turned his head to observe the swift approach of Bert Diefenderfer, who broke into a heavy-footed run.

"Well, Monte?" Diefenderfer breathed fast. "Looking for me, are you?"

"Yeah," Eb put in quickly. "Monte waded over here on purpose to give you a chance to make five a day, workin' on his bank. Real lib'ral, ain't he?"

Hartsell, backing away, lifted a hand as if to hoist a flag of truce. "I hate to drown you out, Bert, but in a case like this it's every man for himself. I got to raise my own bank and that's bound to shoot the water over here, no matter what you do. Might as well admit it and bring your wife over to my place while there's time. You and your men can draw down good wages helping me build my bank, and soon's the water's down I'll help you clean up over here."

"Real neighborly of you," said Bert dryly. "Much obliged for taking so much trouble." Hartsell, still retiring before his approach, had reached the rim of the bank. "How's the water?" Diefenderfer inspected it briefly. "Getting too deep to wade, isn't it?"

"Oh, I guess I can make it, all right," said Hartsell, beginning to scramble down. "You better do what I said, Bert."

"Too deep to wade," said Diefenderfer. "Be better if you swim back, Monte." His right hand moved in a short, quick thrust. Hartsell went over backward, his arms waving like wings as he struck the yellow water. Rising, after a splashing disappearance, he unbosomed himself with fervor and fluency. Diefenderfer paid scant heed.

"You get the other team, Eb, and bring down all the fertilizer bags you can find in the barn. We'll fill 'em up with dirt, like they do along the Mississippi. Ought to have thought of that sooner, but I guess we've got time enough." He squinted across the stream as Hartsell scrambled up the farther bank. "Might have known Monte'd get wise sooner or later and start in to fix up his side."

Eb commented unfavorably on the character, habits, morals and antecedents of Mr. Hartsell, compressing his statement into six illuminating words.

"Can't blame him, I guess," said Bert. "Bound to do what he can to keep the water off him. Anyway, we got plenty of use for our breath without spending any of it to cuss him out, Eb. You go get the team and we'll lick him yet."

He dedicated himself busily to the bank. Under his directions Mr. Lusk toiled only a little less industriously beside him, pausing frequently to cast a measuring glance at the stream. It rose slowly but with a steadiness that was more sinister, somehow, than speed, as if the water hoped, by stealth and slyness, to steal up on its victims unobserved. Only ripples showed now where the bowlders and ledges had made their friendly little eddies and waterfalls; the sound of it had become a steady, sullen, muttering rush.

"You think we can make out to stop it?" inquired Mr. Lusk.

"We got a chance, I guess," said Diefenderfer briefly, without pausing in his work. "It all depends on how fast she raises. If it gets up too quick for Monte to build his bank, we're all right. If it doesn't—well, I guess we got a chance anyhow, specially now I thought of using sandbags along the top. But I guess it's a question of luck either way."

Mr. Lusk straightened abruptly. "Luck? I thought you didn't believe there was any such thing."

"I don't," said Diefenderfer. "It's just a manner of speaking. . . . Better chuck some stone in here, Phin. And then you might get another load. Hurry all you can too. She's raising pretty fast."

They toiled at forced speed all through a morning that slipped between their fingers like a spendthrift's gold; and at noon, when Mrs. Diefenderfer brought them coffee and food, they ate and drank almost without pause in their labor. Mr. Lusk, however, managed to find opportunity for private speech with her.

"I feel real bad about this, Mis' Diefenderfer," he said. "You and Bert treated me so fine I kep' on stayin' when I ought to of knowed better. I didn't see no way my luck could ——"

She laughed and her wide face was briefly merry below its fixed concern.

"Now, Phin, that's just plain heathen superstition. You've certainly got a good opinion of yourself if you think that the sun's been shining for three solid days just on purpose to melt the snow up there in the mountains fast enough to get your feet wet. You ——"

Mr. Lusk wagged his head obstinately.

"Guess maybe you've heard about the earthquake out to San Francisco a spell back. Well, maybe it don't mean a thing, but I got there just about twenty minutes before it happened. I ain't sayin' I done it single-handed, but ——"

"You go and help Bert and Eb fill those bags," she interrupted briskly. "It's luck, if you like to think so, that we've got you to lend a hand right now when we need it so badly."

Mr. Lusk obeyed. All through the blazing afternoon he toiled as steadily if not so effectually, perhaps, as the other two. All afternoon the yellow water rose and rose, its pace quickening as it filled the shallow channel. Upstream, where it issued from the narrow cut between the high, steep

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shale walls spanned by the bridge, a sort of shallow fall took form and found a voice of its own—a hoarse and sulky roar that lifted itself above the rushing mumble of the stream itself. On the farther bank Hartsell and his gang were quick to follow Bert Diefenderfer's example in the use of sandbags, and numbers favored them. Their barrier rose and lengthened swiftly. They had, besides, an advantage in position, the stream bending slightly just above their levee so that its full strength shot diagonally away from Hartsell's side and shocked almost straight against the weak point in Diefenderfer's defenses.

Toward evening Mrs. Diefenderfer brought out more coffee and remained to lend her not inconsiderable aid to the men. Behind the wall of logs and brush and stone and sandbags the earth showed signs now of seepage water; they had to fill the sacks from dry ground farther away; helping Eb lay them in position, Mr. Lusk could see that the water was now well above the foot of the artificial barrier, thrusting against the logs with a vicious spite, as if to force its way through and past them by sheer strength. Swiftly and steadily, too, it rose.

"Think it'll get over the bank, Eb?"

He had to lift his voice almost to a shout to make it heard above the rushing roar of the water, and Eb, answering, shouted back.

"Bound to keep on raising most of the night!" he yelled. "Be a foot higher 'n the top of our bank inside of two hours, if it keeps on this way!"

Mr. Lusk glanced in the direction of Mrs. Diefenderfer, holding open a sack into which Bert shoveled earth.

"Then what's the sense of tryin' to stop it?" he demanded. "Might a sight better quit and get the wagons loaded up with furniture, and so on, so we can save somethin' anyhow."

Eb shook his head, pointing across the stream toward Hartsell's bank.

"We got a chance, that's all. If Hartsell's bank washes out, the river'll go over him; if it don't, it's bound to bust through here. All depends on which is luckier, him or us."

Mr. Lusk nodded gravely. Without words he helped Eb unload the rest of the sandbags from the wagon. When they drove back to the higher ground from which they had been hauling earth, Bert approached them, raising his hand. "Better quit using the wagons!" he shouted. "It isn't safe to drive a team down there any more. Weakens the whole bank. We'll have to fill the bags half full and lug 'em down by hand."

Mr. Lusk went up to him. "You figure it's any use, Bert? Figure we got a chance?"

Diefenderfer lifted his shoulders wearily.

"I don't know. It's just a question of which bank gets washed out first, that's all. If Hartsell's holds up, ours is bound to go."

"Looks like his'd have the best chance, too, don't it?" persisted Mr. Lusk. Diefenderfer nodded.

"River hits us head-on," he said, "and Hartsell's bank is higher, to start with too. Just depends."

Mr. Lusk nodded again, very soberly. "Then I guess I better be movin' along," he announced. "I'm real sorry, but ——"

Diefenderfer blazed at him in sudden anger.

"Quitting, eh? All right! If that's the kind of a yellow dog you are, quit and be hanged! We'll be better off without you!"

Mr. Lusk adjusted the greenish derby hat so that its rim just cleared the outspread flanges of his ears and buttoned the top button of his black jacket.

"You might tell Mis' Diefenderfer good-by for me," he said mildly. "Cert'nly treated me first-rate, the both of you have, and I'm real sorry."

Diefenderfer swung away from him with a sharp, dismissing movement of his arm. Mr. Lusk, with a sidelong glance at the stream, moved briskly up toward the higher ground where the road slanted up to the bridge across the gap, now filled with a roaring rush that flung itself far out into the wider reach below it. He quickened his pace as he came to the bridge, crossed it and made his way down the farther bank to the point where Hartsell's gang still struggled frantically to keep pace with the rise of the stream. Hartsell greeted him with a shout:

"Made up your mind, have you? Figure it's safer over here, eh?"

"Guess it'd be safer up yonder by the bridge," said Mr. Lusk. "I come down here to get me that there job you was talkin' about. Five dollars a day ain't to be sneezed at these times."

Hartsell struck his thigh, laughing. "By gorry, that's right! If you were yellow you'd 've stayed up on the road. Pitch in and get busy. You get the job."

Mr. Lusk did his bidding. Across the stream he could see Bert and Eb and Mrs. Diefenderfer still working desperately at their bank. He saw Eb lift and shake a fist at him, but made no answering gesture. The water was rising faster than ever now, and, even without the direct pressure of the current, it forced its way slowly through Hartsell's new bank, so that the whole structure quivered and trembled and four or five of Hartsell's gang retreated discreetly toward the higher land upstream, pursued by their employer's raging disapproval. Mr. Lusk, however, stood his ground, even when all the gang except Hartsell himself had elected to desert their posts. He continued to help Hartsell fill and carry sandbags to the very brink. A shout from Hartsell made him look upstream in time to see the wicked-looking leap of an uprooted tree which shot through the narrow gap under the bridge like a missile from some huge, invisible engine of destruction. It sped down on the rush of the current, heading straight for the Diefenderfer bank. Again Hartsell shouted—triumphantly this time. His arm pointed past Mr. Lusk's shoulder.

"That does it! When that tree hits ——"

Mr. Lusk clambered a little farther out toward the brink. The tree trunk, hurtling down to the bend, seemed to pause. A dragging limb, caught on some obstruction in the stream bed, held it fast for a moment, swung it about so that it struck the quaggy barrier almost precisely at the point where Mr. Lusk was standing. Just as he tumbled forward into the muddy turbulence that poured through the gap, he nodded in the sidelong, complacent fashion of one whose unwavering faith is finally substantiated by the indisputable verdict of fact.

The tree provided him with support. He clung with one hand to an outthrust limb, the other dedicated to the preservation of the derby hat. In this wise he traveled swiftly on the breast of the yellow flood that raced down over Monte Hartsell's land with the abandon of a boy released from school, a colt turned out to pasture. It carried him past the corral and buildings, bore him headlong back to a tardy reunion with the waters that still pursued their former channel, stranded him, at last, waist-deep in a backwater on the farther side, a mile or more below the Diefenderfer farmstead.

He sighed deeply as he made his way to dry land, and drew the derby hat a little more firmly down upon his ear tips. By the time he reached the scene of his late labors the water had fallen by a foot or more, and Eb and Bert stood idly watching its subsidence. They did not at once observe Mr. Lusk's approach. He was within a few paces when Eb saw him.

"Come back, have you? Turned your coat again, eh?"

Mr. Lusk halted. "Ain't no call to worry now," he said reassuringly. "My luck always kind of leaves up on me after it gets real bad, like this."

Encouraged by their duplicate stares of bewildered query, he joined them on the bank.

"Run it kind of close," he said confidentially. "Guess it'd of been safer to go over yonder when Hartsell ast me to, but I kind of hated to do it any sooner 'n I had to."

Diefenderfer found his voice: "Mean to say you went over there just on purpose to—to Jonah Hartsell? Mean to tell me you think you pulled that tree over on his bank instead of ours?"

Mr. Lusk nodded complacently. "Guess you seen me do it," he said. "First time I ever had a chance to kind of hitch up my luck and make it work for me, but I guess even Mis' Diefenderfer won't claim they's no such a thing as luck, not after she's seen it workin'."

Eb laughed, not unkindly. "Phin, you certainly got a poor opinion of yourself, ain't you? Figure the whole works is run all the time just on purpose to do you dirt, don't you? Figure it was you that fetched the whole flood down on us, eh?"

Mr. Lusk glanced toward the homestead, where gray wood smoke rose above the kitchen chimney. He wagged his head in the manner of a man who disclaims credit without denying manifest truth.

"Shucks," he said mildly, "if you think this here little flood amounts to somethin' you'd ought to've seen the San Francisco earthquake! Say, let's go get supper." He sniffed, as if even at this distance some dim aroma reached out from Mrs. Diefenderfer's kitchen. "Wouldn't wonder if my luck had kind of turned again for a while. Le's go eat!"

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Careful mothers everywhere now insist on the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP on all milk bottles—because they know it *positively protects* the purity of this precious food so essential to growing children. This perfect cap never leaves the milk uncovered, because it is never removed from the bottle. You simply *pull* the hinged flap part way open and *pour*. Then *press* it back into place and the bottle is securely sealed until you need it again. *Convenient, sanitary, safe!* If your dairyman doesn't supply it, let us send you

A Month's Supply FREE!

You'll quickly urge him to adopt it once you've found how sanitary and convenient it really is. Mail the coupon below today.

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THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC.,
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Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE

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Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

VERSUCHE DEN DELIKATEN "SWITZERLAND CHEESE"
SEIN GESCHMACK DER NICHT NACHGEMACHT WERDEN KANN
ENTSTAMMT DEN ALPENWEIDEN

Taste delicious Switzerland Cheese!
Its flavor that can't be copied is born of Alpine pastures

Would you like to know how to taste all the richness of this rare cheese? Buy it in pound or half-pound cuts instead of sliced wafer-thin. Then cut or break off a portion and bite into it. You'll be surprised at the wealth of nut-sweet flavor that comes to your taste—a flavor that you will never taste in so-called "Swiss Cheese" or those "Imported" from countries other than Switzerland.

The distinctive goodness of Switzerland Cheese is never the result of chance. It is Switzerland that contributes this matchless flavor through its fragrant forage grown on lofty pastures and meadows watered by streams of purest water. No other country in the world has the same wonderful grazing lands to create this delicious taste. And no other country has cheese-makers who understand the art of making this kind of cheese as do the native Swiss. For centuries this understanding has been cherished.

It is natural that the Swiss are extremely jealous of their cheese. And in order that you may be protected from buying so-called Swiss Cheese instead of the genuine, they have stamped many imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind.

You will find Switzerland Cheese served in the finest hotels and restaurants. In their kitchens, famous chefs create dishes of exquisite flavor by using Switzerland Cheese. In homes where only the best is appreciated Switzerland Cheese appears at luncheons, dinners and buffet suppers.

Ask for Switzerland Cheese by name and look for the word "Switzerland" on the rind. Switzerland Cheese sometimes varies in natural color from a cream to a butter yellow. The size of the eyes varies also from large to medium large. But the rare, true flavor and distinctive quality never vary. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland. New York Office, 105 Hudson Street.

Picture to yourself a generous cut of apple pie—spicy and hot with tart-sweet syrup oozing out on the plate. It sounds grand and tastes grand . . . doesn't it? But with Switzerland Cheese it's even grander! Try it.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

A winsome Swiss maid is milking a friendly Swiss cow

A little Swiss church looks over the valley

THE NEW HIRED MAN

(Continued from Page 31)

Department. He calculates that those who may be classed as millionaires—that is, those whose incomes are $50,000 or more a year—own less than 7 per cent of the corporate stock of the country, and that half of all the corporate stock is owned by people with incomes of less than $12,500 a year. That is the voting power. The customer-ownership plan in the public utilities has brought in nearly 1,500,000 stockholders who have furnished the industry with more than $1,000,000,000, and also more than half the employes of these companies are stockholders. The banks, which used to be closely held, have now almost 1,500,000 stockholders. A recent survey covering 300 companies showed that 800,000 of their employes, or about a third of the total number, held stock and that the total ran to about $1,000,000,000 at present market values. These small stockholders cannot possibly help to guide great corporations.

But in addition to the average of stockholdings being rather small, the holders are, in an increasing degree, women. Of the larger corporations, the following are known to have women stockholders in the majority: Westinghouse Air Brake, Southern Pacific, Pullman, Pennsylvania, Norfolk and Western, National Biscuit, General Electric, American Sugar and American Telephone. This is due largely to bequests rather than to any rush toward investing by women. In addition, various trusts and foundations are appearing as stockholders. This is more than absentee ownership; it amounts to invisible ownership.

Some concern has been shown about what the officers of corporations may do to stockholders who are not able to protect themselves—a woman with five shares of stock has full rights theoretically, but in the exercise of those rights she is up against spending more money than her holdings are worth. However, although that question seems of high academic importance, it is not of great practical importance, for every purchase of securities is a gamble to an extent—an adventure for better or for worse.

Fortunately the stock market fairly represents the trend of a corporation's condition, and small investors nowadays are great students of the stock market. Those who do not care to follow prices usually employ someone to do it for them. Of far greater practical importance is the selecting and paying of the men who make or break the worth of investments, by their ability or by their lack of ability.

For Value Received

The question is an absolutely new one. Salary was not a matter of moment to a president or a chairman who held a great block of stock. Judge Gary's salary did not bother him—he had heavy stockholdings. James A. Stillman could look at his salary as president of the National City Bank as pin money. So could P. D. Armour. So today can George Eastman, or Henry Ford, or George F. Baker. Any of them can vote himself an immense salary and take smaller dividends or vote a smaller salary and take larger dividends. But the hired man who follows is in quite a different case.

The matter came up squarely a few years ago when a great bank needed a president—and needed one badly. Every preceding president had been a large holder of the bank's stock, and very wealthy. The directors knew the man they wanted and also they knew that several other banking houses wanted him and were willing to offer partnerships. So they suggested that the bank would be willing to pay a salary of $500,000 a year, which was a larger salary than any of the directors had ever heard of, although they were all men of great affairs. They wanted to outbid the market. The man became president, but not on the terms of the directors; he made his own terms. This is what happened:

"I told the members of the board who made the offer," he related, "that I did not know how much I should be worth to the bank and neither did they. I might be worth a great deal more than $500,000 a year or a great deal less.

"I did not want to tie myself down—or up—to any salary. More than that, I wanted to gather a group of men around me who did not know what they were worth and were anxious to set their own values by what they earned for the bank. It would be unfair to the bank, I said, to set salary figures so high that we might not earn our salaries or so low that the men would be getting less than they earned.

"Neither myself nor any of the men whom I wanted to employ had the money to buy enough of the bank's stock to make the dividends take the place of salary. We had to look to our salaries, and the opportunity for earning ought to be greater in the bank than in dabbling with outside affairs. It is not good for a bank's officers to be interested on the outside. Yet they are bound to have other interests unless their jobs can hold their greatest interest."

Big Jobs and Small Salaries

The upshot was an arrangement by which, after a certain fixed percentage has been earned on the capital and another fixed percentage set aside for surplus, the president takes a fixed percentage of the rest of the profits. This forms a fund which he administers himself, but not on any set plan. He acts exactly as though he were the proprietor of the business. He keeps for himself according to what he thinks have been his services for the year and he distributes to the other senior officers and managers according to their work for the year and without regard to their salaries. If a man has put through an especially good piece of business, he is rewarded for it. The base salaries are all small—just about enough for the men to live on if the bank earned nothing at all. The profits have been high—so high that the president's share has run well into seven figures, and that of a number of the officers into six figures.

"The arrangement," said the president, "may seem arbitrary. It is arbitrary. All the power of award is in my hands and is not subject to review by anyone. That is the way I wanted it. If we had no sharing system, the salaries of all the men would be fixed by me or at least on my recommendations. If I can be trusted to be president, I can be trusted to apportion the profits. I wanted to get absolutely away from any rule so that I could reward men according to their work.

"If Smith does well this year, he gets a large slice. If he does poorly next year, he will get a smaller slice. He will not at any time be able to sit back and let himself be carried along by the work of other men. That is the great difficulty—at least to my mind—of a fixed system. It gets around to the salary basis and may reward men on account of their positions instead of on account of their work.

"The sharing does not go far down the line, for the earning of profits is by the men at the top. I think it is fairer to pay the men down the line well and keep the way open to the top. The men at the top now all earn enough money so that letting them go is not like letting a clerk go. We are not in the position of keeping deadwood in high places just because we do not know how a man would earn a living if he were let go. He has the chance to put enough money by so that he can live for several years while finding a new place. And if an executive thinks my judgment is wrong about the share he ought to get, then it is up to him to resign; for whether my judgment be right or wrong, it is the only judgment that I have and the place for that man is in another company where he can have more confidence in his boss."

The late John H. Patterson worked out a plan with the National Cash Register Company which has now been in operation for a number of years and seems to give satisfaction. He was always very keen on rewarding effort and just as keen on seeing that mere timeserving got no reward. As the owner of a majority of the stock of the company, he could do as he liked; but finally, after some years of high salaries, he put in low salaries for executives, and a profit-sharing plan. He extended the plan all the way through the organization. The salesmen had always been paid on commission and so they did not enter into the scheme. He fixed the wages of the people working for wages at a figure which was usually well above the going rate, so that they would have security. But he removed the element of security from all those who were in the salaried class.

The more important the position of the officer with regard to the success of the company, the smaller in proportion was his salary. For instance, he cut a man who had been getting $80,000 a year to somewhat less than $50,000. Then he arranged for a profit-sharing fund which was taken as a percentage of the net profits after a stated dividend had been earned. This fund was divided into classes. Class A took a percentage of the fund, and membership in this class was for about ten officers. Class B took another share of the fund and was for a lower group, and so on down to the fund for wage earners. The distribution was on the salaries of the men in each class. The result has been increased returns to the officers as they show results. The man who was cut to $50,000, in a good year has received well over $100,000, but in a bad year he will go down to his minimum salary. The share of the wage earners is quite fair-sized, but smaller in proportion, for their weekly wages do not depend on the profits of the company.

Independent of Executives

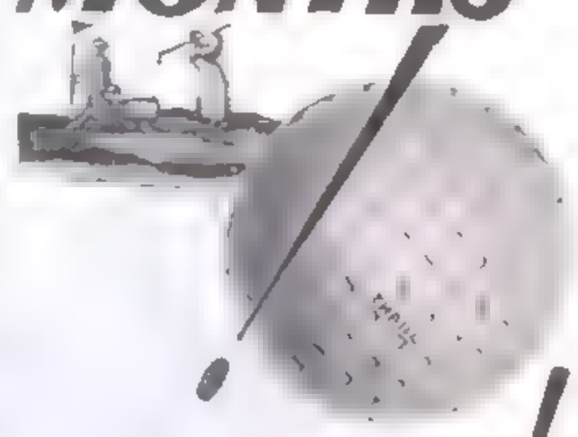
It is becoming rather generally recognized that the question of paying the men who make the profits is a different one from paying the men who do the daily routine work. Profits in the usual company do not depend upon the efficiency of the workers. Their efficiency is up to the managers. Of course, poor workmen can wreck a company, but it does not follow that good workmen can make a company. A weaver may have superlative skill yet his company may fail owing to bad buying or bad selling or other bad judgment by the management. Workers seem interested in profit-sharing arrangements only when full wages are paid for the work done and the profits are added to wages. Except in a small establishment where craftsmen are employed, they are not interested at all in any plan which involves low weekly wages and a chance for a large distribution at the end of the year, for they, apparently with great reason, can see no connection between their work and the profits. One large company is trying out a plan to pay every member according to his or her contribution. Said the chairman:

"Below the executive level—below the level where much judgment must be used, we are trying to pay on performance. We pay workers a flat rate plus an added sum for the work done above the standard output, and pay at the time. When a worker has finished his job he ought to be paid for it and not have to bet on what the executives will do later in the way of a profit or a loss. We are trying to do the same thing with the rank and file of office employes, which is a harder job.

"Both these classes offer difficulties in the way of fair payment, but we take it as our responsibility to see that they are not only well paid but regularly employed. The

(Continued on Page 197)

IN TWO MONTHS



A Sensation!

Only two months since this amazing new golf ball was introduced. And now—it's the sensation of the game! Such distance—such putting accuracy—such wear! *Never before* such a ball!

From Florida to California, from North Carolina and Georgia, from every golf course that's had a chance at the sunshine—the fame of the Bon-Dee Golf Ball is spreading far and wide! Not an old ball with a new name—but A NEW Ball, NEW principles of construction, and amazing NEW results in your game!

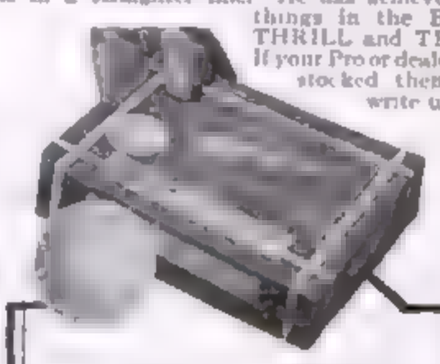
An entirely new *core* formula that gives maximum resiliency—

An entirely new *winding process* which insures perfect balance and adds from 3 to 15 yards distance to your drive—and—

An entirely new way of putting on the cover! The cover stock is so deeply embedded into the center of the ball that it absolutely will not crack, cut, nick or peel!

Never Before Such a Ball

For 23 years, while manufacturing golf balls in England and later in this country, Donald MacDonald experimented to the end of perfecting a ball that drives farther, pitches deader, flies more true and putts in a straighter line. He has achieved these things in the Bon-Dee THRILL and TRUSTY. If your Pro or dealer hasn't stocked them yet—write us direct.



MAKE THIS TEST!

Fill in the coupon, pin a check to it, and mail. We'll send you three THRILLS, or a dozen, as you specify. Play them, subject them to the several tests you know, and if you are not satisfied that you have found the ball you've been looking for, return them or their pieces and we'll refund your money.

PROS—DEALERS

We have an interesting plan for allowing you to make a test of the THRILL. Write at once for full information.

BON-DEE GOLF BALL CO.

THRILL 75¢ Dept. 6-D 5626 McGraw Ave. Detroit, Mich. TRUSTY 50¢

BON-DEE GOLF BALL CO.,
Dept. 6-D, 5626 McGraw Ave., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose my check for $7.25. Send me three THRILLS ($3.00 for a dozen.) If I am not satisfied after playing the balls, I will return them and you will refund my money.

Name

Address

City State

Club

Pro's Name

The New

CROSLEY JEWELBOX

$95
WITHOUT TUBES

Try it in your home —that's the only way to buy a Radio!

Every Crosley Dealer is now authorized to give you this FREE trial!

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres. Cincinnati, Ohio

Licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West prices slightly higher

The Musicone Finished to match the Jewelbox, $16

Take advantage of the most amazing offer ever made in all Radio History!

Try this remarkable new Crosley Radio with Crosley new type D Musicone without cost or obligation. Just phone a Crosley dealer—tell him you want to test the new Crosley Jewelbox.

Home is really the place to buy radio!

Home is where you can decide leisurely and surely. Crosley dealers are authorized to home demonstrate this new radio. Antenna unnecessary for such demonstrations—30 feet of wire on the floor of the room will do nicely.

Put the Jewelbox to any test!

Compare it with your old set. Try it with any other! Learn what radio reception *can* be. Note how easy it will be to break through any surrounding wall of local stations—to bring in distant programs quickly, clearly and in full volume. Be sure you test the Jewelbox with the Crosley new type D Musicone that you may fully realize, if you own an old set or have not heard a Crosley, how far radio has progressed.

Remember—you do this all in your own home—at no cost and no obligation to you!

Buy Radio Reception—not Furniture!

The Jewelbox is a radio fine enough to go into the finest furniture you can buy and as such is easily installed—*but* it is distinctive, decorative and desirable by itself. In Crosley radio you buy perfect reception and radio enjoyment first!

The new Crosley Jewelbox is self-contained to operate from light socket.

All in one beautiful case. Add tubes and it's ready to operate! It is powerful. Supplying 180 volts to power output tube it gives full undistorted volume. Other sets supplying 110 to 135 volts result in poor quality, distortion and less volume.

The new Jewelbox is acutely selective.

The Acuminators, an exclusive Crosley feature enable you to tune sharply on distant stations increasing signal strength and volume to a surprising degree.

The new Crosley Jewelbox is up-to-date.

The dial is illuminated—a modern necessary feature. The set is completely shielded as all high grade radios should be. The rich brown finish high-lighted with gold makes it an ornament to grace the finest room. The beauty of the Jewelbox will charm you.

The price of the new Jewelbox is a triumph of manufacturing genius!

Crosley engineers designed this new Crosley Jewelbox under explicit instructions to make first a perfect radio. If the production of their final design had been limited to a few hundred, only wealthy persons could have afforded them. But with efficient Crosley production methods, facilities to manufacture parts in million quantities and a faith in the enormous demand such values would create, this splendid radio receiver is priced at $95.

Write Dept. 31 for literature.

(Continued from Page 195)

steadiness of the employment is all-important, not only from the standpoint of the worker but also as it affects the demand for the products of our business.

"The earning of profits rests with the senior and junior executives. If work be not well done, it is not the fault of the men so much as of the management. But it is hard to say how many of the executives are responsible for success or failure. I am primarily responsible, but although I can fail alone, I cannot succeed alone. I must know how to get the right sort of men.

"There are two great divisions of valuable executives—those who can carry out policies and those who can originate them. A big company has to have both sorts, and it is hard to get the latter, for they are the men who would rather be in business for themselves than be employed in the company.

"We have been for several years using a plan which is by no means finished and is far from perfect. We change it a little each year and hope some day to have it fairly right. We set aside a share of the net profits after dividend requirements and this money is distributed to the officers in both the senior and the junior groups. I make the distribution, but in effect the men make it themselves. Each executive gives a report on the men with whom he comes in contact. These reports are seen only by me and thus I can get at the rating of a man by his fellows. I was afraid that this system might not work out well, but the men who have brains enough to hold important places also have brains enough to judge fairly. They seem to know that the chain will be no stronger than the weakest link. Among the less capable there is some back scratching. The reports show this up and do not fool me. But I have never yet found spite in any of the reports—which is noteworthy. I make the distribution according to my judgment and the reports, and up to date I have not had to decide between the reports and my private valuations.

"One must recognize a difference between the position of a founder of a company and the man who follows working for wages. The founder of a successful company is its brains and he takes care of the men who help him to success—unless he be one of those rare men who can achieve success with the help of only mediocre assistants. But after the founder has gone and the stock becomes distributed, the flat-salary system does not keep the man with great initiative and who is so necessary."

Management Ownership

"It is not all an affair of money. Money is important—the man who says he does not care about earning money has no place in corporate management—but money alone will not keep most men going at their best. They must have a score and it must be a personal score. I have always been suspicious of the man who could play around the golf links without keeping his score—usually he is a player who pretends to be better than he is. The profit scheme gives a personal score. And also it gives hired men a chance to earn on a scale commensurable with the pioneers."

When the Du Pont interests bought heavily into General Motors some years ago John J. Raskob and Pierre S. Du Pont, casting about for some plan to interest the best brains in the management, worked out what they called the Managers Securities Company, which has had a remarkable career. The members of this company were the men in active management—about eighty in all. Mr. Du Pont sold to the company a large block of General Motors common stock at the same price that he had paid for it, taking in payment $5,000,000 in cash that the managers put up and obligations of the company for the remainder. Then the General Motors Corporation made a contract to pay to the management company annually through eight years 5 per cent of the net earnings each year after allowing 7 per cent on the invested capital.

Many attribute the phenomenal advance in this company to the influence of the management company, which is not only a stockholder but also a profit sharer. Most of the executives who joined in the management corporation have become through it millionaires in their own right, for the stock belongs to them without any strings at all when the term of the management-company contract has finished.

We used to hear a good deal about the millionaires that Carnegie made. This management company has made several times as many, but none of these men has quit to spend his money. A somewhat similar bonus plan operates for the junior executives and there are other plans for the wage earners. It has been arranged for the prosperity of the company to seep through to the very bottom. Ten years ago General Motors had less than 2000 stockholders; today it has more than 50,000, but the largest compact voting power rests with the active managers through their company. For, as the president of the company recently said:

"It seems to me there is a point beyond which diffusion of stock ownership must enfeeble the corporation by depriving it of that virile interest in management upon the part of a group of men to whom its success is a matter of personal and vital interest, and the public interest becomes involved when the public can no longer locate some tangible personality or group within the business which can be held responsible for the corporation's welfare."

Holding On Through Merit

The old owner-hired-man-public set-up of business is passing. Herbert Hoover has noted the change. He has said:

"The concept of business organization of half a century ago was that management was controlled by the owners. The natural and major pressure was to get the highest possible profit to the owner by creating the widest spread possible between the cost of labor and materials on one side and the rates or price to the consumer on the other that competition would permit. But in certain very important groups the ownership has much diminished in its domination over policies of management, with a consequent material shift in the relative pressures between the separate interests of owner, customer and laborer. Mutualization, diffusion of stock into multitudes of inert holders and governmental limitations of profits in certain industries have all contributed to this change.

"The concerns which have developed into this setting fall into three important groups—the mutualized financial institutions, the public utilities and a group of certain older established manufacturing and distributing organizations. In these groups, due to the inertia of large numbers of holders, the managers tend more and more to evolve out of their own staffs, and the leadership of these great businesses tends strongly to pass from the owners to professional managers who have but little participation in ownership. From all of which there is no longer so dominant a pressure for profits to owners, and the incidence of pressure turns, at least in some degree, to larger division with workers and customers, after provision of the minimum rate of earnings upon which capital can be commanded on the market."

But the most interesting part of all this new development is that, through the great corporation—which once was looked upon as a predatory creature—a method is evolving by which on the one hand brains may be capitalized while on the other those who have money to invest may know that the custody of their investments is with men holding jobs by merit and not by favor.

It looks as though we were working away from the possibility of a business bureaucracy, with which we were really threatened. And a business bureaucrat can be just as dull and sodden as a governmental one. Industry seems to be working out its own system of checks and balances.

IN the clouds and on the roads, today's motors are establishing new performance standards. Acceleration, hitherto undreamed of, is casually accepted. Astonishing power has resulted from high speed, high compression motor design.

The new Franklin Airman Series typifies modern automotive engineering.

Today's motors, designed for unprecedented speed, naturally demand more efficient lubrication. Oils refined without consideration of these facts cannot give proper protection.

HYVIS Motor Oil, super-refined from Pure Pennsylvania Petroleum, expressly to meet modern conditions, offers this protection. HYVIS maintains its High Viscosity for 1000 miles—and more—protecting the whirling, plunging, steel in its cooling, viscous, oiliness.

HYVIS is approved by Franklin and every other leading manufacturer whose policy permits the approval of motor oils.

Fred G. Clark Inc., Cleveland
Established 1882
Chicago, Minneapolis, Los Angeles
Refineries, Warren, Pa.
Distribution at all Principal Points

35¢ per Quart
At Better Independent Stations and Motor Car Dealers

HYVIS MOTOR OIL
Pure Pennsylvania
PENNSYLVANIA

ÆTNA

Strength

POLICYHOLDERS of the Ætna Life Insurance Company are protected not only by legal and special reserves of more than $290,000,000 but also by a combined capital and surplus of over $41,000,000.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

SKY-HIGH

(Continued from Page 7

Exposition, broke up one afternoon in 1891, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, who had sat silent in a corner during the entire day, leaped up, grasped Burnham's two hands and demanded.

"Look here! Do you realize that this is the greatest meeting of artists since the fifteenth century?"

Only seventeen years in time, but centuries in ideals, divided the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876 and the Chicago Exposition that commemorated the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. It was in 1876 that Charles F. McKim, William R. Mead and Stanford White made their celebrated pilgrimage to New England, to Marblehead, Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth, seeking out and making drawings of the best Colonial work. Out of that excursion came the classical renaissance in America, but much too late to influence the Centennial.

As Colonial builders, we were aristocrats. With independence, our architecture declined progressively for nearly 100 years, until it became as shoddy and banal, probably, as ever an architecture has been. In all the seventy-five years between 1800 and 1875 scarcely a distinguished building was erected in the land. The one notable exception I think of, and to my eyes one of the most beautiful architectural creations of all time, is the Capitol at Washington. Its crowning glory, the great dome, was made possible by the frantic excursions of the cast-iron founders and builders—the dome is of cast iron.

There was the excuse for the Centennial that the exposition was a pioneer, hurried and a poorly financed enterprise; but only a prevalent absence of good taste can fully explain the mental approach of the directors to their building problem.

"Bother design! Give us shelters for our exhibits," they said, in effect.

The Seeds of the Skyscraper

The most practicable method of hurriedly putting up great fire-resistant shelters for temporary use was to employ structural iron with a minor use of wood and brick. Such building was an engineering problem strictly, and so it was that to engineers fell the designing of the architecture.

The unlovely results shouted for themselves; only the grounds and the spacing of the buildings were good, and one must suspect that an architect somehow had broken through, perhaps in disguise, to throw a mantle of symmetry around the ground scheme.

What the engineers did was to throw up great iron cages. Instead of draping this stark nakedness with a cloak, they stopped their brick outer walls at a height of seven feet and filled the apertures above that with glass or covered them with that abomination, galvanized-iron cladding on wood, then daubed the whole with meaningless, hideous jig-saw flummery. There is unconscious irony in the report of the director-general, who in his scant reference to the buildings, remarked that "the state exhibits were housed in ugly and inappropriate structures"—a kick at a particularly forlorn orphan of a breed that was a necessary evil in the exposition scheme, as the management saw it.

But it is with the iron framework that we are concerned here. The materials were wrought and cast irons, the greatest structural use of iron ever made in one enterprise until then. Except for domes and towers carrying no live loads, none of the buildings exceeded three floors in height; nevertheless, the seeds of the skyscraper were there. To trace its dim beginnings, however, it is necessary to drop back to the year 1853.

The Shadow of Coming Events

In that year the building of Harper & Brothers, pioneer publishers of New York, burned with a loss of $1,500,000, said to have been the greatest fire loss ever suffered by one American firm up to that time. The Harpers naturally sought to avoid another such disaster and erected in 1854 in Franklin Square the first so-called fireproof building of any magnitude in the country. No building is utterly fireproof, of course, and this was not even so by modern standards, but it was fire-resistant to a point beyond anything that preceded it.

Wrought-iron floor beams were the novelty of the Harper Building. Cast-iron beams had been used occasionally in Europe in efforts at fireproof factory construction. I cannot fix the first appearance of the much lighter, tougher wrought-iron beam, but they were rolled in America for the first time in 1854 at the Trenton, New Jersey, ironworks of which Peter Cooper, the philanthropist, was the principal owner. The first beams were intended for the Cooper Union, on which work had started in 1852. The Trenton works turned out the first beams only after two years of costly and troublesome experimentation, and then Cooper waived the first lot to the Harpers, and the new building of the publishers became the first to employ wrought-iron beams set in masonry walls as lateral supports. It was only six stories and contained no single principle of the skyscraper, yet those wrought-iron beams were the first faint foreshadowings of the Woolworth Tower.

Owners of business property in New York in the period from 1830 to 1860 were confronted with a problem. Manhattan Island is a narrow tongue of land and as population grew swiftly land values tended to increase proportionately. As land values and

(Continued on Page 201)

The Iron Architecture of the Philadelphia Centennial, 1876

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
The CHANCES are 2 to 1 Against YOU
Don't Gamble Unless You Can Afford to Lose /
The Compass of Industry
FOXBORO

THE ABOVE WARNING FIRST APPEARED IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, SEPT. 18, 1926

Again we say "Don't Gamble"

WHEN you select instruments designed to eliminate the element of chance from production processes, *go one step further.*

Eliminate the chance of getting the wrong instrument. Determine before you buy that the instrument is capable of doing the work for which it is designed.

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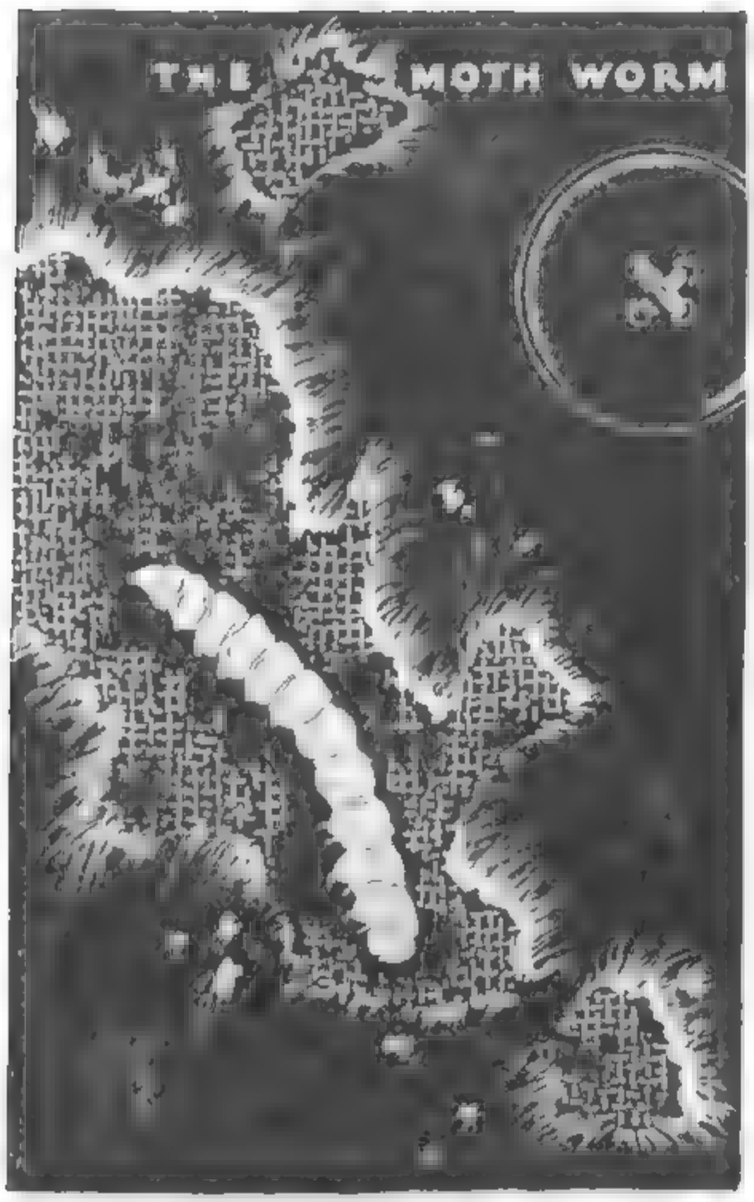

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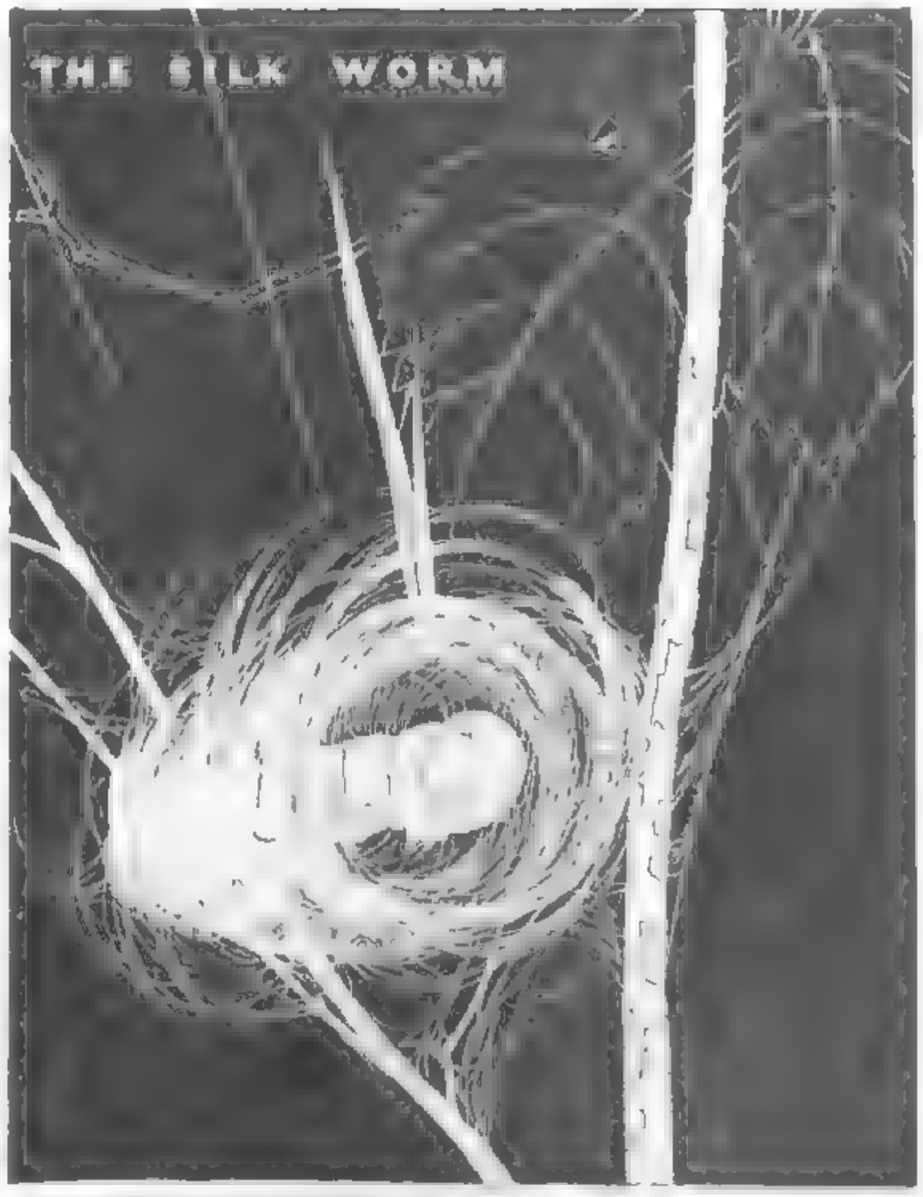
The clothes moth and the silk moth belong to the same family. Yet the larva of one destroys—of the other creates. One ruins clothes—the other provides silk for new clothes.

Why this amazing difference? Why should one be man's enemy and the other his friend? You'll have to ask Nature for the answer—just as you'll have to ask Nature why she chose to make one oil more friendly to motors than others. For



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Put these qualities together—you get a more efficient piston seal, greater power, minimum dilution, smaller gasoline consumption.

How can you identify this finer oil? By the emblem shown below. You will find this emblem on many different brands of oil—it is your proof that all of them are made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Crude Oil. No other kind or grade of oil can use it.

With this emblem to guide you, it's the height of folly to take a chance on unknown oils. Oils that may send your car to the repair shop—that can even send it to the junk yard.

Instead, find the dealer nearest you who displays this emblem. Order by name any Pennsylvania brand you wish, but be sure to specify "Pennsylvania", too! Have your crank-case drained and filled with this oil. Then see how sweetly your motor runs! Maintain the oil level, of course. But you can let at least 1,000 miles roll under your wheels before you need to drain again!

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Continued from Page 198

taxes rise owners must get an increased return from their properties. This may be done either by increasing rentals or by adding to the rental space of the buildings, or both. Rentals cannot be increased beyond a competitive point; higher than that, renters are driven elsewhere. Rental space can be increased only by adding stories and there the property owner was stopped by the limitations of the human leg muscles.

Before the invention of the elevator, six stories was the practicable limit of commercial building. At any time in the past 2000 years builders could have erected masonry structures higher than that, but even the sturdy calves of our unpampered forefathers balked at climbing more than six stories, and the rental value of floors above the third fell off in more than an arithmetical ratio.

Incidentally, there are still plenty of unpampered legs in New York City. Five and six story walk-up apartments exist there in large numbers, many of them ultra-modern in every respect save elevator service.

An Obstacle Race

In 1859 the new Fifth Avenue Hotel, six stories high, was opened. It was the last word in modernity and magnificence, the brightest jewel of its diadem the first passenger elevator ever built, called by Otis Tufts, of Boston, the builder, "a vertical screw railway." The cab was set on a screw shaft, propelled upward by steam and checked hydraulically on its descent. Early in 1860 Tufts installed another in the Continental Hotel, the pride of Philadelphia. Each cost $25,000 to build, was cumbrous and exasperatingly slow, and no more were built, but the elevator age had dawned. In 1866 the first suspended elevator, a steam hoist, was installed in the St. James Hotel, and two years later the original Equitable Life Assurance Company Building on lower Broadway was erected, the first office building in the world to contain a passenger elevator.

Now buildings could be and immediately were carried to ten stories. Elevator accidents were frequent, but the timorous could walk if they liked. The higher the building, however, the heavier became the lower walls, until the upward thrust of the sky line encountered another stop clause. Masonry structures of ten stories and more demanded lower walls of such fortresslike thickness and sparse window vents that the ground floor space, most valuable of all, was devoured and the sunlight all but excluded.

In their efforts to lighten these walls without weakening them, architects began to build cast iron into the brick and masonry. Cast iron is as brittle as a stove lid, but it has enormous compression strength. The outcome was the heavily ornamented hollow cast-iron front, molded to counterfeit masonry, so common between 1860 and 1880, and of which many specimens survive. It was an excrescence, but another step in the direction of the skyscraper. The Harper Building, torn down in 1925 when the publishers removed to Fifth Avenue, was a notable example. A later fine example was the A. T. Stewart—later the John Wanamaker—store.

Another partial answer to the problem was to reduce the dead load to be carried by the walls. A minor step in this direction was the substitution of hollow cast-iron columns, light and compact, for masonry in interior walls. Most of the dead weight, however, was in the floors. Brick arches, the floor construction practice of the day, were fearfully heavy. Moreover, the lower flanges of the iron beams were exposed to the direct attack of fire. Steel begins to lose its strength at 600 degrees, wrought iron at about 800 degrees, and much higher temperatures are inevitable in a serious fire.

Balthaser Kreischer, a New York manufacturer of fire brick, found the solution both of dead weight and of fire protection in the hollow tile, which he patented in 1871. The flat-arch hollow-tile floor laid between the iron floor beams weighed only one-fourth as much as the brick arch. Moreover, by his method of construction he insulated the exposed iron beams with a highly fire-resistant surface and chambers of air.

Building went a little higher again, but now they began to encounter difficulties below ground. As far back as we know anything of building, foundations had been one continuous bed of masonry in solid ground, or wooden piles in wet, unstable soils. Foundations now are a science; in 1880 they were a practice that had not advanced appreciably in thousands of years.

Great Weights on Soggy Soil

Here the scene shifts to Chicago, where the foundation problem was particularly acute. The city lies a few feet above Lake Michigan on a bed of muck. The ground water level is only ten to fifteen feet below the surface and any attempt at excavation resulted in an immediate battle with water and caving soil. The great fire of 1871 had destroyed the business district utterly, and as the city rebuilt it did so on a greater, more modern scale. As great weights were imposed on old-style continuous foundations resting in this soggy soil, there was trouble. The Federal Building, completed in 1880 at a cost of $5,000,000, settled so badly that it was condemned and razed after eighteen years. Frederick Baumann,

The Court of Honor, Crowning Glory of the Chicago World's Fair, 1893

The question mark between GROSS ? — NET

How much leeway between gross and net have you for the creative, stimulating, volume-producing activities of your business?

How much money to spend on BRAINS?

How much for SELLING AND ADVERTISING?

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Read our book on "The Key Operations of Business". It is brief, but sums up conclusions of nearly half a century of designing carbon copy forms and *studying their use for business control.*

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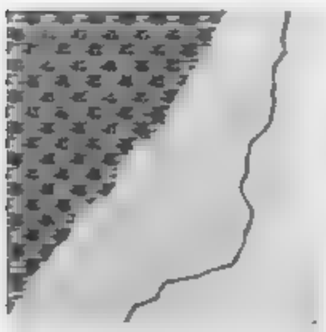
Fortunate are those dear ones who have adequate protection from fire through the very construction of the home. They spend most of their twenty-four hour day within its walls.

The male member of the family enjoying full safety in his modern office throughout his day, reminds us that in fairness to the most priceless of possessions the home should provide as much protection as the business building.



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a local architect, seems first to have suggested an independent foundation for each column, making for more uniform settling.

The pioneer example of this foundation practice was the ten-story Montauk Building, designed by Burnham & Root and erected in 1881. Each column of this masonry structure, exterior and interior, rested on its own foundation of stepped stones based on layers of concrete eighteen inches thick, the whole designed on a trial-and-error formula of so much foundation spread to so much weight imposed on the column. For example, if a column should carry 400 tons and the soil is calculated to support four tons to the square foot, the footings must have an area of 100 square feet, or about ten feet square. These masonry pyramids so nearly filled the basement of the Montauk Building that the boilers and engine room had to be located at grade in a court behind the elevator shaft, and the Montauk, like all Chicago office buildings until a later date, really had no basement.

In this early period Burnham & Root designed the sixteen-story Monadnock Office Building, the highest that burden-bearing masonry walls ever were carried, I believe. At the basement level the walls are nearly fifteen feet thick.

Before some architect could attempt to carry masonry walls even higher, the skyscraper appeared. In the fall of 1883 W. L. B. Jenney was commissioned by the Home Life Insurance Company of New York to design a Chicago office building for them. Others had built cast iron into their masonry walls and piers and used wrought-iron floor beams, but Jenney went a long and daring step further. He did what no one ever had done in theory or practice before—took the dead load off his walls and placed it on a skeleton framework of iron concealed inside the masonry—cast-iron columns and wrought-iron I beams, bolting the beams to the columns with angle-iron brackets. This, the first of all skyscrapers, still stands at La Salle and Adams streets. Originally ten stories, two more floors were added later.

When the framework had reached the sixth floor a letter came to Mr. Jenney from the Carnegie Steel Company of Pittsburgh. It stated that they now were rolling Bessemer steel beams and asked permission to substitute these for wrought-iron beams on the remaining floors. Jenney agreed and the resultant shipment was the first ever made of structural steel, in the modern sense. The columns continued to be cast iron, however, plates and angles of steel not yet having been rolled.

Down to Hardpan

The next great step forward came a year later from the office of Burnham & Root. Their twelve-story Rookery Building copied the Jenney skeleton framework, but the foundations pioneered the present steel-grillage design. Instead of setting the Rookery on a series of bulky stone-and-cement pyramids, Burnham & Root designed footings of two courses of railroad steel laid at right angles to each other and embedded in concrete, with steel I beams crossing the upper courses, on which were set the cast-iron column bases. My oldest brother, Theodore, was a draftsman in the Burnham & Root office at the time and it was he, I believe, who first suggested this use of railroad rails.

Laymen may find this explanation obscure, but if the reader does not understand how it was done, he will understand the effect. What was accomplished was a better burden-bearing foundation, occupying only a fraction of the space of the pyramidal footings and requiring an excavation of as little as three feet.

Though an advance on the isolated masonry pier, it still was a complacent acceptance of a floating foundation. When I was a youngster in Chicago it was not uncommon for large buildings to be as much as three or four inches out of plumb, a condition noticeable first in the chatter of the elevators. It was general practice then to allow for as much as a foot of settling, and sidewalks were canted upward from the curb line at as much of an angle as the builder dared in the hope that when the building did settle, the sidewalks would sink with it to their true plane. The extent of the settling, unfortunately, had to be guessed at.

The real answer to the problem, of course, was to carry the piers to hardpan or bed rock at 75 to 100 feet and seal out the water to provide a basement; but engineers did not yet know how to combat water and caving soils except awkwardly at prohibitive expense. In recent years just such foundations have been carried through the muck and sand and the underlying blue clay to rock or hardpan under those old buildings—even such a massive structure as the Masonic Temple—while business went on as usual above. One by one the columns were braced up on cribbing and a caisson sunk to "refusal," as engineers say, then filled with concrete as a permanent footing.

And as engineers learned in the early 90's how to tame the ground water, they went back and dug basements under these pioneer buildings. A sheath piling first was run down to hold back the sand and water, then the excavation was sealed with a lining of concrete, pitch and five plies of tar paper. A sump was left as an outlet for the ground water, constantly thrusting upward and threatening to flood the basement. Pumps keep going year in and out to draw off this water. This, in turn, sometimes had the result of drawing off the quicksand from the underlying soil and unsettling adjacent buildings not so protected.

The New Use for Walls

Though we no longer would build a twelve-story structure on grillages floating on soggy earth and shifting sand, we continue to use this same grillage of steel and concrete as a footing for every pier hole, deep or shallow. What is the necessity in bed rock, you may ask. Can any mortal-made weight crush the rocky shell of Mother Earth? To an extent, yes. A weight of 1000 tons resting directly on rock will tend to powder the surface of that rock, however hard; and inasmuch as a variation of a fraction of an inch is to be avoided in foundations, we have to distribute that enormous burden on a spread of steel grillage laid on top the rock.

The passer-by who stops from a fascination he cannot explain to watch a steam shovel snorting in a hole imagines that the deeper the hole the higher the building is to be. This does not follow. We can scrape away two or three feet of earth and run up a fifty-story building or more if beneath that few feet of earth is bed rock. If we quarry deeply into the solid rock with explosives and air drills, it is to provide basement and subbasement space demanded by operating, not engineering, necessities. Contrarily, in swampy ground we may have to dig 100 feet to bed rock to support a ten-story building, and this necessitates pneumatic caissons or some other complex form of digging.

Now, in 1887, one year further along, Holabird & Roche, architects, in collaboration with Purdy & Henderson, bridge engineers, both of which firms still are active, combined and improved upon the achievements of Jenney and Burnham & Root and designed the fourteen-story Tacoma Building. The outer walls on the two street frontages were purely curtains of brick and terra cotta carried at each floor by steel spandrel beams attached to cast-iron columns, and here first was seen the startling spectacle of bricklayers beginning to lay walls midway between roof and ground. The Tacoma was the first structure ever built in which any outer wall carried no burden and served no purpose other than ornamentation and of keeping out the wind and weather, which became one of the fundamentals of skyscraper design. The two other walls were masonry and self-supporting. The foundations were the

(Continued on Page 205)

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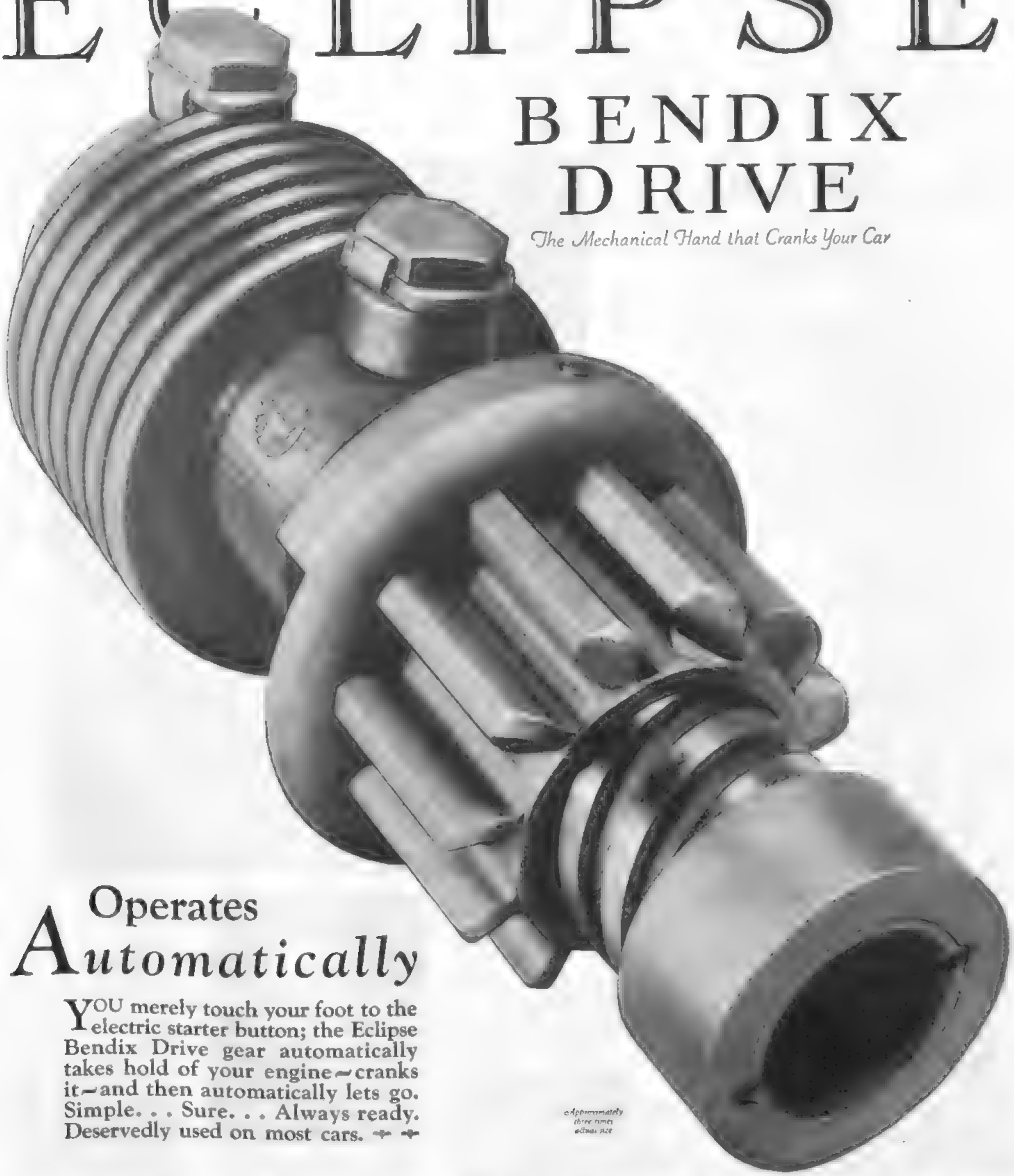

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9 hours rest a night

says HENRY FORD

Mr. Ford's Views on Sleep as stated in an interview accorded to Allan L. Benson

HENRY FORD once told me that if he did not live to be 100 years old it would be his own fault. At once I saw him in a new light. Here was the master of men and machinery moving into a new sphere. He would control his own years—at least up to 100.

What is he doing? Just what one would expect the greatest machinist in the world to do with the most valuable piece of machinery in the world—the human body. Mr. Ford sees so many things in terms of machinery. The physical body is a machine. It must be run according to the rules or it will not run long. One of the rules is that it must frequently have rest—sleep The nervous system is like a battery that, every so often, must be recharged. Sound sleep recharges it.

"I go to bed about 9 o'clock every night," said Mr. Ford to me. "I get up at 6 in the morning. I sleep about 6 hours, but am in bed nine."

When he was creating the successor of "Model T" he went to bed at 9 o'clock every night as if nothing special were doing. He insists upon getting his sleep—even the rest that comes when he is lying in bed awake.

In his sixty-sixth year he is the youngest man of his age I know. Mentally and physically he is on his toes. The greatest machinist in the world is taking good care of the most valuable piece of machinery he owns. Nine hours of good rest every night.

"If I do not live to be 100 it will be my own fault."

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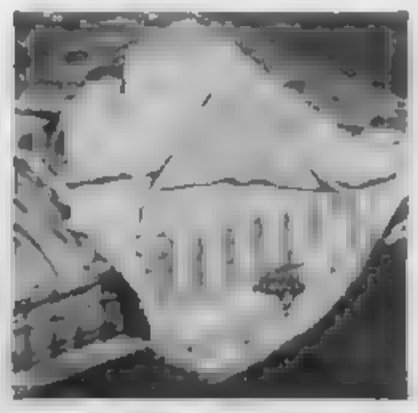
Simmons Beautyrest . . . 1 coil of . . . packed, each . . . Hundreds of them each elastic encased. Over this, the thick, soft layers of luxurious . . . hair, . . . modern . . . development in comfort.



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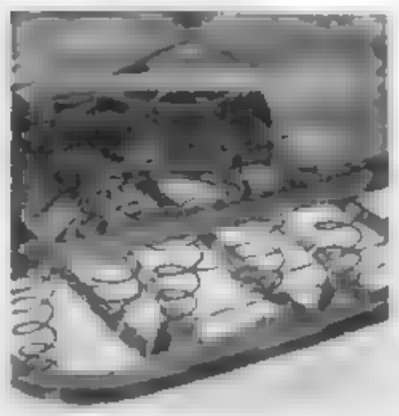

(Continued from Page 202)

isolated footings with steel members devised by Burnham & Root.

George A. Fuller appears on the scene here as the builder of the Tacoma. A graduate engineer of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, he had come to Chicago a few years earlier, a new type of contractor pioneering an administrative revolution in construction. Contractors until now usually had been boss carpenters or masons, men of a little capital and foremanship, but of no education, who executed subcontracts under the supervision of the architects. This was feasible in small enterprises, but as buildings grew in magnitude architects were overwhelmed with a multiplicity of burdens for which many of them had little training and no aptitude. Fuller raised contracting from a limited trade to both an industry and a profession, visualizing the building problem in its entirety – promotion, finance, engineering, labor and materials—and the architect reverted to his original function of design.

Fuller first was a salesman who sought out property owners and promoted new buildings; secondly an expert who understood the income possibilities and necessities of office buildings; then a financier who arranged the needful capital and credits; next an engineer competent to oversee every phase of modern building; and last a business executive, buying and assembling materials to the best advantage and commanding a staff of assistants and an army of subcontractors and laborers. That is the building business as it exists today.

Fuller was an engineer, but a builder need not be an engineer of necessity, and it is measurably true that great engineers are not likely to be good builders; the jobs are too unlike. A sound engineering knowledge is of great value to a builder if he first has the other needful qualities, more particularly because an engineer in his education learns to observe how things are put together. But the involved calculations necessary to great structures are worked out in advance for the builder by a professional structural engineer. If there were such a thing as a technically educated business manager, he would be the ideal builder, for we are administrators and executives, not specialist technicians.

Honors Not Easily Divided

In 1889 the skyscraper evolved into a form the fundamentals of which have come down unchanged in high-building practice. In that year the Burnham & Root designed Rand-McNally Building was erected, the first skeleton structure of rolled steel beams and columns built up of standard bridge-steel shapes and riveted together. Jenney's Leiter Building, a few months later, was the first without a single self-supporting wall, as his Fair Building in 1891 was the first to employ Z bars. Then, in 1890, Burnham & Root designed the Masonic Temple, twenty-one stories of steel on floating spread foundations, the highest building in the world then and one of the seven wonders thereof for the next few years.

Thus the skyscraper was a quick evolution of some six or seven years, achieved in Chicago and fathered by no one or two men. As Corydon T. Purdy, who himself had an important rôle in its genesis, wrote in 1895:

> This reversal of building methods, this change about in the function and use of masonry walls, and the introduction of such new conditions in large buildings, is a real revolution the extent of which hardly can be realized. The result is that the constructive side of the problem has reached its most perfect development in Chicago practice. The rapidity and history of its development can be very readily traced in that city. A new idea is tried to a limited extent in one building; a bolder application is attempted in the next; another idea, originating in another office, is worked out the same way. Thus the evolution proceeds and honors are extremely hard to divide.

As compared with its masonry predecessor, the skyscraper was light, airy, sanitary, quieter. Its soar and sweep stirred the imagination; there was prestige in being housed in such a monument. Its structure permitted the shifting of partitions and the subdivision of floors to suit the needs of tenants, impossible in masonry buildings, and its height doubled and tripled the income from a given parcel of ground.

A "skyscraper," said Maitland's American Slang Dictionary in 1891, the earliest known definition, is "a very tall building such as now are being built in Chicago." Literally, a skyscraper is any tall building; to a builder it implies a steel skeleton incased in a wall that is merely a drapery. There are high masonry buildings and there are some 350 reenforced-concrete structures of ten stories or more in the United States, the highest a twenty-one-story office building in Dayton, Ohio; but though reenforced concrete is as modern a building material as steel, and a sharp contender with it in virtually the whole field of construction, we do not think of a concrete structure when we say skyscraper.

A New Spur to Building High

As every reader must know, this material is concrete in which steel bars or a heavy steel mesh is embedded, combining the great compression strength of concrete with the high tensile strength of steel. The basis of concrete is Portland cement, which was not made in commercial quantities in this country until the 80's. Portland cement, of course, has its important uses in structural-steel building principally as a successor to lime mortar as a masonry binder. Reënforced concrete is unique in that its technology was developed by its own scientists and advocates, and by them applied. Oddly, that development coincided almost exactly with that of structural steel; but where the latter is wholly American, Europe may claim at least half a share in the former. On the other side of the Atlantic the larger modern buildings usually are of reënforced concrete. Its origins are obscure, but we know that the Ward mansion in New York was built in 1875 of reënforced concrete slabs and columns and that such were exhibited as curiosities at the Centennial.

Purdy brings us up to the battle between cast iron, wrought iron and steel which was fought to a conclusion on the field of the skyscraper. The metallurgical difference between these three forms of iron is chiefly a matter of carbon content. Cast iron is highest in carbon content. It will support enormous vertical weights, but being highly brittle, cannot be subjected to cross strains. Thus the columns of the early skeleton buildings were of cast iron while the beams were wrought iron.

What we call steel is really wrought iron made by a superior process. Bessemer's discovery was simply that by blowing air through molten pig iron he could make a low-carbon product largely free from the weakening slag common in ordinary wrought iron. Steel was a very hard high-carbon product associated in the public mind with superiority—the material of fine swords, razor blades and edged tools—so the manufacturers appropriated the name "steel" for a wholly new iron intermediate between wrought and cast, lacking the essential hardening power of true steel, free from the slag of wrought iron, yet having the latter's malleability.

Bessemer invented his converter in 1855, but it did not appear in the United States until the 80's. The textbooks will inform you that steel first was used structurally in this country—likewise pneumatic foundation caissons—in 1874 in the Eads Bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis; but this was hard crucible steel, long known and prohibitively expensive for ordinary construction. About 1880 the new Bessemer steel began to be recognized by American engineers as superior to wrought iron in bridge work, and here the bridge engineers took a hand in the skyscraper. They alone knew anything of the structural limitations of this new iron; by the time of the Home Insurance Building they had worked out a formula of steel stresses.

The Hydraulic Jack that "Lifts without Labor"!

HYDRAULIC power takes the place of muscle power in the Blackhawk Jack.

Light strokes of the sturdy, rigid handle raise the axle so easily it's hard to believe the jack is working.

Lowering is just a matter of opening the release valve with the handle tip. Down comes the car, smoothly and safely — no pumping — no crawling under.

Built sturdy and simple—absolutely dependable — amazingly easy to place, operate, and withdraw. Just try one!

There are Blackhawk models for all cars, and for trucks, busses, and industrial work. Your dealer has them or can quickly get one for you.

Jack shown is our "Tourist"—1½ ton capacity for all average cars. Lifts from 8½ to 14½ inches. Sells at $7.90. Other capacities from 2 to 75 tons.

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Socket Wrenches Hydraulic Jacks
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Is Your Boy an "Outsider?"

BOYS!

Get your FREE Copy of the Daisy Manual from nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer. It tells how to be a crack shot!

Put yourself in your boy's place. When he sees other boys at target practice with their Daisy Air Rifles, he wants a Daisy, too!

Here's the sport of sports among boys! Even between father and son, target practice does untold good.

Many leading American athletes are advising your boy to be fast on the trigger if he wants to be fast on the baseball diamond and in other athletics. Experts say that target practice develops speed in the action of mind and muscle.

Give him a Daisy—for 40 years the standard boys' rifle—the rifle with which millions of alert and successful men of today started their training in marksmanship. Shoot with him out of doors. He will love his Daisy! Ask your dealer to show you the rifle illustrated—the famous Daisy Pump Gun—a 50-shot repeater for $5—and other Daisy Air Rifles, a model for every age, from $1 to $5—or sent direct on receipt of the price.

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Live-Wire Men and Women in the Following Cities:

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In other cities similar positions are open to those who apply at once. The work merely involves forwarding to us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. No experience or capital needed. Liberal commissions, and other awards. State qualifications in first letter. Write

The Curtis Publishing Company
469 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Today we know exactly what a given weight and shape of steel will do; we know it by testing it metallurgically and by ingenious devices, and we assume no calculation to be true until it has been so tested physically. The Olsen compression pump at the Bureau of Standards, for instance, exerts a pressure of 10,000,000 pounds slowly and irresistibly. The Emery machine has a compressive strength of 2,300,000 pounds, a pull of 1,500,000 pounds and a twisting power of like force. An impact machine delivers a succession of terrific blows. Electric recording devices in each case chart the resistance of the column or girder under test. The chemical composition of the steel is regulated to as fine an accuracy as a prescription in a drug store.

Such laboratory verification of mathematical assumptions is a development of the past thirty years. All the bridge engineers could say in the 80's for their stress formulas was that they were theoretically correct—and point to the fact that the bridges stood. No one, however, ever had attempted to apply the theory to vertical structures.

It is nearly impossible to appreciate today what a daring thing these men did forty years ago when they ran up buildings to fourteen stories on iron-and-steel skeletons resting on experimental foundations on empirical calculations that the buildings ought to stand. When they did stand, and others even higher and heavier, skeptics were not silenced. What, they asked, was happening to the steel meanwhile? What would moisture and this strange new thing, electrolysis, do to it in time? It was an admitted fact that steel was less resistant to rust than either cast or wrought iron. What about wind strains? Who could say what atomic changes might not occur in this metal under continuous subjection to such lateral and vertical stresses? Loads of 16,000 pounds to the square inch were being piled on these columns, where 200 pounds was the maximum for an equivalent pier of good brick laid in cement mortar.

Disaster was predicted for years and by men of technical knowledge. We know now that their fears were baseless, having torn down steel buildings after thirty years and found their beams and columns outwardly and inwardly unchanged; but none could prove it then. Likewise the skyscraper has had to submit for forty years to the abuse and patronage of æsthetic critics, many of them architects of note. It was a thing of hideousness and hateful forever, a dry-goods box. Woe unto a people who could produce such an abomination! Going back through the architectural journals, I have been amazed at how rarely a critic sensed that this ugly duckling was a great new art form in embryo, capable of breathless beauties. Even the Woolworth Building, which is a joy forever to my eyes, was anathema to them, a "five-and-ten cathedral."

The Elevators Keep Pace

The first edition of the New International Encyclopedia, 1904, under the heading of Architecture, dismissed the skyscraper with these words:

> In spite of the radical character of these changes in construction and plan, no sign of any architectural result has appeared. This is in part owing to the purely commercial character of the buildings. They . . . must be as inexpensive as possible in order that the rentals may bear a better proportion to the cost. Hitherto in the history of the world, no architecture of any value has been developed out of any such conditions.

The further claim may be made for the skyscraper, then, that it did, for the first time in history, produce an architecture of value out of purely commercial conditions.

The skyscraper was possible in Chicago because Chicago was young and bold and short on precedent. In New York, with a history of two centuries behind it, the building code was rigid, men were more conservative, and no such experimentation would have been permitted. Only after it had been tried and proved in the Western city—and then hesitatingly—did the New York Building Department approve the plans for the steel-skeleton Tower Building on lower Broadway in 1889. A tablet set in the lobby before the building was demolished in 1914 to be replaced by one much higher bore the erroneous statement that it was the first of all skeleton structures.

All the while the elevator manufacturers were keeping one jump ahead of the rising sky line. The suspended steam elevator was succeeded by the hydraulic and the hydraulic piston types, which were supreme from the late 70's until the early 90's. The electric elevator was slow to appear, because no way could be found to step the load on the motor gently up and down. When this problem was solved the electric elevator displaced the hydraulic types.

The casting and rolling of iron was a great industry in America. "Ironmaster" once was a synonym for power and wealth. In Pittsburgh the iron makers turned generally to steel, but elsewhere many of them stuck to the older product and did not submit tamely to the competition of the new. One of the advantages of wrought and cast irons was that they were cheaper and more quickly produced. Bessemer steel was a luxury product originally, and as increased manufacturing efficiency brought down the price, wrought and cast irons kept pace. Wrought iron rails that sold at $115 a ton in 1837, for example, were quoted at $49.25 in 1880 and $18.25 in 1908.

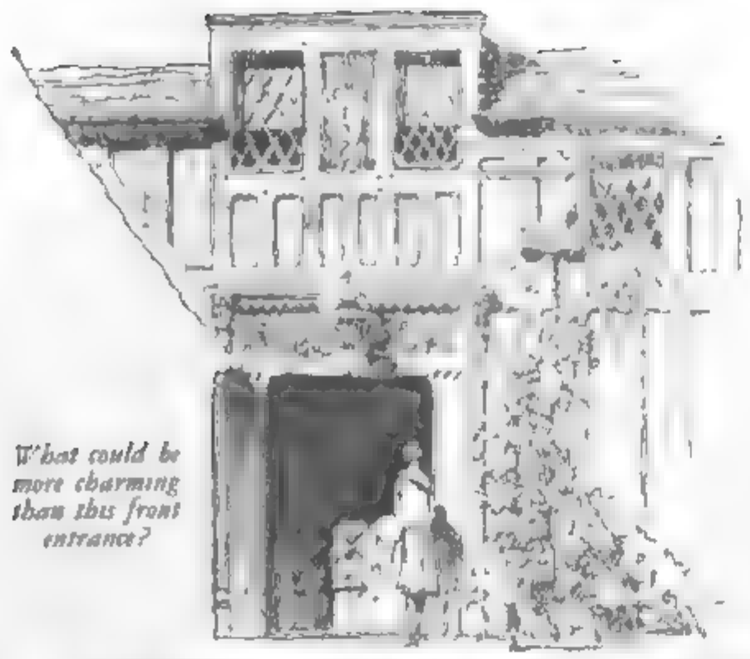
Bridge-Building Influence

The big iron founders continued to bid vigorously for business. As late as 1901 we used cast-iron columns in both the Ansonia and the Marie Antoinette hotels, eighteen and twelve stories respectively, and both splendidly built. The principal disadvantages of cast-iron columns were that they were not continuous and that beams had to be bolted to them. No bolt has the strength of a rivet which, forced red-hot into the punch hole, fills up every interstice and becomes an integral part of beam and column. The final disappearance of cast-iron columns in large buildings followed the collapse of a thirteen-story apartment house during construction in New York in 1904. The cast iron probably was not at fault, but the suspicion was ruinous. In 1877 iron ships universally were of wrought iron; by 1902 all were being made of steel. A similar revolution took place in building and bridges in the same period.

The open-hearth process, now almost universal, brought the final victory to steel. In the pioneer days of steel construction, 16,000 pounds to the square inch was adopted generally as the basic unit of working stress. The better quality steel of the open-hearth process permitted an upward revision of this figure to 18,000 pounds. This standard now is in use in a hundred or more American cities. The economies possible are illustrated in a recent Los Angeles operation where a steel bid based on the new unit was less by $164,000 than the bid figured upon the old 16,000-pound stress.

As a measure of the bridge builder's initial contribution to the skyscraper, builders to this day buy all their steel from bridge shops. Steel mills roll only standard and uniform shapes, while the structural-steel drawings for a great building call for columns and girders of hundreds of different lengths and strengths. The bridge shops fabricate these beams and columns from standard shapes to the specifications of the drawings, punching the rivet holes, riveting on the lugs and combining shapes into girders and columns. The familiar H column of skyscraper construction is, for instance, built up of various standard shapes riveted together to dimensions specified for the task that particular column is to perform. The mechanics of fabrication have not changed in nearly forty years, except that a much larger variety of shapes is rolled nowadays by the mills and that the steel is of better quality at a lower price.

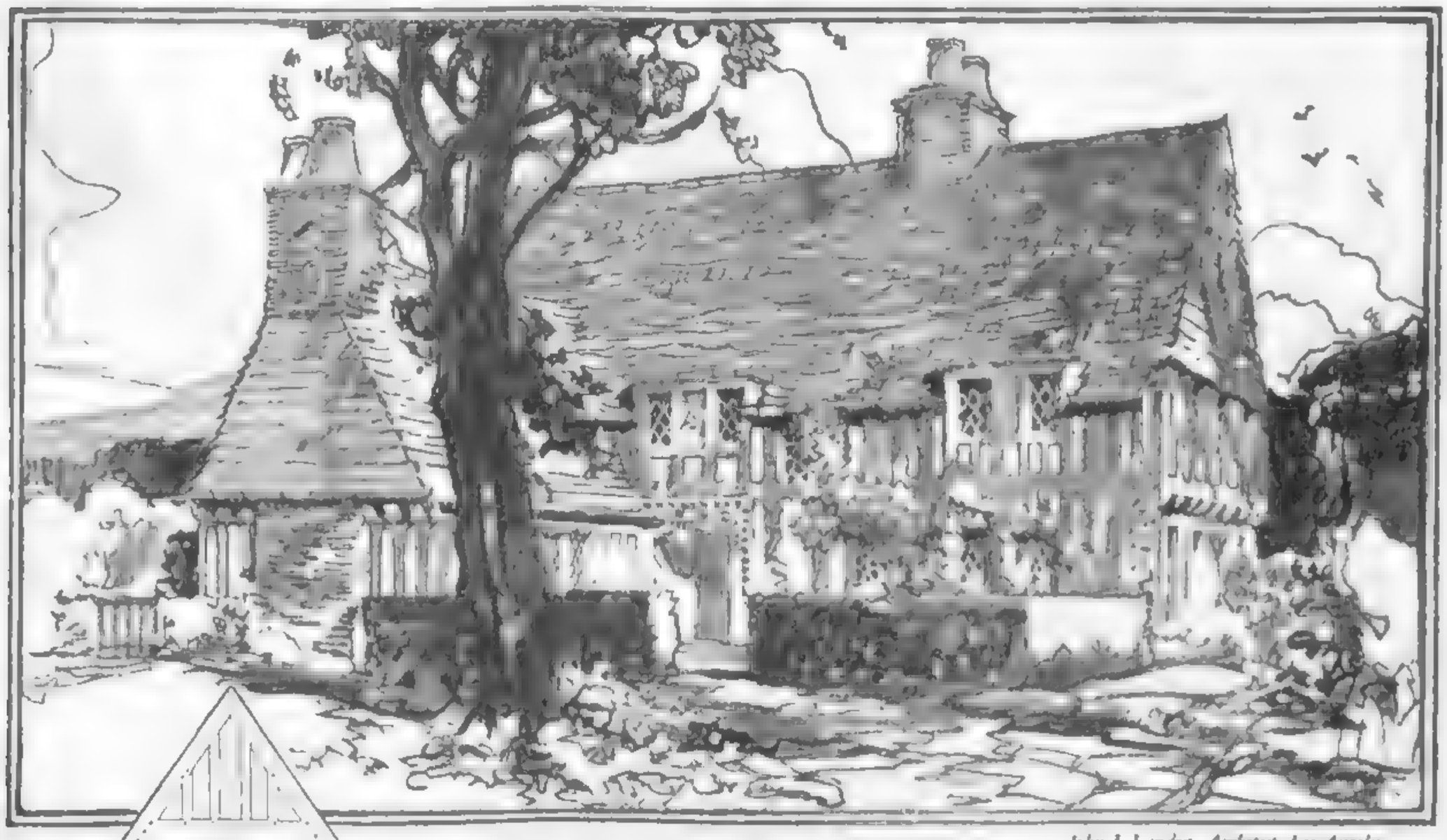
Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Colonel Starrett. The next will appear in an early issue.



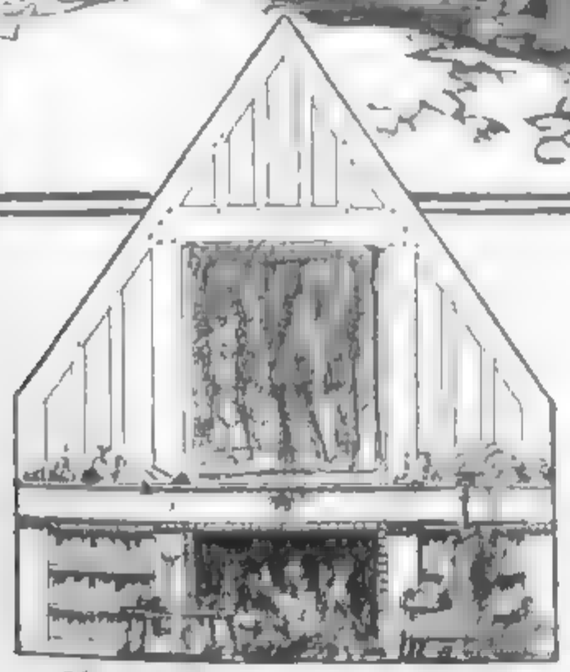
What could be more charming than this front entrance?

An *all*-timbered half-timbered home

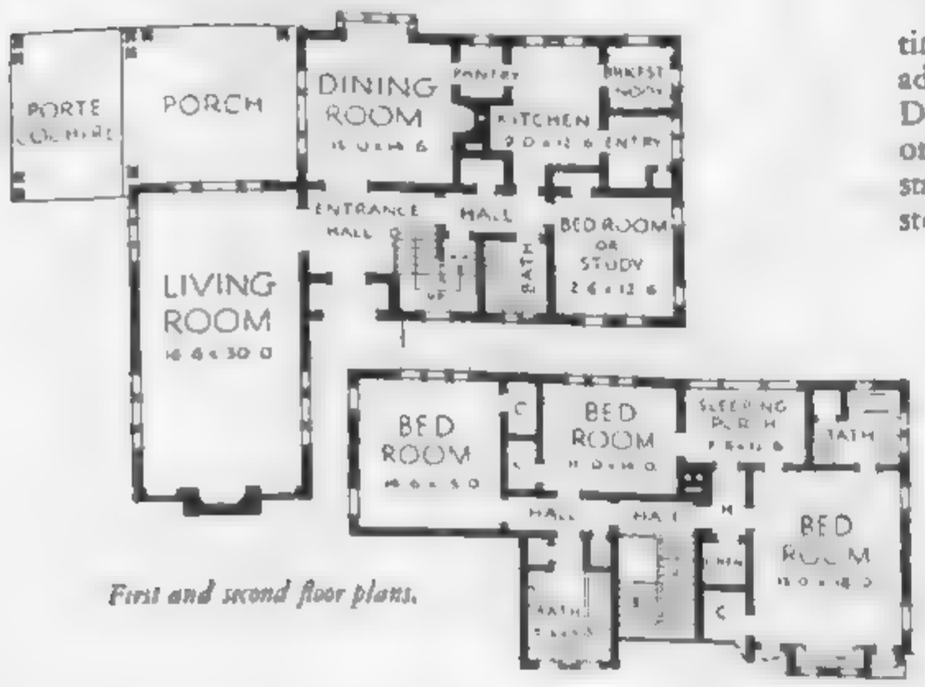
—and it might be in Normandy



John J. Landon, Architect, Los Angeles



This very livable living room is paneled with West Coast Hemlock. It has wood trusses and shows the paneled construction.



First and second floor plans.

Awarded first mention in the West Coast woods architectural competition

THE architect designed this very attractive house to reproduce—with West Coast woods—the charm of the cottages of Northern France . . . with their steep pitched roofs, timbered walls, carved beams and many other pleasing exterior and interior details.

The unusually attractive *all*-timbered half-timbered effect is obtained by the use of adze-surfaced wide Douglas Fir battens over Douglas Fir plank. Frame of Douglas Fir or West Coast Hemlock. The battens to be stained darker than the panels, with rotten-stone dusted over all.

The roof is of vertical grain Western Red Cedar shingles or shakes with doubled ridges and eaves, and laid with a gradually lessening weather exposure as they near the ridge . . . fastened with zinc-coated or copper nails to insure a permanent roof.

Interior paneling of West Coast Hemlock. Beams and posts of Douglas Fir—all to be stained and antiqued. The entrance hall and stair rail of Douglas Fir with sand-etched design.

Living room to have exposed wood trusses of Douglas Fir. Dining room to be paneled in West Coast Hemlock—ceiling beamed with sand-etched Douglas Fir. Bedrooms in Douglas Fir, West Coast Hemlock or Sitka Spruce.

Floors are to be of wide Douglas Fir or West Coast Hemlock, pegged and grooved, and stained dark brown.

We shall be glad to send you without charge a brochure of the architect's sketches and construction suggestions for this and many other of the price-winning homes of West Coast woods together with a book describing the four outstanding woods of the Douglas Fir region. Address West Coast Lumber Bureau 210 Mt. Hood Building Longview, Washington

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Important West Coast Woods— Douglas Fir - West Coast Hemlock - Western Red Cedar - Sitka Spruce

"It's noo use...

ye'll never learn goff wi' that bag o' tricks"

(In which the Pro tells the Doctor a thing or two about golf clubs.)

"WHAT'S the matter with these clubs, Mac?"

"Mon dear, hav'na I told ye they're as ill-mated as a dog an' a cat?"

"But these are supposed to be *matched* clubs!"

"Matched fer what? Color? Th' only thing that's alike aboot 'em is that they're aw' different!"

"Believe me, Mac, I paid a lot of money for them."

"Aye—an' yer payin' me a lot o' money to teach ye somethin' that's well-nigh impossible wi' that collection o' prima donnas."

"Why prima donnas?"

"Because they each ree-quire different handlin'. How can I teach ye a per-r-fect goff swing when that bag-fu' o' nonsense ye call clubs each needs a different swing by itsel'?"

"Say, couldn't I perfect a different swing for each of them?"

"If ye can, or any other mon can, then I can win th' National Open playin' wi' a shinny stick."

"Well, what's the answer? What'll I do?"

"Do? Let me sell ye a set o' Spaldin' clubs. Then ye'll have clubs that all have the same swingin' weight."

"You mean that every club in a Spalding set weighs the same?"

"I mean nothin' o' the kind! I said *swingin'* weight, which means they're matched so per-r-fect fer balance, lie, pitch, weight, an' feel—aye, even fer th' tortion o' th' shafts—that wi' yer eyes closed ye canna tell which club yer swingin'."

"Does that mean that I could perfect *one* swing and timing, and use it for all my irons?"

"That's exactly what it means—an' that's what the champions do. They play every shot in the same groove. It's that unifor-r-mity that makes 'em champions."

"Is that a Spalding iron you've got there, Mac?"

"It is!"

"What's that spot marked on the club face?"

"The Sweet Spot—and a gr-r-and idea it is markin' it."

"You're still over my head, Mac. What's the Sweet Spot?"

"'Tis the one spot that'll gi' ye the greatest distance an' make the shot feel sweetest."

"Well—doesn't every club have one?"

"Aye—and not two of 'em had it in the same place till Spaldin' originated their method o' distributin' the metal which puts the Sweet Spot in exactly the same place on every club face. It's marked right on th' steel, too. And mon, the steel in these Spaldin' heads is simply wonderfu'."

"Good and hard, eh, Mac?"

"Noo, noo! O'course it's not har-r-d! There isn't a goff star o' prominence on either side o' the water that'ud gi' bag-room to a club wi' a har-r-d steel head. These Spaldin' heads are made of a verra mar-r-velous mild steel, th' same as the finest Scotch irons ha' always been."

"Are these Spalding clubs as good as the imported Scotch clubs, Mac?"

"Ye think ye ha' me there, don't ye? Let me tell ye—Spaldin's club designer comes fra' St. Andrews an' 'twas he that taught one o' Scotland's most famous club makers all he knows aboot th' game! He's the master o' them aw', is Bob White."

"Then come on over to the shop and pick me out a set right now."

"I'm wi' ye mon—there's hope fer ye after aw'."

Two ways to buy them

Take your choice—buy either the famous Spalding Registered clubs, which are sold in sets only, or build up a set, one or two clubs at a time, by getting the Kro-Flite Related Irons and Woods, which are sold individually

Kro-Flite Related Irons come in three weights, and are indexed by one (✖), two (✖✖), and three (✖✖✖) crows. The clubs in each group, or weight, are accurately related in pitch, lie, balance, and feel. You can build up a perfectly related set of clubs—from driving-iron to mashie-niblick, simply by selecting clubs of the same index—whether you buy them all at once, or one club at a time. Kro-Flite Related Irons are $6 50 each.

The Spalding Registered Kro-Flite sets of woods and irons were the first matched sets ever offered to Golfers. Spalding originated and patented the idea. These clubs are never sold individually. The set of six perfectly matched irons is $50. The set of nine perfectly matched irons is $75. The Wood Set, consisting of twin driver and brassie, is $30 Spoon to match is $15. A complete record of every Registered club is kept by Spalding, so that exact duplication is possible at any time Should a Registered club be lost or broken, simply send your set number and club number to Spalding and an identical club can be made for you.

Let your professional outfit you—either one at a time with Kro-Flite Related Clubs, or all at once with a Registered Kro-Flite Set. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, and, of course, all Spalding stores.

Spalding

KRO-FLITE

GOLF CLUBS

Registered Sets—Sold in sets only

Related Clubs—Sold one at a time

At the left is shown an average set of golf clubs. The dotted line connects the centers of balance. There is little relation between them. Your swing and timing for each club would have to be a trifle different.

At the right are six Spalding clubs Note that they are so accurately related that a line drawn through the centers of balance parallels the tops of the shafts. The clubs all feel exactly alike. The swing and timing are the same for every one of them.

Free Booklet: "Your Game Begins Before You Start to Play." Get it! Address A. G. Spalding & Bros., 105 Nassau St., New York City.

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THE CANADA OF TOMORROW

(Continued from Page 37)

for Canadian anxiety. On one hand is an insufficient British population. On the other is an ever-growing number of Orientals who refuse to be assimilated. The whole issue has a distinct American interest because of the exodus of so many able-bodied Canadians of British birth or ancestry to the United States.

Between 1918 and 1927, 907,788 sons of the Dominion took up their abode in Uncle Sam's confines. As against this number, 378,270 returned home during the same period.

The expatriates are never so numerous as the outgoing total. During 1927, for example, we admitted 76,830 Canadian immigrants. There is no quota at present on the native-born such as obtains against European races. On February fourth Senator Watson, of Indiana, introduced a bill to take both Canada and Mexico out of the non-quota class.

According to the most conservative estimates more than 2,500,000 native-born Canadians now reside in the United States. They are part of American life and achievement and have made good in every important activity.

Canadian emigration has exceeded immigration for years, giving the Dominion authorities cause for considerable concern. During the past half century 450,000 people left the Maritime Provinces of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and have not been replaced. These provinces have suffered the greatest population loss.

The Immigration Policy

What amazes the visitor to Canada who makes any sort of investigation is the fact that a country which surpasses the United States in area should have a population of only 9,645,000. In 1867, the year of confederation, Canada had 3,500,000 people. Thus in sixty years her man power has increased by 6,145,000.

The immigration problem would not press so hard perhaps if Canada had not gambled heavily on its future twenty-five years ago. At that time she embarked upon a tremendous program of railway construction. The result was two transcontinental systems, when in the opinion of most Canadians one would have been sufficient. It was believed that the vast steam transport scheme would not only attract tens of thousands of workers but hordes of settlers as well. But the total of colonists has not met expectations.

Because of an inadequate population, due in later years to rather drastic limitation, Canadian development has been slow. The exact opposite occurred in the United States. During our greatest formative epoch the bars at the sea gates were down and, to paraphrase a familiar hymn, all who would might enter and no one was denied.

Canada prefers to be more discriminating. Instead of pursuing the old American policy of the open door, Canada requires the job to precede the man. There is something to be said for this system because it tends to lessen sporadic periods of unemployment such as we have had on our side of the line.

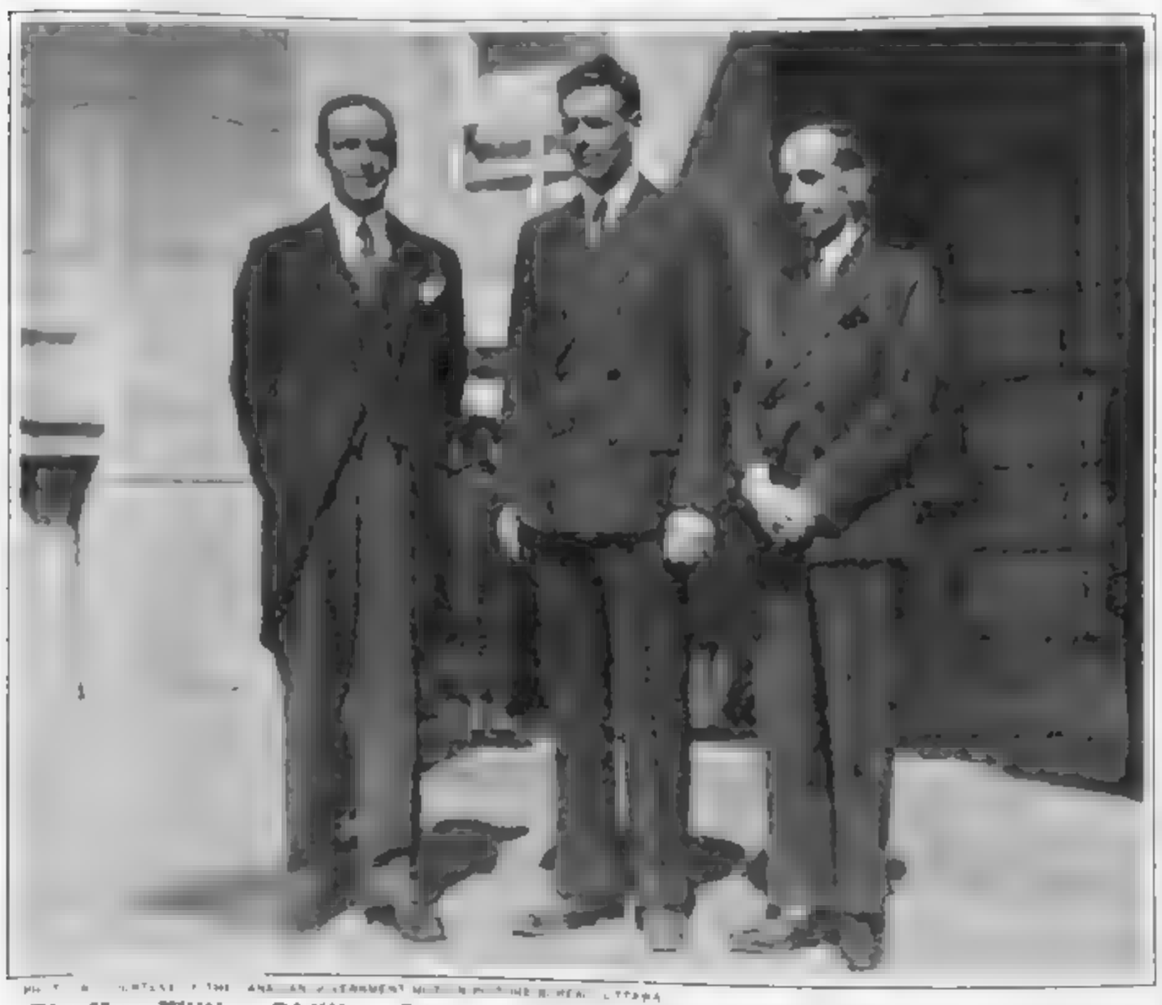
The Bible in Forty Languages

Only a bare 50 per cent of the population of Canada are British or Scotch by birth or inheritance. Some 32 per cent are French and they are as uncompromisingly Gallic as if they had been born and had lived in Brest or Lyons. They seldom marry outside their line, and constitute a unique solidarity. The remaining 18 per cent of the people represent a motley array of races. In Alberta the Bible is printed in forty languages. Winnipeg listens to fifty-two different tongues.

During the most extensive migratory period from Canada to the United States the immigration from Continental Europe increased more rapidly than from the British Isles, until now it is approximately 40 per cent greater. For the fiscal year 1925-26, for example, Canada's total immigration was 96,064. Of this number only 37,030 were English, Irish, Scotch or Welsh. We contributed 18,778. The remainder included forty-three different nationalities, in which the Germans predominated with 7356 immigrants. In 1927 the immigration figure was 158,884—with the non-British element still in the lead.

This brings us to an observation which may not be out of place here. What might be called the physiology of immigration—and by this I mean actual mass movement—is sufficiently puzzling, but the psychology of it is even more baffling. I will elucidate.

Great Britain today averages 1,000,000 unemployed each month. With the exception of the coal miners, the great majority



The Hon. William Phillips, American Minister to Canada (Left), Col. Charles Lindbergh and the Hon. Vincent Massey, Canadian Minister to the United States

If it's worth good paint . . .
it's worth a good Brush

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FOSS-SET
GUARANTEED
USE IN ANYTHING
MOST paint brushes look alike—even to an expert. But inside there are big differences you can't see. One brush may be carelessly made of inferior bristles, while a Wooster has sleek, springy, genuine bristles, carefully selected and accurately graded to spread paint with easy, velvety strokes.
But right here is the setting in which brushes differ most—only in a Wooster are the bristles gripped in rock-like "FOSS-SET"—Wooster's chemical compound that holds the bristles in Wooster Brushes forever!
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THE CLINTON — *Style* M-287

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

of this army of idle are ex-service men. You naturally wonder why, with the inducements that have been held out, they do not go to a country such as Canada. The Dominion has vast areas of tillable but undeveloped land—only one-fifth of the available 300,000,000 acres are under the plow. Moreover, a considerable number of homesteads are still free. Yet the British discharged soldier and his penniless colleague in the coal fields prefer to live on the dole at home rather than become part and parcel of empire development.

Canada is keenly disappointed over the failure of the British-born settler to take advantage of the various colonizing projects proposed for his benefit. One of the most ardent sponsors was the late Earl Haig, who gave so much of his time and energy to soldier rehabilitation, once his professional service to the nation was ended.

Various so-called empire settlement inducements have been employed to attract British ex-soldiers to settle in Canada. Under former agreements loans were made to adults to cover the entire cost of passage. Loans were provided also for farmers, farm laborers and household workers.

Ready-Made Farms

In 1925, and in cooperation with the British Government, an important colonization undertaking was launched, providing for the settlement in Canada of 3000 selected British families. The British Government agreed to provide a loan to each family up to £300 for the purchase of necessary livestock and farm and household equipment.

The government of Canada undertook to supply farms with suitable buildings which the settlers could purchase at reasonable prices, with payments extended over twenty-five years after the first crop season. Supervision of the new settlers was undertaken by the Canadian Immigration Department. During the two years of operation 1500 families have migrated under the arrangement provided by the settlement measure.

Both the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways systems are actively interested in colonization and have supplemented the government agencies materially. The Canadian Pacific, for example, has local colonization boards in many districts to meet the peculiar needs of British settlers. The company originated the idea of ready-made farms. The first colony was Nightingale, in Alberta, and comprised twenty-five irrigated farms of eighty acres each. A house and a barn were erected on every farm. The property was fenced, a well dug and a portion of the land was broken, disked, harrowed and seeded, ready for the arrival of the new farmers. In the next few years similar colonies were prepared at Namaka, Sedgewick, Wolfe, Wynyard, Gem and Tilley. A soldier settlement colony was also established in British Columbia.

Immigrants From the States

During the past three years the situation has improved somewhat. Since 1924, 147,-734 Canadians who had gone to the United States were repatriated. They help to offset the persistent failure of the British to colonize in numbers and tend to neutralize the big percentage of alien immigrants.

What many Americans fail to appreciate is the volume of American immigration to Canada. Between 1910 and 1914, 604,497 Yankees pulled up stakes at home and settled in the Dominion. The highest figure for any single year was in 1913, when Americans swelled the Canadian population to the extent of 139,009. Since 1915 the movement from this side has declined. In 1927, 23,818 persons emigrated from the States. Despite the yearly decline, there are now not less than 800,000 Americans in the Dominion. Many have become British subjects and are thoroughly Canadianized.

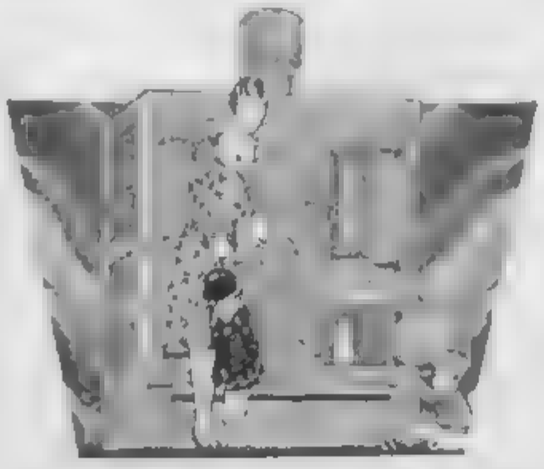
Canada's future population remains a matter of speculation. Obviously she needs people, but she inclines—and wisely—to a shortage of desirables rather than to an excess of undesirables. The coming few years will witness a more intensive drive to get in British-born immigrants.

Railway officials, who are always optimists, contend that the country will have from twenty to twenty-five million people

(Continued on Page 212)

. . . smart as a new spring hat . . . .

Today there are two requirements made of any refrigerator . . . . it must preserve food in flavor as well as body structure . . . . and it must be smart. No more old-fashioned ice-boxes for you, Modern Lady! The Automatic "feeds your food freshened air"—really circulates and freshens the air inside. Its comfortable roominess is smartly encased. Built food-safe with tight doors. Roomy doors, too—even the smallest one is big enough to admit a bottle of milk without bending it! Built-in water cooler; easy-to-clean trap. Lots of shelf room, and the inside . . . . just as sweet as one of Grandmother's polished saucers. All porcelain inside and out; wood and steel cases, porcelain or enamel lined . . . . all models adaptable to electric unit. We'll send a booklet describing other Automatic features, including our famous ice-saving insulation. Just write . . . .



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He will tell you that modern laundries, everywhere, use Monel Metal equipment to protect your wash. Monel Metal, because it will not cause rust spots or verdigris stains, is the safest and CLEANEST metal a laundry can use.

The same properties that make Monel Metal so desirable for laundry purposes also suggest its use in the modern home.

For refrigerator trim and lining, for sinks and drainboards, for table tops and laundry chutes—wherever you desire an attractive, silvery surface that will stay clean without constant polishing—in all these conspicuous and important places, you should have Monel Metal.

Ask your architect or sheet metal worker about Monel Metal-izing your home.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY (Inc.), 67 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHAT MONEL METAL IS AND WHAT IT'S USED FOR

Millions of years ago, Nature alloyed one-third copper with two-thirds Nickel and made the material that in 1905 was named Monel Metal. The metallurgists in the laboratories of The International Nickel Company are constantly testing—analyzing—controlling—to make sure that Mother Nature continues to keep her mixture uniform.

Monel Metal now has hundreds of uses in the home—thousands in Industry.

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(Continued from Page 210)

fifteen years hence. This would be an increase of more than 500,000 each year. When I put the question to Robert Forke, Minister of Immigration, he said:

"I believe that the Canadian population will increase at the rate of about 250,000 a year. This is about all we can absorb into our industries. What we need is the British-born farmer. We still have immense undeveloped areas not too remote from the railways that can be bought at a low price. Our agricultural expansion will largely be influenced by the small farmer operating a half section of 320 acres."

Agriculture is the backbone of the nation's wealth. Last year the value of the field output was considerably more than $1,000,000,000. What a Canadian poet has called "the myriad miracle of the grain" is therefore much more than a beautiful phrase.

Half a century ago 857 bushels of wheat was exported from Western Canada. In 1927 more than half a crop of 450,000,000 bushels was shipped out to feed a hungry world. Canada has not only become the bread basket of the empire but is an impressive force in the international grain situation. She ranks first among the wheat export nations. About 30 per cent of all the wheat exported comes from her broad fields. The potentialities can be appreciated from the fact that more than 200,000,000 acres of tillable land still await the sower and the reaper.

The expansion of the Canadian wheat crop is in itself a vastly interesting topic, but allied with it are the wheat pools—of tremendous social and economic significance.

The wheat pools are the subject of considerable controversy in Canada, because, as so often happens in coöperative agricultural ventures on a big scale, they have developed into powerful political agencies. Moreover, they face the opposition of the old organized grain trade, especially the speculative end. In what follows no effort will be made to argue the merits of private and pool grain service.

The Canadian wheat pools came into being as a result of the agricultural depression in Western Canada following the war. Prices fell below production costs during the period of deflation that gripped all countries.

The climax of trouble was reached in 1923, when Canada harvested the greatest of all her crops, which reached 474,000,000 bushels. Rivers of grain flooded the markets.

A Drastic Remedy

A desperate disease needed an equally desperate remedy and it was found in coöperation. The Canadian farmer of the prairie province was no stranger to the advantage of collective effort. It is in this section that the Americans are strongest. With them came frank assertiveness. During the past thirty years thousands of Yankees have left their home acres to set up an abode in the Dominion. They helped to introduce the Grange idea and contributed to the development of two farmer-operated organizations, the United Grain Growers and the Saskatchewan Coöperative Elevator Company. These agencies, however, were inadequate to meet the drastic situation that developed with the glutting of the market by the avalanche of wheat.

Alberta took the lead. Here Henry W. Wood, a former Missourian, who had long lived in Canada, was the wheel horse of the movement. As head of the United Farmers of Alberta, he had already become a considerable provincial force. He now rallied his fellow farmers to the coöperative cause, with the result that by the first of November, 1923, the Alberta farmers had marketed 35,000,000 bushels of wheat in what came to be known as the pool way.

A Central Agency

The wheat pool is really a counterpart of the kind of coöperative organization set in motion by the California citrus fruit and raisin growers and the Kentucky tobacco producers. It is chiefly distinguished from a private trading company by its methods of making distribution to members delivering their wheat for sale. The nonpool farmer receives the price current on whatever day he orders his wheat sold. The pool farmer gets the average net price realized by the pool on his particular grade of wheat during the year, no matter when

The Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada (Right), and Mr. Marcosson Photographed in Front of Parliament Building, Ottawa

his wheat is delivered. The pool does not fix or increase price, but it guarantees outlet and a steady market.

A central distributing agency markets the wheat. I can best explain its function by quoting one of the leaders of the movement, who said:

"When organizations were complete in the three provinces we proceeded to establish a central Canadian body in order to eliminate any possibility of competition in selling between the three provinces. This move has been successful. Today we are not selling Manitoba wheat or Saskatchewan wheat or Alberta wheat as such, but as Western Canadian wheat. The Canadian pool board is composed of nine members—three elected from each provincial board. These nine men constitute the governing body of the Canadian Coöperative Wheat Producers, Ltd., or what is more widely known as the Central Selling Agency. Each provincial pool has a contract with this agency in which it agrees to deliver to that organization all the grain turned over to it by farmers.

"By means of this form of organization, a contract signed by the farmer, pledging himself to deliver all his wheat to the provincial pool, which in turn agrees to deliver all such grain to the central body,

we have today in Western Canada one central agency which is selling the wheat of approximately 140,000 farmers in exactly the same manner as if it all belonged to one man. In other words, we are now in a position to merchandise that quantity of wheat in the same manner as a manufacturer or any other business man who has something to sell."

The member-farmer gets a cash advance on his wheat and payment in installments throughout the year. This keeps him in funds, thus minimizing bondage to the country bank. Since the organization of the pools the agriculturists of the three prairie provinces have been less in debt than ever before.

Now let us have a look at results. You have already seen how the prairie pools have 140,000 members. Their wheat acreage is more than 15,500,000, which means that 70 per cent of the productive area under wheat is tributary to the coöperative movement. Putting it in another way, out of 285,000 farmhouses in Western Canada, 76 per cent shelter pool members. A fourth pool, made up of more than 2000 soft-wheat farmers, has lately been organized in Ontario.

The wheat pools own 775 field and terminal elevators. In 1926 they purchased the Saskatchewan Coöperative Elevator System for $2,000,000. Altogether the pools have considerably more than $50,000,000 invested in machinery for handling grain.

In spite of the wave of sentiment for the wheat pools, the old private marketing agencies have continued their way. When the coöperative movement got under way many feared that the Winnipeg Grain Exchange would either go out of business or dwindle in importance as a cash grain market. This has not been the case. Five years ago a seat could be purchased on the exchange for $6000. Today the market price is $10,000. The wheat pool is a member of the grain exchange and uses not only its facilities but the elevators and other machinery of private grain firms as well. The biggest factor therefore in the advance of the wheat pools is that they answer the question, Why should not the farmer market his own wheat? in a way that satisfies many.

It is only fair to the Dominion Government to say that no business within its confines is more closely regulated than grain. Ample protection is given the farmer, the speculator, the buyer and every other interest in wheat and other kindred products all down the line. The Canadian Grain Act places the government virtually in the position of referee between the transportation companies, the elevator interests and the grain dealers on the one hand and the grain growers on the other. In fact, the grain trade of Western Canada is more subject to regulation than any other home trade and far more closely supervised than the corresponding activity in the United States.

Those Who Come After

Canada does not lack men with vision, courage and capacity to accelerate its expansion. The successors to figures like Sir Herbert Holt and Sir Joseph Flavelle, who dominate the situation today, are equipped to carry on the task which they and their older colleagues have so ably advanced. I could cite a dozen personalities—each with a story of self-made success—who are the guarantors of Canada's future fiscal and industrial development.

Many in Canada believe that the ablest among the younger Canadian leaders is E. W. Beatty. At forty he became president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This was a bare ten years ago. During the intervening decade he has justified the confidence that his predecessor, Lord Shaughnessy, had in him. A lawyer by profession, he has grappled successfully with the myriad problems that beset the greatest single business enterprise in the British Empire. In Canada the railway is intimately joined with national policy and growth. Hence the significance of Beatty's coming part in Dominion affairs.

James H. Gundy has taken a conspicuous part in the financing of many of the mergers that have marked industry since 1925. Gundy, who has just turned forty-eight, is the son of a country preacher. He began as a bond salesman and then joined the Dominion Securities Company. Later he organized his present firm.

Gundy is smooth of face and dynamic in manner. Like Beatty, he looks like a boy. Gundy has been a close associate of Sir Herbert Holt in many undertakings, which means that he has not lacked ample resources.

The Gundy way is swift and dramatic. Last year this comparatively youthful wizard of Canadian finance put through three huge deals. The first was the purchase of the Canada Cement Company, one of Lord Beaverbrook's creations, for $46,775,000. Second came the acquisition of Massey, Harris & Co., the largest agricultural-implement manufacturers in Canada, in which the family of the first Canadian Minister to the United States was heavily interested. The third coup was the merger of the St. Maurice Valley Corporation and the Laurentide Company into the Canadian Power and Paper Company, Ltd. Gundy has become a force in paper. In February last he extended his influence to steel with the purchase of control in the British Empire Steel Corporation, which will be the nucleus of a $150,000,000 combine.

A Deal in Education

Of the same organizing type as Gundy is John W. McConnell, of Montreal. He is Canada's sugar king and a financier with many ramifications. At fifty he is a commanding figure on the board of directors of the Bank of Montreal and a dozen corporations.

Of kindred caliber are men like S. H. Logan, general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who represented the institution in New York for three years; Charles Neill, who holds a similar position with the Royal Bank of Canada; and Ross H. McMaster, president of the Steel Company of Canada, who began his business career in the United States.

Although he now lives abroad, Canada still claims E. R. Peacock, who makes periodic visits to his native country. None of the younger men has had a more varied career. He was successively motorman on a Montreal trolley car and teacher in Upper Canada University before he became involved in big fiscal affairs. Then he went abroad. After a directorship of the Bank of England, he joined the great London banking house of Baring.

In connection with Peacock's early association with Upper Canada University is a story that reveals his humor. One of his faculty mates was Stephen Leacock. They entered into a pact for mutual help. Leacock was to teach his friend French in return for instruction in economics.

After both men had risen to fame, Peacock to be financier of the first rank and Leacock as Canada's most popular writer and lecturer, the former, when asked about the results of that early deal in knowledge at Upper Canada University, said:

"Leacock has proved to be the better man. He is now professor of economics at McGill University and I cannot speak a word of French."

This reference to McGill brings to mind the fact that Canadian cultural life has also felt the influence of big and practical advance. In the old days it was the fashion to consider that a university should deal only with pure science and leave useful matters severely alone. With the increasing complications of modern life and the growing part which science plays in industry, these views have changed. The institution of learning must be equipped to deal with problems of every conceivable kind, ranging from those farthest removed from ordinary use to everyday commercial

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needs. Hence industrial research is a necessary feature of the university. At McGill this work has become increasingly important. Its professors, for example, were among the first to design radio-telephonic apparatus for communication with moving trains. They also advanced knowledge of vulcanized rubber.

Since paper has reached such a premier place in Canadian industry, it follows that McGill should be the pioneer in promoting its scientific side. A building which will house a pulp-and-paper-research laboratory, including a miniature paper mill, is nearing completion. It will be in charge of Harold Hibbert, Ph.D., who holds the new Mrs. E B. Eddy professorship of cellulose and industrial chemistry. Mr. Eddy was a leading Dominion paper manufacturer. Doctor Hibbert is an internationally known authority on cellulose and its industrial applications. He has been connected with Tufts and Yale and was also associated with the research department of Du Pont's. The pulp-and-paper laboratory is part of an Industrial Institute at McGill which will eventually cover every important phase of business research.

All these activities, whether agricultural, industrial or scientific, have their mainspring in Canada and vitally affect internal expansion. Of equal if not greater importance are various issues which involve relationship with the United States. Chief among them is the St. Lawrence waterway, the vast scheme for a continuous deep-channel route from the Great Lakes to the sea. If carried out as planned, it will match the construction of the Panama Canal in many respects and involve a greater outlay.

This project has provoked the most serious of the existing differences between the two nations it is conceived to serve. The basic trouble is not cost or scope but disposition of the immense amount of water power which will be generated. Canada is dead set against export of her energy on a big scale. This is the real crux of the whole matter.

In view of the existing Dominion antagonism, it may be well merely to state both sides and let the reader make his own inference. Whatever the outcome, the St. Lawrence flows true to form. The great stream not only helped to shape North American civilizations but has been the theater of every kind of conflict.

Clearly to understand this whole complicated problem you must first fix the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes geographically in your mind. The most northern and western of the lakes is Lake Superior, connected with Lake Huron by St. Mary's River and the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, more commonly known as the Soo. Lakes Michigan and Huron flow into Lake Erie by way of the St. Clair and Detroit rivers. Lake Erie emerges into Lake Ontario via Niagara Falls. Lake Ontario is at the head of the St. Lawrence River. The section of the St. Lawrence between Lake Ontario and Montreal, known as the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Ocean Ship Channel, is the area under consideration for improvement.

The Middle West Marooned

The five Great Lakes are international waters and form the boundary between the United States and Canada from the state of Minnesota to New York. Few stop to realize the immensity of traffic on these five inland fresh-water seas. In 1924, 90,000,000,000 ton miles, or 23 per cent of the total ton mileage rolled up by all the American railways, were registered on the lakes.

A further fact to be impressed at this point is that Lake Erie and Lake Ontario are connected by the Canadian Welland Canal, 26.75 miles long, which has a minimum depth of fourteen feet and has twenty-five lift locks. The Dominion Government is now building a new twenty-five-mile Welland ship canal to connect lakes Erie and Ontario, with a 25 to 27.5 foot channel exclusive of harbors. It is to have only seven locks.

Why does the United States advocate the deep-water route from the lakes to the sea? Analyze the transportation economics of the situation and our espousal of the project seems justified.

The development and prosperity of the Upper Mississippi Valley has been built up on a rail radius more extensive than that of any other country with which its products compete. This was made possible by favorable rail rates, vast areas of fertile agricultural land and the high efficiency, both human and mechanical, invoked. Within the past ten years, however, two important changes have thrown the former favorable relationships out of balance.

The first was the opening of the Panama Canal, which at once put San Francisco nearer to New York than Indianapolis and Akron. It left the interior of the continent where it was, but raised the competitive position of the coastal areas for export and intercoastal trade. Then came the 75 per cent increase in rail cost due to the war, which was reflected on Eastern and Western lines. As one expert put it:

"This completely marooned the Central and North Mississippi valleys, agriculturally and industrially, so far as they enter into foreign or intercoastal distribution. The handicap of remoteness has been more than doubled. In a word, the area has been demoted in its relative position to compete."

The Transportation Item

It is to relieve the Middle West from this handicap of isolation that twenty-two of our states, with the approval and sponsorship of President Coolidge, are now aligned to extend the sea base of the continent to the interior and make cities like Fort William, Duluth, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo and Toronto part of the seaboard of the world. More than 40,000,000 of our population would be affected in some way by it. The Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association was organized to push the project.

The route to the sea from the Upper Mississippi Valley is open, but because of rapids and shallow water at various points, commodities must be rehandled many times before getting under final seaway. This more than offsets the ordinary low water-freight rate. Middle-West wheat consigned to Europe, for example, must be discharged at Buffalo or other ports from ocean-size lake steamers and then put into barges or small ships. After transit to Montreal it is again put in warehouses prior to taking its place as cargo in ocean-going vessels.

The costs of these transfers, whether by water or by rail, ultimately fall upon the producer, whether he be farmer or manufacturer. The manufacturer is compelled to compete against other regions having lower freight rates. The farmer receives for his products the world market price less freight, which includes in his case all the needless costs of rehandling, the charges for delays and the incidental risks.

It means that, build railways as we may, Middle-West production today requires a direct ship outlet to the sea for the all-important reason that it is cheap. It is estimated that wheat, one of the commodities likely to move in largest volume through the proposed sea route, can be carried from Duluth or Chicago through the St. Lawrence shipway to Liverpool for 8 to 11.2 cents a bushel, as compared with the lowest present combination of rates of 17.6 cents a bushel.

In commenting on the lakes-to-the-sea deep-water route, Herbert Hoover, chairman of the St. Lawrence Committee of the United States, summed up the advantages in this fashion:

"It has at all times been acknowledged that such a shipway would decrease transportation costs to and from the Midwest to the whole world, including New England. Lessened transportation costs confer a blessing not alone upon the shipper but upon the whole community in lessened cost of goods. (Continued on Page 217)

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Assuring a steady, plentiful supply of pure, filtered, pollen-free air, POLLENAIR removes *the cause* of pollen Hay Fever. It brings the Hay Fever resort right into home or office.

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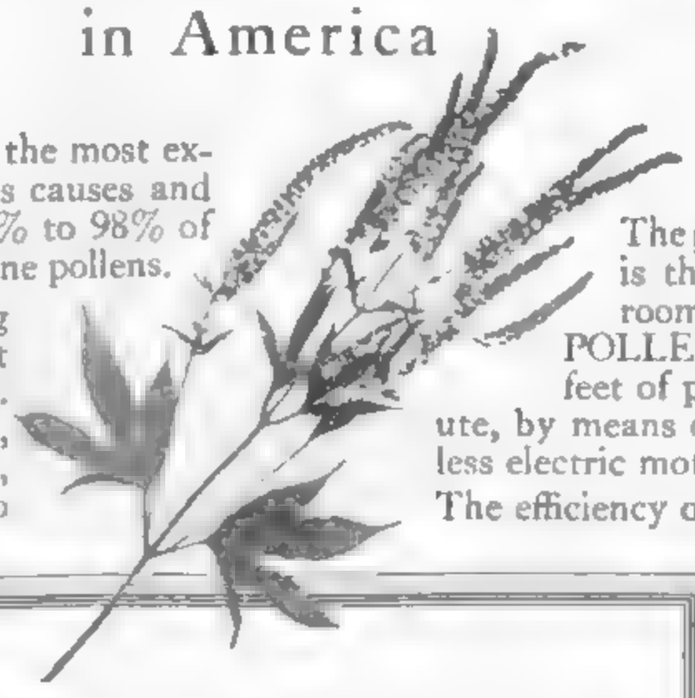

PERHAPS no group of people ever has been more cruelly imposed upon, and more frequently disappointed, than the million and more who suffer annually from Hay Fever.

They have been offered "cures" and "reliefs" and "treatments" without number, and anyone who shares the discomforts and agonies of those yearly visitations which go under the name of Hay Fever must willingly excuse their credulity.

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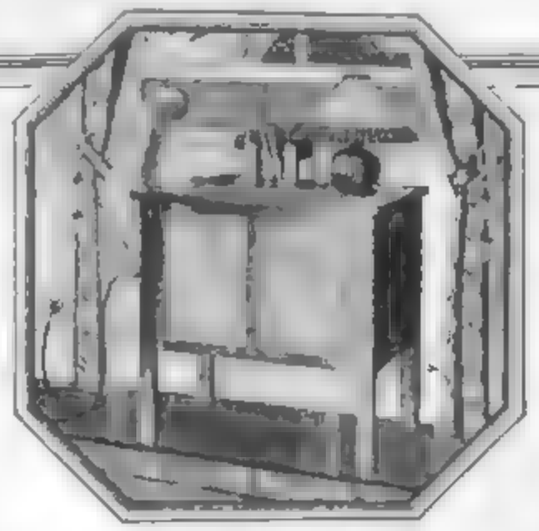

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For about $20 more your railroad ticket will take you to the "Evergreen Playground" of the Pacific Northwest by a Canadian or Northern United States railroad, south through Washington, Oregon and California, and home again by any one of three Southern Pacific main lines. Stop over anywhere.

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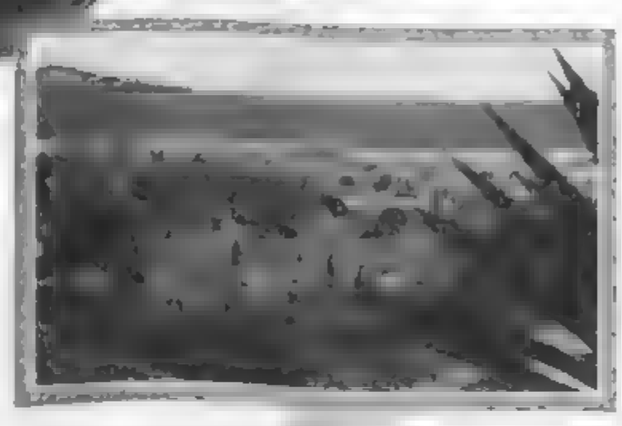
Shasta Route, Portland to San Francisco, crosses Oregon by a choice of two lines. One is through verdant orchards along sparkling rivers, the other through virgin forests jeweled with alpine lakes. You'll pass Mt. Shasta and volcanic Mt. Lassen through central California to San Francisco, where again a choice of lines will bear you to Los Angeles and Southern California.



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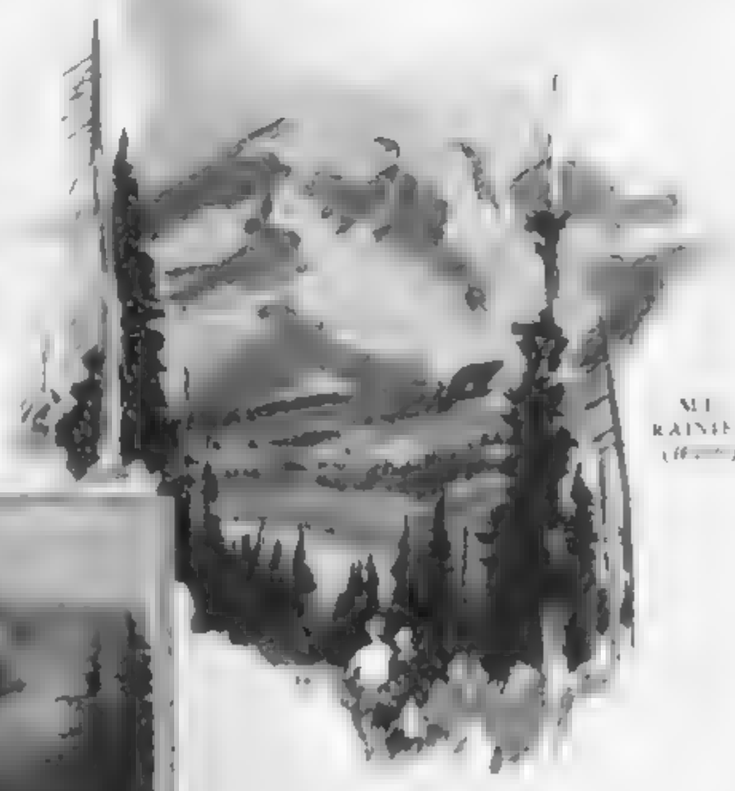
In nearly every large city is a Southern Pacific agent to help you plan your trip and make reservations. Your local agent will also arrange your trip over Southern Pacific lines.



MT. RAINIER
(Washington)

OLD SPANISH MISSION
(California)

CRATER LAKE
(Oregon)

Southern Pacific

Write your name and address in margin below, tear off, and mail to E. W. Clapp, traffic manager, Department A-4, Room 1022, 301 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, for free illustrated booklet, "How Best to See the Pacific Coast." Picture Map at left, 23 x 32 inches, in full colors with ornamental historic border, will be mailed for 25 cents in stamps.

(Continued from Page 214)

"This opening of the Great Lakes to the sea has become of doubly urgent importance today because of the severe economic penalties imposed upon the mid-continent by the distortions of the war. With the increase in cost of material and labor, our railway rates to the seaboard have of necessity greatly increased. It is as if we had erected a series of tollgates around the heart of the continent where we make a new levy for the entry and exit of all goods. Some part of the distress of our Midwest agriculture lies at root in this very cause, for charges in transportation rates deeply affect the competitive relations of the great masses of people.

"It is not as if every freight rate in the world had been equally advanced. Those countries with which our Midwest farmers must compete in the world's market, such as the Argentine and Australia, whose grain fields are close to seaboard and whose access to world markets is by ships, have not been handicapped with increasing transportation rates as have our Midwest farmers."

There is no need of becoming involved in the technicalities of construction. Though the works necessary to convert the St. Lawrence into a shipway must be on a tremendous scale, they are comparatively simple in character. They involve the building of big dams across the St. Lawrence itself to transform rapids into great pools. Additional locks and channel straightening also are involved. The new Welland Canal is really part of the project, although it was designed by Canada for her own needs.

If completed in every detail, the shipway will represent an outlay of $600,000,000. This includes the various water-power installations. With water power we arrive at the factor that will probably determine the fate of the project.

The Joint Board of Engineers appointed by the governments of the United States and Canada have reported that eventually 5,000,000 horse power, the full power potentiality of the St. Lawrence River, can be obtained as a by-product of the improvements necessary for the shipway. This amount of energy would displace 20,000,000 tons of bituminous coal.

Canada's resistance to the St. Lawrence scheme rests largely upon her present inability to consume this immense amount of water power, and as I have already intimated, her lack of desire to export it. The Canadians maintain that they are able to harness only 10 per cent of the existing energy. The fact is overlooked, however, that water power, unlike an agricultural product, is a stable thing and cannot run away. Hence it is always available and becomes a vital asset to the future.

Canadian Opposition

Because he so clearly defines the American position, particularly with regard to the power phase, I shall again quote Secretary Hoover, as follows:

"The final opening of this waterway from the lakes to the sea has been a dream of many men for a generation, but its enormous cost seemed to overwhelm its economic values until invention brought to us a new resource. During the last fifteen years the perfection of long-distance transmission of electricity to the commercial markets has made possible a large recovery of the cost of these works through the sale of 5,000,000 of horse power which will fall over the new dams. It comprises the largest single source of power and one of the most economical developments on the continent. It would take some years to absorb this volume of 5,000,000 of horse power. But time moves swiftly in our industrial demands. In so short a time as fifteen years we have increased our use of electrical power on the whole North American continent from less than 17,000,000 horse power until today we are using about 48,000,000 horse power.

"But our major purpose is to open a great and cheaper transportation route. The development of power is a fortunate and valuable by-product. While the total cost of the works on the St. Lawrence will amount to about $600,000,000, our engineers estimate that after we deduct that portion of the works which will be taken over by the power development by other agencies, we are left on various estimates with a cost to the Federal and Dominion Governments of from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000, which itself may some day be recovered from power. This is not a stupendous sum for two nations."

Turn to the Canadian attitude toward the shipway and you find that opposition is not dictated by official government unwillingness to cooperate. It rests, let me repeat, mainly with the various power groups in the province of Quebec who oppose the plan because they see no immediate market for the power to be developed. They do not wish any outsiders to procure this low-cost power and compete with them for their present customers. It follows that the really vital matter of navigation, which is first and foremost in the American ambition, becomes a secondary issue.

Power disposition is not the only basis of Canadian antagonism to the scheme. The French in Quebec are obsessed by a Yankee-absorption complex. They believe that construction of the St. Lawrence waterway would mean a preponderant foothold by the United States in Canada and ultimate American control of canals and power resources. Premier Taschereau, of Quebec, frankly admitted this when we discussed the seaway.

Chicago's Drainage Canal

Do not get the idea, however, that all Canada is opposed to the St. Lawrence deep-water route. The plan has many friends in Ontario, where the purely transportation phase is clearly understood and appraised at its real value.

The American Government has adopted the recommendations of the St. Lawrence Commission for a waterway such as I have outlined. In a note to the Canadian minister to the United States, dated April 13, 1927, Secretary of State Kellogg put final decision up to Canada. This is where the matter rests at the time I write, which is mid-February.

There can be no Canadian governmental action until the Canadian National Advisory Council on the St. Lawrence, which corresponds to the American St. Lawrence Commission, has formulated its recommendations. It is within the realm of possibility that Canada may rest with the construction of the new Welland Canal, leave the development of the St. Lawrence in the province of Quebec to private interests and continue to negotiate with us for the canalization of the international portion of the river. This would delay indefinitely the beginning of work on the projected waterway.

Another issue between Canada and the United States grows out of the diversion of water from Lake Michigan by the city of Chicago through the Chicago Drainage Canal. Here is a situation somewhat different from the St. Lawrence waterway *impasse* in that Canada and a group of American cities and states make common cause against the Illinois metropolis.

Once more you have a complicated problem, made all the more intricate because of both legal and political action. Stated in the simplest terms, the controversy, which is of some years standing, is over the right of Chicago to divert more than 4167 cubic feet of water per second from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River. The original permission to do this rested under terms of a boundary treaty between Canada and the United States and was subsequently renewed by a permit from the American Secretary of War.

Instead of adhering to the 4167 cubic feet limit, Chicago is charged with diverting as much as 10,000 cubic feet per second for sanitary and drainage purposes. It is argued that the alleged excessive diversion not only lowers the level of Lake Michigan and

Top view of innersole showing where extra point of support braces the foot

Side view of shoe showing how raised point of support extends to foot

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE
with Feeture Arch

Aids the arch! Defeats fatigue! Gives support where you need it . . . and freedom where your foot should have it. Relieves and strengthens the weakened arch . . . comforts any normal foot. Scientifically built . . . with style retained.

IT'S THE HINGE THAT GIVES THAT ADDED COMFORT

Twelve Dollars

COMBINATION 17 — *Style* M-286

Manufactured by THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • *Chicago*

Mi Choice

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WORLD FAMOUS

CANDIES

A GIFT of the Mi Choice Package somehow subtly reflects the calm glory of Eastertide. The smooth chocolate coatings —the surprise fillings, the beauty of the package—all vindicate your judgment in choosing the gift of gifts. ¶ Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and $1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for an attractive Miniature Sample Package filled with pieces which have made Mi Choice world-famous.

BUNTE BROTHERS
Makers of fine chocolates since 1870
3301 Franklin Boulevard CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BUNTE BROTHERS, 3301 Franklin Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

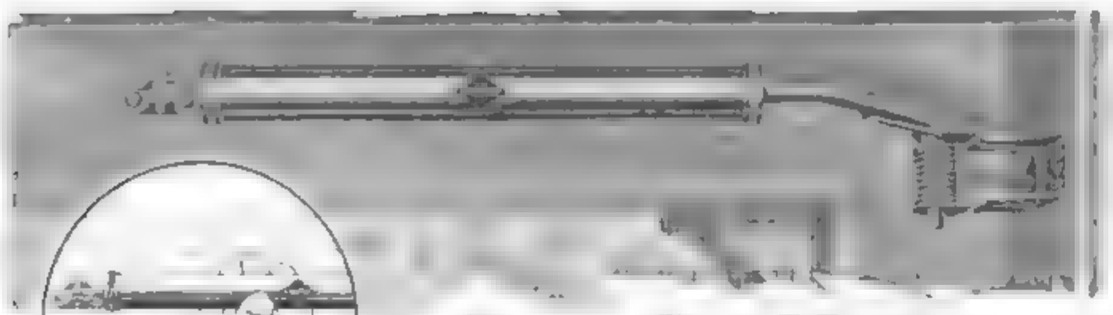
☐ I enclose $1.50 for a one pound Mi Choice package

☐ I enclose 25c for the miniature Mi Choice sample package.

Name

Address

Dealer's Name



"regulated by a twist of the wrist"

$1.00

Don't Let Your Screen Door Slam

Let it close quietly and surely every time as it will after you have attached an

EVEREDY Pneumatic Silent Door Closer

Be free from the disturbing, nerve-shocking banging of your Screen Door. A screw-driver and two minutes are all that are needed to attach an EVEREDY Silent Door Closer. No tools are required to detach.

Simple in construction, dependable in action. Closes right or left hand doors quickly and quietly—every time.

Handsomely finished in dull nickel—will last for years—and costs only One Dollar. (Price slightly higher in Far West and Canada.)

Buy one from your dealer. If he cannot supply you send us his name and $1.00 and we will mail one to you postpaid.

THE EVEREDY COMPANY, Frederick, Maryland

"Also mfrs. of the Famous EVEREDY Bottle Capper, Syphon Filler and Strainer Set"

THE SEAT OF ETERNAL WHITENESS

The eternal whiteness of snow-capped mountains is reflected in this "STASCO" Seat which is finished in glistening Pyralin.

A "STASCO" Seat will add a note of smartness and modernity to any bathroom. It is easy to keep clean with the quick rub of a damp cloth.

Write for our illustrated booklet and then have your plumber show you the quality of a "STASCO" Seat

STANDARD TANK & SEAT COMPANY
CAMDEN, N. J.

STASCO SEATS

other Great Lakes, thus increasing harbor-dredging costs to lake ports on both sides of the line, but also aggravates flood dangers on the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. Menace to lake commerce is also part of the indictment.

The opposition to the diversion became so widespread that the Great Lakes Harbor Association was formed at Milwaukee by all the cities and states affected to take steps for relief. Suit was brought on behalf of a group of states, including New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan, challenging the power of Chicago to continue the increased flow of water. Charles E. Hughes was appointed special master to investigate and report to the Supreme Court of the United States. In November last he rendered a decision which held that the action by Chicago was the valid exercise of a legal power conferred by Congress through the War Department.

If the Supreme Court concurs in the Hughes recommendation, the situation will remain unchanged until the end of next year. It will then become a matter for congressional legislation or for the discretion of the Secretary of War in issuing a new permit. Meanwhile the Canadian and American interests, who contend that much damage is being wrought, will not be idle. It is altogether likely that the Canadian Government will make an immediate representation to Washington for a satisfactory settlement of the controversy.

The Chicago diversion, as it is commonly known, has a definite bearing on the St. Lawrence shipway project. Both in Ontario and Quebec men interested in public affairs informed me that no action would be taken on the lakes-to-the-sea scheme until the Chicago matter was adjusted.

The St. Lawrence and Chicago issues, though highly controversial, remain aloof from acrimonious dispute. The United States and Canada have far too much in common to be led into nationalistic bickering. Where political leadership sometimes fails, business necessity invariably sets the standard for amity and common endeavor. This is true of the latest evidence of Canadian-American coöperation as expressed in the establishment of an international industrial community in the Niagara area.

An International Community

The completion of the Peace Bridge was the first of various evidences of coöperation culminating in the international industrial community to which I have referred. After a series of conferences between business representatives of the two countries, in which twenty chambers of commerce on both sides of the border participated, an area comprising 1856 square miles, including the cities of Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Lockport, Lackawanna, Tonawanda and Lewiston in the United States, and Queenston, St. Catherine, Welland, Port Colborne, Port Dalhousie, Fort Erie, Bridgeburg and Niagara Falls, Ontario, in Canada, was set aside for mutual economic and industrial development.

In this section are located some of the largest power and industrial plants in North America. The daily volume of business across the line amounts to millions of dollars. Nor is it confined to exchange of goods. Electric power also flashes back and forth.

By international treaties the amount of water at Niagara which may be employed for power development is limited. Of the quantity made available, Canada uses 60 per cent and the United States 40. From power stations on the American side current is sent to 500 cities, towns and villages within a radius of 300 miles. On occasion when peak loads are reached power may be obtained from the Canadian plants. When Canada cannot meet the demands made on her facilities, the United States makes up the deficiencies.

The Spirit of Coördination

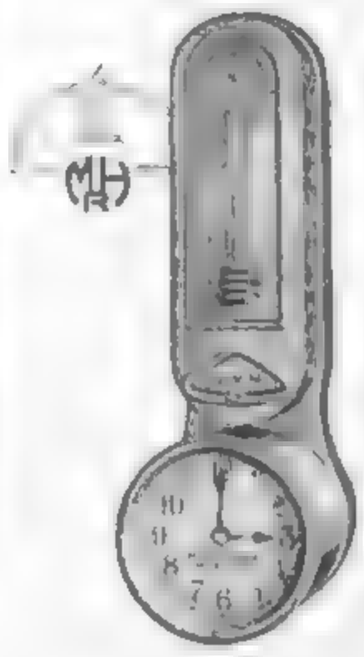
The economic advantage of the community industrial zone is obvious. It will enable the American or Canadian manufacturer to have factories in both countries so adjacent that they can be operated by a single executive staff and use common power and transportation resources. A joint development committee has been named which will function as sales force for the area. The American chairman is Paul A. Schoellkopf, president of the Buffalo, Niagara and Eastern Power Corporation. His Canadian colleague is H. J. Carmichael, vice president of McKinnon Industries, Ltd., with headquarters at Cochrane, Ontario.

This Niagara undertaking reflects the bigger spirit of coördination between the United States and Canada. The machinery is set for mutual effort as never before. Establishment of legations was a definite step forward. Diplomatic representation is matched by energetic agencies for business development. The American commercial attaché at Ottawa, Lynn W. Meekins, is chief of a trade-promotion service with branches at Montreal, Vancouver and Toronto. A fourth is to be opened at Winnipeg in July. Canada has a trade commission in New York headed by Frederic Hudd. In widening practical intercourse lies one of the guaranties of continued kinship. The Canadian economic future is inseparably linked with our own.

The Dominion is entering upon a period of unprecedented growth at home and authority abroad. She has consolidated her position as dominant unit in the British Commonwealth of Nations. Typical of the expanding world horizon is the fact that the Canadian minister at Washington is soon to have colleagues at Paris and Tokio. From the fiery ordeal of war and the no less exacting gantlet of peace and readjustment, the nation has emerged confident and self-determined. Canada is mistress in her own house.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marconson dealing with Canada and the United States

The Traffic Cop Starts on His Vacation



When Spring Is in the Air Homes Are Easily Overheated

—and Dangerous Colds Result

It is now generally believed by authorities that colds are most often caused by overheating, followed by sharply fluctuating temperatures—a condition common in homes with manually operated heating plants.

Too much heat stimulates a rich flow of blood to the mucous membranes of the nose and throat. Then a sudden drop drives this blood abruptly into the interior of the body, leaving the tissues of the breathing tract weakened and impoverished—an easy prey to invading germs

Government statistics show that diseases connected with our breathing apparatus cause more deaths than any other single cause, even dreaded cancer and heart disease. These respiratory diseases, in fact, account for about one death in every five—and each of them may have its root in the common cold. Fortunately, the remedy is ready at hand—within reach of every household. Years ago, inventive ingenuity developed devices for keeping the room temperature uniform by automatically controlling the heating plant.

Automatic Heat Control Prevents Overheating

It is, of course, a demonstrated fact that uniform temperature is impossible with old-fashioned hand regulation. Over three million people already live in homes provided with automatic control, because they are unwilling to forego the luxury of even heat and warm rooms to dress in without bothersome fire tending.

Comfort, Convenience, Economy Other Benefits of Heat Regulation

Today when the subject of health is receiving more attention than ever before, automatic heat regulation has become a vital necessity for the protection of your family. Moreover, you gain all the other benefits so many people now enjoy. The clock control permits you to sleep straight through until rising-time, without the unpleasant necessity of getting up in a chilly house. You are relieved of the bother of operating dampers and drafts by hand. And you save fuel by preventing overheating.

Get complete facts at once on the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator. Learn how easily you can install it on your present heating system, burning any fuel. Ask about our Budget Plan, providing for easy payments during the heating season. Our nation-wide organization is ready to serve you. Free booklet on home heating sent on request.

MINNEAPOLIS
HEAT REGULATOR
HONEYWELL

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO.
Executive Offices: MINNEAPOLIS
(Also Manufacturers of Jewell Temperature Regulators)

Factories MINNEAPOLIS AND WABASH, IND. *Branch and Distributing Offices* New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, Providence, Newark, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Buffalo, Syracuse, St. Paul, Denver, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Hartford, New Haven, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Montreal, Toronto, Windsor, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver. *Agencies in almost every city.*

"But let me see if the bathroom is presentable"

. . . Yes. Everything is ready for your guest. And the bathroom's spotless walls—its porcelain fixtures—its supply of freshly laundered towels speaks for your standards of cleanliness. . . . Your guest will notice. And approve. . . .

But *is* your bathroom really up to date? Look at the toilet seat! Worn? Old-fashioned? Unsightly? Your guest will notice this too. Will wonder at your carelessness. For anybody knows that a new white seat—a completely modern and sanitary seat—costs only a few dollars to install. And what a difference it makes!

No matter how many years it has been since your bathroom was built and equipped, there are a number of easy and inexpensive ways in which its appearance and its conveniences may be improved. The coupon will bring you a helpful, authoritative booklet that will show you how easy it is to change a bathroom like the one shown above to the modern, attractive bathroom at the right.

Attached in ten minutes

The Church Sani-White Seat can be attached in ten minutes to any bowl, with an ordinary pair of pliers. It is detachable; it can be moved whenever you move if you rent your home or apartment.

Every Church Sani-White Seat is definitely guaranteed. Its glistening, smooth white surface is *not a paint, lacquer or enamel.* It is a solid covering—it has no joints in which germs and dirt can lodge. It will not chip, wear off nor turn color. After years of service, it will remain as free from cracks and imperfections as when it left the factory.

Write for this illustrated, informative booklet!

Mrs. Winnifred Fales, a nationally known authority on interior decoration, has written a new booklet about bathrooms. It discusses rugs, curtains, color schemes, draperies and appointments. It contains practical suggestions for making your bathroom more modern, more convenient, more comfortable.

Mail the coupon for this booklet! Let us send you, also, an actual sample of the Sani-White covering. We want you to test it for dirt and wear-resisting qualities yourself. . . . Your nearest plumbing store carries Church Seats. They are nationally recognized as the leading toilet seats made. C. F. Church Manufacturing Co., Holyoke, Mass.

Church Sani-White Seats

Sold by all plumbing stores since 1898

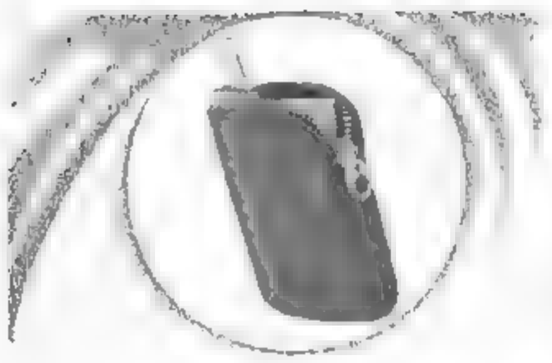
C. F. CHURCH MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. A-4, Holyoke, Mass

Gentlemen: Kindly send me your booklet, written by Mrs. Winnifred Fales, together with an actual sample of your Sani-White covering

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



A Good Pair

A Locktite Cigarette Case will hold your pack of "twenty". Better smokes and cleaner pockets—$1.00 to $3.50.

A Locktite Tobacco Pouch. Handy to carry—convenient to use. $1.00 to $5.00

Both made from fine leathers, and with the Hookless Fastener that always works.

Get your Locktites today—wherever smokers' articles are sold. They're fully guaranteed.

The Locktite Co. Inc.
Gloversville, N. Y.

LOOK FOR THE NAME

"Locktite"
REG U S PAT OFF.

There's only one genuine Locktite.

Ends Paring

Corns or Calluses

Stops all pain in 3 seconds

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. In three seconds all the pain is gone. Actually, in one minute you wear tight shoes dance—walk again in comfort!

No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

Professional dancers by the score use this method. Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. This formula differs from all others.

Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist. Money back if not delighted. There are imitations. Be sure to get the genuine.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

HOME-STUDY BUSINESS TRAINING

Your opportunity will never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards of early success.

FREE 64-Page Books Tell How
Write now for book you want, or mail coupon with your name, present position and address in margin TODAY

- Higher Accountancy
- Law—Degree of LL.B.
- Modern Salesmanship
- Traffic Management
- Business Management
- Business Correspondence
- Banking and Finance
- Industrial Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Effective Speaking

Ten years' promotion in one

This Book FREE
Send for it Now

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 471-R, Chicago

THE MAKING OF AN ILLUSTRATOR

(Continued from Page 42)

looked so easy and as though anyone could do it. But, as a matter of fact, the figures took more careful drawing than those done in the ordinary way. If the anatomy was not practically perfect, the illusion was destroyed. Psi always drew in his figure with extreme care, plotting out painstakingly the means by which he was to bring it out before he erased the lines that defined it.

He was working through these years with enormous zest, loving every minute that he spent on drawings. Three years after his first work in Life, his covers were appearing on various other magazines, and by the end of the next year the Century Company had brought out a book of his drawings called Coles Phillips' Gallery of Girls. It contained eighty illustrations, all of which had been done within four years. These were not all, as there must have been thirty that they did not use. This sort of book was popular at that time, though the vogue for them has since passed. Charles Dana Gibson had been represented in such books for years and they were to be found in almost every home.

From the moment that he had sold his first magazine work Psi was sure that he could continue in that field indefinitely. He moved during this four years from his studio at 13 West Twenty-ninth Street to one at 15 which was larger, and had the same landlord and the same colored janitor, Oscar, whom Psi prized above all things—not so much because he was a perfect janitor but because he had a wonderful ear for close harmony.

This was one of Psi's passions. He had sung in quartets since he was a child and was trained in a choir under Barney Phillips, the well-known Episcopalian clergyman. He knew all the negro spirituals before the present craze for them, and all through these years there was constant singing in his studio. Oscar, of course, with the love of harmony that belongs to his race, hovered around the hallway at these times and made a marvelously appreciative audience.

Oscar was devoted to my husband always, as though this gift of the white man's for music had established some sort of claim on him. But Psi had a faculty for inspiring a tremendous devotion in everyone who worked for him. Orson Lowell told me when Psi died that every model he saw showed a real and personal grief. They felt, I think, as did the rest of us, that some of the color of life was gone with the passing of that whimsical humor of his, that wit that was somehow never wounding. Besides this, he had a beautiful courtesy and was able always to look upon people as human beings, not just as specimens of this, that or the other class.

Sixty Days at Hard Labor

Psi had been doing magazine covers exclusively for those first three years and I imagine that advertising work never entered his mind. But just at the time that we became engaged he was offered a surprising sum by a clothing firm to do the illustrations for their spring booklet. They made the price large because the time they allowed him was ridiculously short. I think he had to do thirty figures in sixty days. It was an outrageous demand, but he was tired of New York and longing to live and work in the country, and this was his opportunity. If he could complete that set of drawings, it meant that he could buy his house out of town. No more hot streets and gray asphalt and toiling up flight after flight of stairs to his studio. Green trees and quiet and a house on Long Island Sound in exchange for two months' slavery!

The history of those two months was one long wave of sitting down to the easel and getting up to eat and sitting down again and working perhaps long into the night. He should never have done it; no one has a right to make that terrible demand on nerves and brain. But he did do it, and finished the drawings on time; though he could never bear to hear the name of the company for whom he drew them—said the very syllables made his back ache.

We married then and settled down in the house he had bought in New Rochelle. We expected to stay in our own new home a few months and then to go abroad. Psi wanted to study—in Paris a little, but chiefly in Munich. He always loved the posters that came out of Germany, particularly those of Mucha and Ludwig Hohlwein. It was Mr. Mitchell, Life's editor—by that time our guide, counselor and friend—who discouraged this, and for two reasons. It was his idea that what Psi lacked in formal training he made up for in individuality of viewpoint and technical handling. This freshness, he felt, would be lost if Psi went to school just then. Then, too, he pointed out, Psi was well on his way to making his name known in this country and it was no time to disappear.

A Model Wife

We were so happy working together that we really did not mind giving up Germany. We felt that it was only for a short time, anyway. What Mr. Mitchell said about our going was what any sensible person would say, certainly; and in the meantime Psi was working in the garage that we had converted into a studio and I was posing for practically everything he did. It was a wonderful year, and his work seemed like play to him. When he felt unlike painting, he simply did not paint; he would take days and days off, and would get back to work when we began to need money.

It sounds very unsound as I tell of it, and a very poor foundation for a future; but I am glad he had that year. Before long life began to bear down on him; for by this time, as my scrapbook shows, he was rather the man of the magazine hour. There was scarcely a week when someone was not appearing at our door to interview him, and now orders were coming in for drawings for months ahead, and he was rapidly becoming the servant of the reputation he had built up. Germany disappeared over our horizon and he settled down with steady earnestness of purpose to his work.

He was painting all sorts of things—jacket covers for books, illustrations, cover designs, everything but advertisements. He did a dust cover and frontispiece for a book by an author that nobody had ever heard of. It was a story that wabbled around on its weak young legs like a newborn calf, but for all its many faults, it had a charm, a deftness, a quality all its own, and for years we kept looking for more stories by that author and were, I think, his first audience, for I have never heard of anyone who has read that book. It was called The Cords of Vanity, and is, they say, the skeleton in James Branch Cabell's literary cupboard.

Advertisers now began to enter our life. After Psi had finished the booklet that made possible our house, he said he would never again do purely commercial work. Almost none of the better known illustrators were turning to advertising work then, and those that were were not signing it. It was generally agreed that to paint advertisements was a prostitution of art.

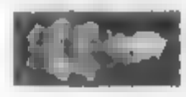
But as Psi went on with his covers and illustrations, he began to change his mind about advertising. He could not see an enormous difference between appearing on the front cover advertising a magazine and being found on the back cover proclaiming a product of a manufacturer. This is a question that still has the body of illustrators divided into two camps, and each man has to decide it for himself. Psi threw his vote

PFLUEGER
FISHING TACKLE
Leaders Since 1864

Enjoy Fishing at its Best

Deftly casting—slowly pulling the line back—tensely waiting for a strike, what sport can give the amateur and the expert so many thrills as fishing? You'll enjoy it more by using good tackle and equipment, the kind that Pflueger has made since 1864. More than 5,000 articles for every type of fresh and salt water fishing are backed by our No-Time-Limit Guarantee. For sale by the best dealers in every community.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. COMPANY
Dept. SEP-4 *The Pfluegers* Akron, Ohio


Pflueger Luminous Tandem Spinner

Pflueger Supreme Level Wind, Anti-Back-Lash Reel, Satin Nickalum. Price **$25.00.**

The Pflueger Pocket Catalog is full of practical, helpful information of value to the old-timer as well as the amateur. Describes fish, habits, where caught and tackle to use. Free! Mail coupon for your copy.

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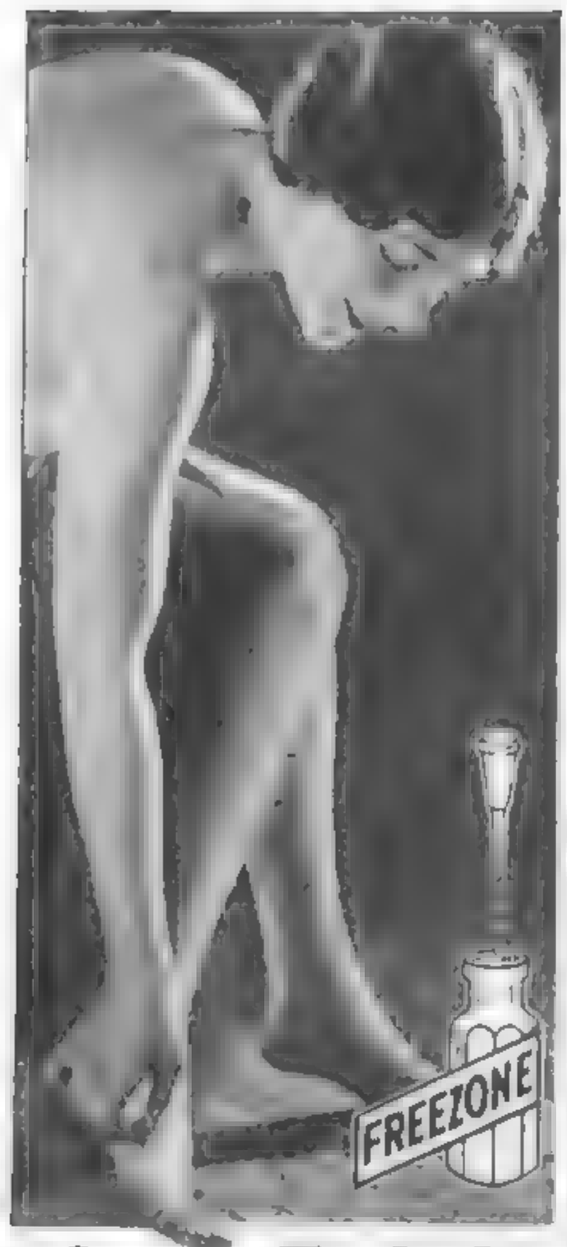
The Pfluegers, Akron, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me the Pflueger Pocket Catalog as advertised in The Saturday Evening Post.

Name .

Address .



Corns Ended!

Why put up with corns or only temporarily subdue them when "Freezone" takes them out of your life? A few drops of "Freezone" on any corn instantly puts it to sleep and soon the corn loosens and comes right out without hurting. A tiny bottle is sufficient to remove every kind of corn and foot callus.

Planet Jr.

Get into this gardening game

Grow your own vegetables and flowers. Get down and play with the soil. Grow well and strong while you grow your own, and know the thrill that only can come in eating vegetables planted, hoed and gathered by yourself. It's a fascinating game that pays big in year-round interest, health and happiness. With a Planet Jr. Seeder and Wheel Hoe to help, it's a real outdoor sport that thousands are taking to every year. It's easy, too, with the free Planet Jr. *garden handbook*, "Home Gardens—'How to Grow What You Eat'"—to guide you. Write for your copy today. Tells you how. Mailed free with interesting catalog.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.
Dept. 114-C
5th & Glenwood Ave.
Philadelphia

to advertising. Other artists warned him not to go on with this mad intention; they said to identify himself with commercial work would ruin him with the art editors. Psi's feeling was that the crux of the situation lay in the sort of work the artist did for the advertiser. If he turned out drawings beneath his own standard, then assuredly he injured himself and his reputation.

It later proved that the god of illustration was not a very jealous god, for the question of whether or not Psi's magazine career was to be wiped out by his joining the commercial ranks seemed to vanish into thin air without our noticing it. At any rate he signed a contract to make a cover design a month for Good Housekeeping for five years and nobody seemed to care whether he did advertisements or not. This contract became a great burden to him with the endless repetition and at the end of the five years he refused to do more covers or to sign a contract.

Later a publisher who has a reputation for buying well-known names wanted Psi to work for him exclusively and to do only twelve covers a year. If Psi had been working for material reasons alone, he could not have rejected this proposal, for it meant little work and an extremely prosperous future, since the price suggested was enormous and was to continue indefinitely. But he would not consider it. He felt that to commit himself to such a course would be really selling himself.

One of the things he liked about advertising was the contact it gave him with men who were keen and alive and forward-looking. His relations with the magazines—excepting always Life, and Mr. Mitchell—he found too impersonal. A drawing went in to the art editor and half the time he did not even hear whether the latter liked it or not. The advertising men, on the other hand, entered into each drawing as though their whole lives depended upon it. If they liked it especially, Psi was more apt than not to receive telegrams signed by the whole company assuring him that this was the best drawing that the world had ever seen. Artists are human, after all—even illustrators—and this sort of thing means more to them than the check, however important the latter may be.

Psi could not work for people he did not like, and I think this is true of most artists. Some of them, to be sure, are forced to do so, but he was fortunate in that he could pick and choose. It was not with him a matter of artistic temperament, for he had less of that than any creative person I have known, but rather a question of his own integrity as a craftsman and a man.

Plenty of Pretty Girls

There was one manufacturer for whom he worked all his advertising life. This firm was composed of especially nice people to work for. Their advertising manager was understanding and appreciative always of the artist's problems, and Psi, I think, felt like a member of the firm. He took an enormous personal interest in the growth of the establishment and was pleased with his own share in it.

It is often a burning question with men who draw for magazines and advertisers whether they shall work in the country, which many of them long to do, or in town, where they think they must. This, too, each settles in his own way.

With Psi, at first, it was a crying necessity to escape from town. He was tired to death of city sights and sounds and smells, and the practical difficulty of getting models seemed to weigh little as against the pleasure of living outside. With us, as it happened, the model question solved itself. I posed for most of the drawings for the first year or two, making up in keen interest and endurance what I lacked in pulchritude. Then, too, we discovered that New Rochelle was full of pretty girls, all of whom seemed to think it fun to pose. They were amateurs, of course, and in many ways annoying. They were not to be depended on as a rule, for they were inclined not to appear at all or to come very late, as the spirit moved them. Some of them, of course, were most conscientious and proved to be invaluable models, but as a rule they were inclined to lose interest in a drawing as soon as the head was painted in and the really arduous part of the posing was all ahead. Usually I had to take the hard part of the pose from then on, but I was glad to do so and there was no hardship worked on Psi.

He did not continue to work in New Rochelle without a break, however. In a few years he took a studio in the Beaux Arts building in Fortieth Street, commuting night and morning. This gave him the advantage of the stimulus of Manhattan and of good professional models, as well as the thing that meant a lot to him—the opportunity to lunch every day with his fraternity brothers gathered around the Round Table at their club in Forty-fourth Street.

The World's Pet Illusion

Business was never discussed at these luncheons, because they were the meetings of young men associated not by business ties but by congeniality of spirit and outlook, and Psi always went back to his studio in the afternoon refreshed by contacts that had nothing to do with his own work. Later he moved again to New Rochelle, because the commuting had become a strain. In the meantime a large artist colony had sprung up in New Rochelle and the professional models from New York had become quite accustomed to going out there to the artists.

People seem to think that painting is largely a matter of inspiration and of waiting for the right mood. I think this is a misconception with regard to all artists, and most certainly it is so with those men who work for reproduction. Most of the cover designers I know work more hours a day and more days a week than any business man I have ever seen. Beside the intensity of their hours, those of the union laborer seem like the leisurely moments of field lilies.

Psi's day began at nine and ended at five. He took an hour off for luncheon, and when he was behind on his schedule, as illustrators almost always are, he worked on Sundays and holidays. The mornings were usually given to drawing from the model, and after four hours of this nerve-racking occupation, he tried to take the afternoon to get his painting in shape, work out details and background and plan for the next day's model work. Very often he worked all day from a model, and always in that case he was exhausted in the evening. When his model work was done on a drawing, he always welcomed the two or three days of finishing that was needed as though they were holidays.

To the world at large, the most interesting thing about an artist's life, I should say after years of experience as an illustrator's wife, is his models. People will never get over the idea that there is something awfully naughty about models and studios; it is the world's pet illusion.

It is my own idea that the world has long since caught up with the artists and left them far behind as far as breaking the conventions goes. My experience, however, has been with men who work very hard—whether they are sculptors, portrait painters or the ball-and-chain illustrators and cover men, the ones whose work can be seen every day in magazines and on billboards—so I can't speak for Bohemia. Artists seem to me the most intelligent and sanest people on earth, as well as the most amusing and stimulating. All artists must be intelligent, and commercial artists, I think, even more so.

This sort of capacity does not usually go hand in hand, after maturity, with foolishness and dissipation. At the Artists' Ball the freakiest and most bizarre costumes, perhaps, are worn by the artists, but the questionable ones are usually displayed by outsiders.

(Continued on Page 224)

Tac-Ezy *stops all this!*

Draughty windows and dust-soiled curtains may easily be prevented. Just weatherstrip the openings with Tac-Ezy and see the difference! It means everything in home comfort—simple—practical—inexpensive.

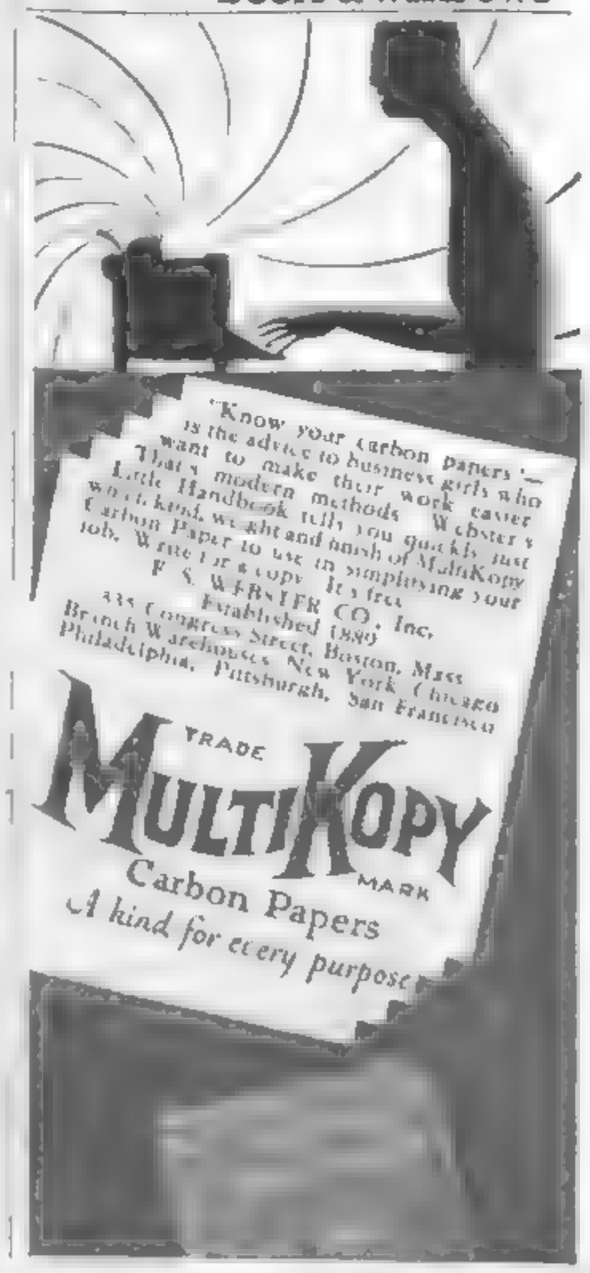
You—anyone—!
can tack on Tac-Ezy!

Tac-Ezy is the new metal Weatherstrip that anyone can put on. It's made of heavy spring bronze, hemmed on both edges for added stiffness, holes punched clear thru, copperized tacks furnished, simple directions in each package. You just snip off the right lengths with an old pair of ordinary scissors, and tack it on. Do it NOW along with spring house cleaning before putting up screens.

Most live hardware stores sell and recommend Tac-Ezy Weatherstrip. If yours doesn't well supply you direct. [illegible] for the average [illegible] State width and height of doors and windows. Send Money Order or Check

GENERAL WEATHERSTRIP CO.
5100 Penrose St., St. Louis, Mo.

TRADE MARK
Tac-Ezy
Metal Weatherstrip for Doors & Windows


"Know your carbon papers"—is the advice to business girls who want to make their work easier. That's modern methods. Webster's Little Handbook tells you quickly just which kind, weight and finish of MultiKopy Carbon Paper to use in simplifying your job. Write for a copy. It's free.
F. S. WEBSTER CO., Inc.
Established 1880
335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
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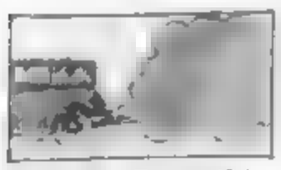
TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK
Carbon Papers
A kind for every purpose

AN ADVERTISEMENT *Published in Response to Thousands of Inquiries Asking This One Question:*

What is The SIMPLEX *Method of* MOTOR RECONDITIONING

THE most common motor ills are "oil pumping," "compression loss" or "blow-by" and "piston slap."

Your motor is an oil pumper if it uses too much oil, blows blue smoke out the exhaust, carbons up quickly, fouls spark plugs or requires frequent valve grinding.



This Car Pumps Oil

Your motor is losing compression if it lacks power and speed, is hard to start, slow to "pick up," sluggish on the get-away, or lazy on the hills.

This Car Loses Compression

Piston slap is that annoying metallic knock caused by a loose piston slapping the worn cylinder wall.

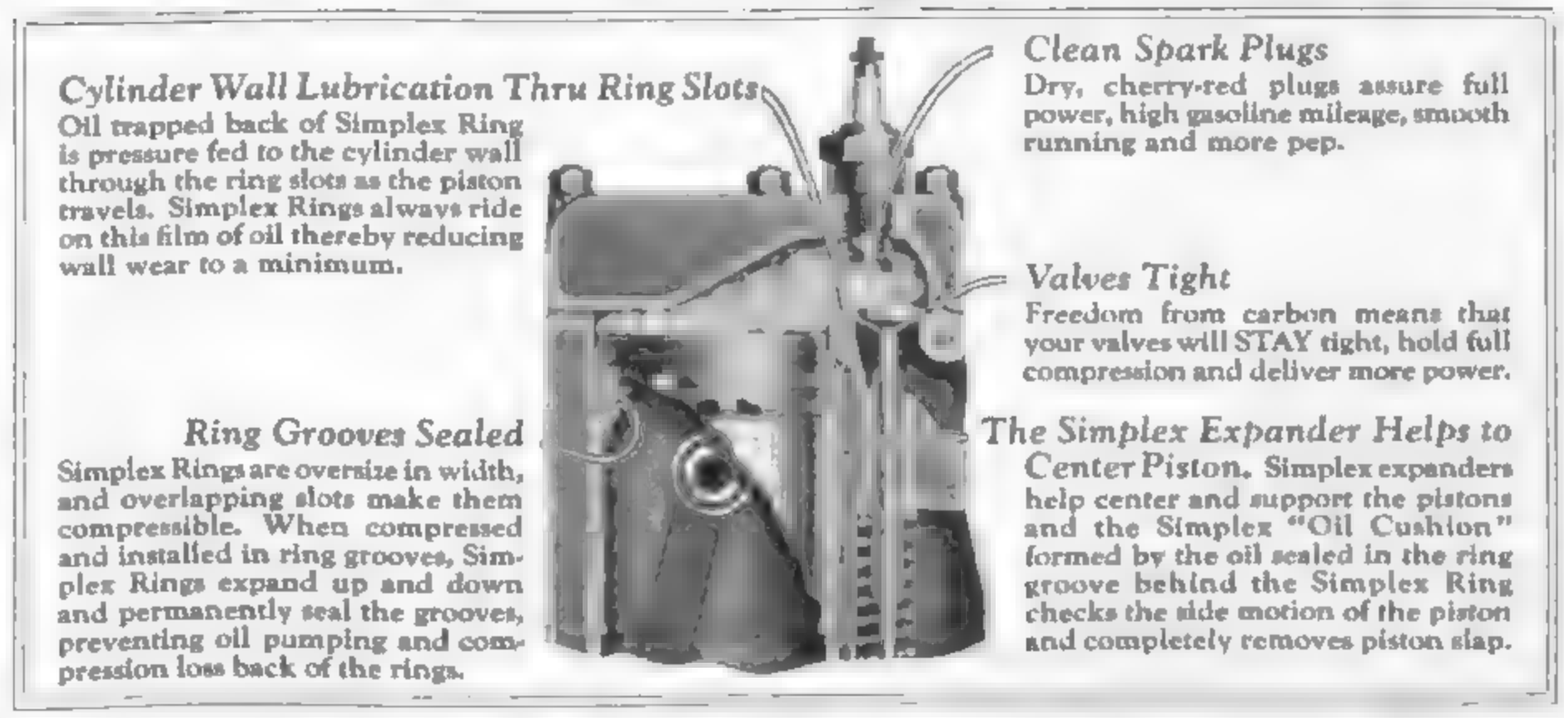
This Car has Piston Slap.

Worn, tapered, out-of-round cylinders, and worn pistons and rings are responsible for these motor ills.

The Modern Simplex Method Cures These Troubles

ALL of these ills are cured by the Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning—in far less time and at a 20% to 75% saving of the cost of other reconditioning methods.

The Simplex Method restores power in your worn, tapered or out-of-round cylinders by the simple installation of only two Simplex Piston Rings in each piston—eliminating the honing, grinding, or boring of cylinders and the installation of new pistons.



Cylinder Wall Lubrication Thru Ring Slots
Oil trapped back of Simplex Ring is pressure fed to the cylinder wall through the ring slots as the piston travels. Simplex Rings always ride on this film of oil thereby reducing wall wear to a minimum.

Ring Grooves Sealed
Simplex Rings are oversize in width, and overlapping slots make them compressible. When compressed and installed in ring grooves, Simplex Rings expand up and down and permanently seal the grooves, preventing oil pumping and compression loss back of the rings.

Clean Spark Plugs
Dry, cherry-red plugs assure full power, high gasoline mileage, smooth running and more pep.

Valves Tight
Freedom from carbon means that your valves will STAY tight, hold full compression and deliver more power.

The Simplex Expander Helps to Center Piston. Simplex expanders help center and support the pistons and the Simplex "Oil Cushion" formed by the oil sealed in the ring groove behind the Simplex Ring checks the side motion of the piston and completely removes piston slap.

Recommended by Good Repairmen Everywhere

THE Simplex Piston Ring is the only one-piece ring that expands up and down in the ring groove, putting an end to "oil pumping" and "compression loss"—the only ring that forms hydraulic cushions to prevent "piston slap."

Ask your Repairman or Car Dealer about Simplex flat rate prices. A complete Simplex reconditioning job provides for: the installation of Simplex Rings; new wrist pins; grinding valves; taking up bearings; tuning and adjusting motor, etc.

On a job like this, you will save 20% to 75% of the cost of other reconditioning methods and get a *quality* job that will double the life of your motor and give it pep and power.

Oil pockets formed by the Simplex expander hydraulically cushion piston slap.

Demonstrating the up and down expansion of the Simplex Ring in the groove—a plain ring would fall out; this up and down expansion is patented.

THE SIMPLEX METHOD of Motor Reconditioning

Over half a million motors are on the streets today, reconditioned by the Simplex Method.

Over 50,000 expert repairmen from coast to coast recommend it.

BEFORE *You Sell Your Car or Have It Reconditioned, Read This Free, Instructive Book*

If you drive a motor car, YOU should have the WHOLE story—Ask your repairman or write us.

If you buy marine-engines, air compressors, ice-machines, etc., be sure to specify a brand using Simplex Rings as standard equipment.

Your Simplexed car will have more power and more pep and you'll drive it longer!

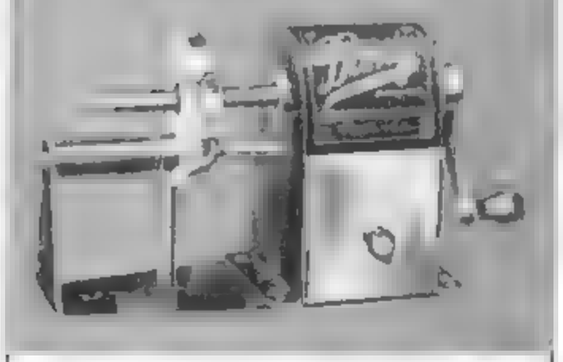
Mail this Coupon Today

THE SIMPLEX PISTON RING COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC.
1980 East 66th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your free booklet explaining The Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning—
"What it is—What it does—How it works."

*Name*_____ *Address*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____

The Pencil Sharpener that "feeds itself"



If you have never used a Pencil Sharpener with the "Automatic Feed" ask your stationer to show you

The DANDY

"*Automatic Feeding*" eliminates carelessness in sharpening, prevents broken points, sharpens evenly, and does away with all pencil waste.

The Price of The Dandy is $6

Slightly higher west of Rockies

Catalog on request

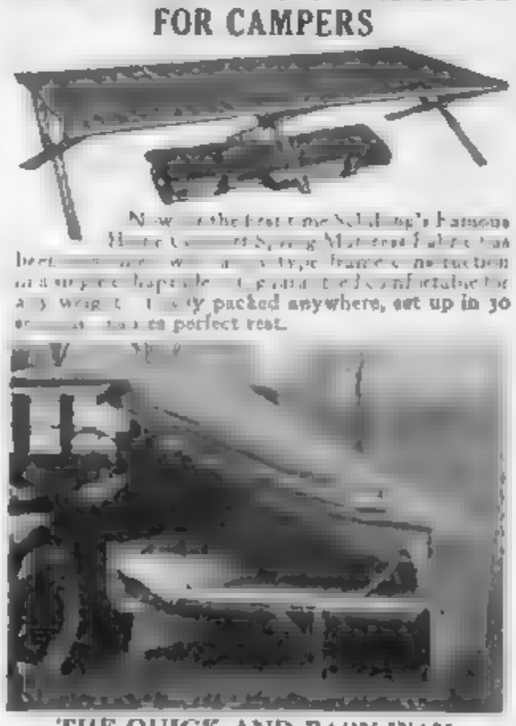
Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co.
58 East Washington St. Chicago, Ill.
makers of

APSCO AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENERS

15 Models including the

"CHICAGO" THE WORLD FAMOUS $1.00 PENCIL SHARPENER

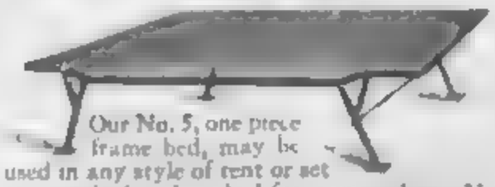
NEW SLEEPING COMFORTS FOR CAMPERS



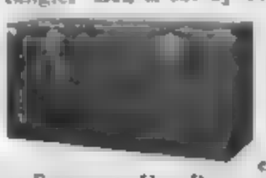
Now at the best cots Schilling's Famous Heavy Cotton Spring Mattress Fabric can be [illegible] type frames—protection and a superb bed—[illegible] and comfortable to any weight. Easily packed anywhere, set up in 30 seconds—gives perfect rest.

THE QUICK AND EASY WAY

No matter what your sleeping program, Schilling's No. 1 or No. 2 cots are always snugly packed on running boards ready for use at a moment's notice.



Our No. 5, one piece frame bed, may be used in any style of tent or set up attached or detached from car with our No. 5 convertible tent. As with all of our beds, comfort is built in by Schilling's Patented Famous Sagless Spring Mattress Fabric, cannot kink or tangle. Bed is set up before tension is placed.



TRUNKS & RACKS for every car

AUTO AWNINGS for all cars

Complete camping equipment in 1928 catalog at Factory to User Prices. It's free. Write today.

L. F. Schilling Co. - Dept. F
Salem, Ohio

(Continued from Page 222)

My husband kept a large black address book in which he listed his models. He graded them A, B and C. Many were dismissed with a line: "16, rather stocky." "Blond, nice hair." "Nice profile." "Brunette, Spanish type." "Red hair, bully."

Models usually drift into the profession. Sometimes they are girls whose mothers have been models, sometimes they have been posing since they were children, and often they are people who have not made a success of the stage. Occasionally they are found by artists who see them somewhere and have the temerity to address them and ask them to pose. This, of course, is a difficult thing to do and often brings great embarrassment upon the artist.

One thing interviewers always asked Psi was what he considered the ideal girl. He possessed no definite and final idea, no settled conviction as to that, naturally. He had a leaning toward tall girls, for one thing, and many artists, particularly sculptors, agree with him. They claim that there must be length of limb for real grace. Psi always seemed to have trouble with his drawing if he drew from a short model. He never painted fat girls. The plump girl with plump arms, for instance, is useless, because the construction of the arm is not apparent; a girl who had no fat and consequently showed the muscular conformation he always found a useful model, as he could build up on it or fill it out as he wished. He told an interviewer once that he would say offhand that the ideal would be between five feet six and eight and weigh from 125 to 135 pounds. He was more inclined to paint fair women, holding them pictorially more effective; but he drew all kinds.

There seems to be no one feature that is held by all artists to be the one essential for beauty. To some the eyes are most important; they say that if a woman's eyes are beautiful you do not notice the rest of her face. Some, like the portrait painter, Joseph Cummings Chase, feel that the mouth is the index of character and as such is the vital feature.

I once heard Joseph Leyendecker say that a really essential thing in a pretty woman was a nice back of the neck. Orson Lowell looks first at your hands. Arnold Genthe, the photographer, holds forth on the importance of height and a beautiful carriage. Psi always claimed that there were fewer good noses than anything else; if a model had a chiseled, well-bred nose, he could forgive her many faults.

A Pleasant Revelation

We spent almost all the year of 1925-6 in Switzerland and Italy, when the shadow of Psi's illness was hanging over us and we were looking vainly in other countries for help. In Italy he thought of doing some work and was astonished at the lack of beauty around us. Not one really pretty girl did we see along the whole Riviera from Genoa to the French boundary, and were forced to the conclusion that all the really beautiful Italian girls live in the United States.

I used to think that the reputation American girls appear to have for beauty with visiting foreigners was a courtesy one entirely. But that year which we spent with Swiss, French, English and Italians, seeing no Americans, brought a revelation in its train. We came back on an Italian liner, and saw almost no Americans until we had dinner that first night with Joseph Leyendecker at a tea room in New Rochelle. We could hardly eat because we were so taken aback by the beauty of the girls in that dining room. To be sure, New Rochelle is noted for its pretty girls, but it was not until we had lived a year in Europe that we truly appreciated it.

It has been said that Psi drew from photographs. This is not so. I have never known him to use a photograph; everything was done directly from the model. He never even employed a lay figure until the last few years, even for intricate draperies. He occasionally engaged more than one model for a single figure, though, of course, he preferred not to do this. If a girl had a nice head and her figure was poor, he sometimes used her head and drew the figure from someone else.

It is always fascinating to me to watch an artist begin a drawing. Psi worked in water colors and therefore used illustration board, not the canvas that is employed by men whose medium is oil. He would fasten with thumb tacks the great sheet of cardboard to the drawing board that stood on his easel, arrange his lights and sit down before the blank white space. The model would take her place on the stand and then began the serious work of getting the pose. This part of the work always started deliberately and there was a kind of repressed excitement about it, for with every artist the drawing he is starting is always going to be the best thing he has ever done.

Goddess of the Clothesline

Psi had three general methods of finding the pose. Often he would know beforehand exactly the pose he wanted, would have made a tiny sketch of it and would force the model into it. This, I always thought, evolved the best drawings. If he had not made the sketch, he had a general idea of what he wanted and would have the model take different poses, offering suggestions all the time.

When he had a really excellent model—a trained dancer, for instance—he would let her find her own poses and say nothing until he came upon the one that suited him best out of a lot that were probably all good.

When the pose had been found, there was usually a rest, and by this time he was so enthusiastic about the pose, so eager to get at it, so keen to paint this or that which he had seen, that his sparkling delight usually affected his model. She would step up on the model stand once more and take the first long hard pose that makes or breaks a drawing.

Up to this time everything had been curiously deliberate while Psi was feeling out the composition and arranging the pose. But now he went into a sort of feverish trance. He worked through that first half-hour or forty-minute pose, sketching it in with a soft pencil as if he couldn't afford to lose a second. In five minutes he would have it blocked in; at the end of half an hour the model could break the pose and they would know whether the thing was worth going on with, as it usually was after that self-possessed finding of the pose in the beginning.

Posing has its elements of humor. It always amused me to see a model whom Psi was depicting in some ideal pose—perhaps as a lovely graceful figure running against the wind, as in his Spirit of Transportation—holding on for dear life to a utilitarian clothesline with her goddess-like foot propped up on a box below her.

The model work for a figure took, on an average, I should say, three or four days, depending on the pose. There were some days when Psi could not draw, when he seemed to lose his touch as one does in golf. He worked through these spells, but it often meant beginning a painting all over again after several days, usually from a different model in order to get a fresh start.

Those were terribly depressing times—particularly suicidal if the drawing was scheduled, if there was a magazine closing date staring him in the face and the painting had to go out as it was and there was no time to start a new one. This is a horror, I suppose, that comes into the life of everyone working for publication, whether author or illustrator, and it is the time when all good wives must come to the aid of the party. Every artist's wife should consider that her husband is the greatest craftsman that ever lived.

Then when those dark moments come she can say to him, kindly but firmly: "Don't be silly. You are a genius and everyone knows it. This may not be your best

A year from now . . . many years . . . this Golden Wheel Lighter will look as well, work as well as when you first bought it. Precisely built by jewelry craftsmen . . . with a lifetime guarantee. The smart shops display a dozen different models for men, and women, too.

"Surest thing you know!"

GOLDEN WHEEL

The Lighter with the Lifetime Guarantee

HENRY LEDERER & BRO., INC.
Providence Rhode Island

WILL YOU Accept $75.00 a Week?

This great nationally known corporation, the leader in its field in America, is now allotting exclusive territory on either a Spare-Hour or Full-Time basis to honest salesmen and saleswomen who furnish good references and who can handle successfully our various lines

You Can Sell Everyone Everywhere

Personal and Commercial Stationery, Commercial and Professional Removal and other Announcements, Wedding Announcements and Invitations, also three distinct lines of Xmas Greeting Cards to sell respectively to stores, banks, business houses, professional people and individuals.

This is a life-time proposition on a very liberal and immediately paid commission basis, offering an opportunity for you to secure promotion in just a few months to a District Managership position where you will put out your own sub-salespeople and build up a permanent business of your own, worth from $6,000 to $12,000 a year.

All necessary samples, stationery and advertising are furnished at our expense.

Address immediately in full as follows

SALES MGR. DEPT. H
The Process Engraving Company, Inc.
Troy at 31st Street, Chicago

At Last! a cushioned corn pad that isn't bulky

Ease

FOR QUICK COMPLETE RELIEF

Nothing like them!

Oh!—So Comfortable!

15c everywhere

WIZARD COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo., Walsal, Eng.

Insist on Wizard improved corn pads

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$100 KEI-LAC MACHINE EARNED $5040 IN ONE YEAR. $40 machine earned $5,040. $160 machine earned $20,160. One man general line responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. Investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KEI-LACCO., 557 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $20 to $50 a week retouching photographs for men and women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you at home, furnish working outfit and employment service. Write today. Artcraft Studios, Dept. J, 627 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.

NOW YOU can SPRAYIT Electrically

A COMPLETE spray gun unit for spray painting, lacquering or varnishing. Anyone can do an expert job with this new electrical device. It is easy to operate and works from any 110-volt circuit. Has innumerable uses in homes, shops, hospitals, greenhouses, or wherever spray painting or any kind of spraying is to be done. The Electric Sprayit sprays any liquid from heavy lacquers or whitewash to light insecticides. Price $34.50. For sale by paint and hardware dealers everywhere or from our factory direct.

Return the coupon below

THE ELECTRIC SPRAYIT CO., INC.
228 IRON ST., DETROIT, MICH.

The Electric Sprayit Company, Inc.
228 Iron St., Detroit, Michigan

☐ Send me an Electric Sprayit at $34 50 f. o. b. Detroit

☐ Send me information regarding your dealer proposition.

Name _____

Address _____

YOU'LL play better golf or tennis if you wear a BIKE. You'll enjoy the freedom of perfect comfort and protection. For every outdoor sport—used and recommended by leading athletes and coaches for more than 50 years. Strictly sanitary. Your satisfaction guaranteed.

No. 55—50c

One piece 3 in. leg and waistband. Won't chafe or slip. Double seat to stand strain. Smooth, soft, cool. Red edge in waistband. Sizes large, medium, small.

No. 77—$1

Superior quality, extra features. 3 in. web leg and waist bands with all seams locked (can't rip). Patented V-front gives maximum strength. Sizes large, medium, small.

Insist on BIKE with the round trade mark on the package. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Bike Web Mfg. Co., 4117 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

BIKE
Athletic Supporters

35-Mile Racer With 4-Cylinder *Elto* Motor $450.00

LET us tell you how this amazingly low price buys a staunch speed hull driven by the finest outboard motor ever built—Ole Evinrude's new 18 h.p. SUPER ELTO "QUAD." The only 4-cylinder outboard. Easily gives 35 m.p.h.—up to 40, in racing trim. Utterly vibrationless. Starts instantly. Price, motor only, $275. Send for complete catalog of Super Elto motors

25-Mile Speed Outfit, $325.00

A fast racing plane and sensational Super Elto "Speedster"—an outstanding 'Bi Class motor Price, motor only $ 15 00 Motor Catalog and information on complete outfits mailed free on request

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR COMPANY
Mason Street Department 5 Milwaukee, Wis.

drawing, but it is 'way beyond what anyone else can do."

He won't believe it, but it is good for his soul to know that there is someone who is not unaware of his value. A wife in this simple, artless way can be of some use, though whether the good of having her outweighs the bad is not for me to say. Many artists claim that domesticity is fatal to self-expression, and we have all heard that he travels fastest who travels alone. Psi did not feel that way; his four children meant more to him, seemingly, than the swiftest sort of traveling or the most shining goal. But, again, that is for each artist to decide for himself.

Artist or Artisan?

While we are on this general topic I must touch lightly on the question of whether these men who are working for magazines are artists. Their concern is necessarily to suit the public, to please it. It may be, as the academic, the less commercialized painters claim, that in doing this they become merely manufacturers, like the men who make soap. This does not seem wholly true. The advertising and magazine man is painting within prescribed limits, to be sure; but they are limits set by his age, which is, after all, a commercial—a mechanical one. And greatness may be found within those limits.

Surely the work of Charles Dana Gibson, the Leyendeckers, Dean Cornwell, Norman Rockwell, Maxfield Parrish, has a quality of greatness in its own field that comes well within the definition of art. These men have made a real attainment in one direction, and that direction happens to be on a side of art that is easily understood by the public. They are using their own means to express the thought of their day. Had these artists been born in an era when religion was the great guiding force of mankind, they would undoubtedly have felt a more profound inspiration and have done lasting work. If the thought of their time is less exalted, theirs is not the blame. And they should not be criticized for failing in what they are not even trying to do. Their whole generation is flowing in one direction; and these commercial men, because they are real and vital and alive, are not clinging to the rock of past tradition but are moving with the times, and the direction is inevitable.

It has been said that 2000 years from now an industrious archæologist will glean more knowledge of our times from our advertising pages than he could in any other way. This is a commercial age and the artist may hate it, may wish he had been born in another epoch, but that won't do him much good; for, after all, he must be a part of the time spirit. I would not be surprised if the advertising artists of today have a wider influence than any artists have had since time began.

The tremendous growth of advertising has come within the past fifteen years, as all the world knows. Psi was one of the first, if not the first, to sign his advertising drawings. The first drawing he did for advertising was a middle-page spread for a motor car and it appeared, I think, in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Now there is not a plant of any size that has not got its advertising manager, but at that time the advertising was usually looked after by whichever member of the firm had the least to do.

The man who approached Psi about this first drawing ran true to form; he was a member of the firm and a very delightful person. Also he was in a great hurry, and in that way advertising has not changed at all in these past years. He wanted something unusual, of course, and Psi suggested that he do a painting of the car at night, dead black, with the interior illuminated. The man said no one could possibly print a black background—it was mechanically impossible, because the ink smudged and came off on the reader's fingers. I don't know what arguments Psi put up, but the fade-away was done in black and was a success.

Psi always said that this was the first time black had been used in that way. Now, after fifteen years, it is commonplace. Immediately Psi was besieged by other motor-car advertisers, and though he has come to be known by his hosiery and silver advertisements, his largest advertising contracts, as a matter of fact, were with motors.

His work was usually scheduled a year in advance and his studio was run in a most businesslike way. He had a large studio, a smaller one, a dressing room and shower for the models, and an office where his secretary reigned. At first his secretary was a girl who could pose for him in an emergency, but gradually he found it necessary to have someone in the capacity of secretary alone.

He usually allowed himself two weeks for a painting, but I have seen him work twice as long as this on one. Sometimes I have known him to start a drawing over two or three times, and often he has discarded one after it was finished and started all over again, because he felt it did not come up to his standard.

Many times his secretary and I have begged him not to do this, because the painting looked perfectly all right to us; but that made no difference to him if he had the time to make another and the man he was doing it for was willing to wait. His secretary was absolutely essential to him in keeping his working hours uninterrupted. She attended to all his mail, his telephone, received his visitors, kept models off until four o'clock, when Psi could see them, and acted as a buffer in every way.

This all sounds frightfully cut and dried and in every way opposed to the erratic informality that is supposed to attend an illustrator's hours. I know that for my husband it was the only way. The nervous tension that is inseparable from any creative work is bad enough without the added strain of interruptions and chafings and delays. He loved his friends and had many of them, but there were times in his work when he simply could not see them, and in this the secretary was invaluable.

Those With the Art Urge

He had a large mail of the sort that the cinema people speak of as fan letters. All illustrators receive these letters, I imagine, and the ones I know give much of their time and strength to answering them. Psi was particularly careful to see that those from boys ambitious to become illustrators and asking for advice should be answered. But it was hard for him to keep up with all the various sorts of requests that came in—for autographs, for advice, for sketches, for charity. I think no one outside the studios knows how much work illustrators do, without recompense, for charitable and public enterprises and for causes like the Red Cross, and so on.

One of the extraordinary phenomena of the past few years has been the epidemic of beauty contests in colleges. I should say that not a month went past that Psi was not asked to look over huge shipments of photographs of girl students from some college—usually a state university or coeducational institution of some sort—to decide which was the most beautiful. The winning photograph was published in the college annual. The thing got to be, really, a frightful nuisance and took up a lot of Psi's time, for he always tried to be honest about it. In the end he had to refuse to receive the photographs, because he was too ill for additional worries.

The letters from people who felt that they had a talent for art so often had something pitiful about them. The writers seemed to be looking for some magic formula for success. There was so little to tell them except to work, to learn to use their eyes, to discriminate between looking and seeing, and to draw everything they saw, and draw and draw and draw.

This quality, this gift of seeing, is, I believe, what distinguishes the artist from the man in the street. It was what made going

No excuse now for cracked walls

NO NEED to let cracks or holes in your walls or ceilings make a room look shabby. With Rutland Patching Plaster you can easily fix them like new.

You just mix this handy plaster with water and fill the crack or hole. The patch will be as lasting as the wall itself. Rutland Patching Plaster does not crack, crumble, shrink or fall out.

Paint, wall paper and hardware stores sell Rutland Patching Plaster. If your dealer hasn't it, we will mail a package direct and you can pay the postman 30c plus postage. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B-45, Rutland, Vermont. *Also makers of Rutland Roof Coating.*

There where the big fish strike

Your favorite fly flicks for a second on the quiet water. . . . Twice, three times you cast. . . . Then whirl . . . You've hooked a big one. Quickly and easily your partner brings the "Old Town" around and holds it in position for the battle

"Old Towns" respond instantly to every dip of the blade. Sturdy in construction and light in weight too. When you go out where the big ones strike, be sure that you go in an "Old Town." Prices as low as $67. From dealer or factory.

New catalog gives prices and complete information about sailing canoes, square-stern canoes, dinghies, etc. Also fast, seaworthy boats for *Outboard Motors*. Write for free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 804 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

"Good-Bye, Hangnails"

Hangnails spoil the looks of your fingers and are annoying, painful, and a possible source of infection. Trim them neatly

The H. C. COOK CO. 5 Beaver St
Ansonia, Conn.

Gem NAIL Clippers Gem Jr. 35¢

Now Let Us Establish You in a Well Paying Business

We furnish:

1. A complete initial outfit for immediate profitable work, *without charge.*
2. All the supplies and equipment you need, at all times, *without cost to you.*
3. A series of illuminating booklets on just how to succeed and, each month, a sales magazine devoted to tested money-bringing plans, *without charge.*
4. Personal coöperation in correspondence of trained sales directors.

You furnish: Only a few hours of your spare time when convenient.

No Investment, No Experience Needed To Succeed

Earn cash profits from the first day in a permanent ever-expanding business. Like other subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you may make as much as

$25.00 a Week EXTRA

Clip Here for Details

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
467 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How might I start a local business of my own? *(Please print name and address.)*

Name .. *Age*.....

Street

City *State*

about with Psi always exciting to me. Everything his eyes fell on became an object of active thought. It was as though his eyes had a clear wire to his brain while mine were disconnected.

People writing in almost always wanted to know if it is essential that they should go to art school. Psi always advised them to go if possible, but if this was not to be managed, not to give up, for their case was by no means hopeless—they could learn a lot by themselves. Of course in this he was giving them the benefit of his own experience only, which is all that anyone can do. They were asking him, not how they could become Rembrandts or Sargents, but how they might make their way to the front covers, and he was telling them.

He saw nothing impossible about learning to draw without academic training. To him it was merely a question of harder work and greater perseverance and application. He claimed that anyone on earth, provided he was not crippled, could learn to draw, to depict what he saw. For him, of course, this was true. But his was a unique spirit; he had an independence of soul that was rare, and an extraordinary intellectual lucidity; he knew what he wanted in every department of life, and in his humorous, modest and unassuming way went after it.

I think formal education must be essential to people differently constituted. Certainly, I should say, almost every artist must agree that talent is only one factor in drawing, and training another; the larger part is intelligence, general information, seeing eyes, and knowing as much as possible about the world and life and the things that in them are.

Psi did believe most ardently that no art student should willingly give up a general college course. He thought that to develop the art side of one's nature at the expense of the other sides was, from every angle, bad. The creative mind is a very intense one and is inclined to forgo everything else for its self-expression along one line; college, he felt, kept the balance true.

The Beauty in Voids

He himself had four great interests in his life—his painting, his pigeon farm, his close-harmony singing and his children. I have never been able to decide which of these was paramount. He could do four things well and more intensely than most people can do one. He made a great success out of his farm, which has a yearly output of 30,000 squabs and which he had expected to double in size this year. He sang barytone with the University Glee Club of New York, an organization of alumni from the various college glee clubs, and during the war sang at many army camps in a quartet with John Barnes Wells, the famous tenor. He was a devoted father and never tired of playing baseball with our boys, and had them boxing with gloves almost as soon as they could walk.

In his attitude toward his illustrations, he was, more than anything else, a designer. He loved spotting and decorative effects. Portraiture had no appeal for him, nor the painting of landscapes, though he loved the country and animals and growing things. I can see him lean back from his easel, the smoke from a cigarette making him squint his eyes, criticizing everything he had just done, but saying, perhaps, while he pointed with his thumb to a certain spot, "It's rather nice in there." The "in there" that he meant would invariably be some little space in the picture that no one but a draftsman would ever notice: one of those shapes of background that peep through, for instance, between the elbow and the head that is resting on the hand, the shapes that painters call voids. His arrangements of the masses, small and large, were to him much more exciting than the color or the idea, or whether the girl was pretty. Pure design, in other words, was his real love, and the fact that he made his reputation as a painter of pretty girls was more an accident than anything else.

The Mark of Bondage

As a matter of fact, he had not been drawing girls very long before he was sick to death of it, but in this he was the victim of the present-day craze for specialization. Speaking of this, it seems to me odd and rather interesting that during the war this pretty-girl man won the prize in a contest for war posters. The posters, hundreds of them, were shown in the New York Public Library, and Psi won with a painting of a German soldier attacking with a bayonet—the slogan was Fight the Hun, or some such thing.

Psi loved to draw animals, but if he did anything but a girl, the editors called his effort striking, or interesting, as the case might be, but the conversation ended uniformly in one way: "But of course what we want from you this time, Mr. Phillips, is one of your charming girls."

So he painted girls and was known by them. In fact, his reputation became even more specialized, for one unfortunate day he drew a silk ankle. From that time on he could not draw a girl that someone did not say, "But we would like more ankle—no one can draw silk ankles like you."

This is bondage, undoubtedly, but I have a suspicion that it is not confined to the commercial artist. George Woodbury tells of one of the best of the modern school of Dutch painters who could never sell a painting without a cradle in it. So, though the portion of the cover designer is an equivocal one, perhaps he is not so much worse off than the exhibition painter who looks upon the work of magazine men as an unforgivable insult.

Commercial or not, they are all alike, I suppose, in one thing: They invariably think that they have never fully expressed themselves. Always it is the next piece of work that is really going to show what they can do. This was distinctly so with Psi; he was never even remotely satisfied with a finished drawing, but was always going to do better next time.

All through the years that the shadow of his illness was enfolding him, he was planning a new career. By the time he was forced definitely to give up to that illness and the agony that it entailed, he knew that he was going to do something different when he was better. He felt that he had

(Continued on Page 230)

Toxoway Lake, Sawtooth National Forest, Idaho

FREE School Advice

A personal service for parents that enables you to select a school with due regard to individual traits and temperaments. Impartial advice compiled from exhaustive data of more than 500 private boarding schools for children over fifteen offering a wide choice. Covers desirable type of education, environment, location and price. A free service maintained by the educational department of a national periodical. Write in detail indicating sex, age, past schooling and approximate yearly expense. Ask for free copy of our Guide Book to Private Schools. Address

M. MERCER KENDIG (A.B., Vassar College), Dir.
Red Book Magazine School Dept. D.
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL MASS. U.S.A.
TOWELING IS ABSORBENT AND INEXPENSIVE

FASHION WELT
ENNA JETTICK *Health Shoe*
$5 COMBINATION LAST $6
Narrow and Extra Narrow Wide and Extra Wide
"A boon to those women that have been obliged to either pay high prices or take poorly fitted shoes."
You need no longer be told that you have an "expensive" foot.
Your dealer or Enna Jettick Shoes—Auburn, N.Y.
You'll Stride with Pride in Enna Jetticks

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON PATENTS
MUNN & CO
Scientific American Building New York City

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest dividends served profits. Established 1869. Write
LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

Taking inventory I see furniture e
century ago h[illegible] and I were a
[illegible] I
[illegible] I had an empty can of Kyanize
Celoid Finish and a can of Kyanize Decals
Mrs. I Shirley Hope, Portsmouth, Va

Save Them with Kyanize Make Them Resplendent and New

THOSE old pieces of furniture, those mismates—as you think of them now—each and all can easily and at ridiculously small cost be made to add beauty and value to your home. KYANIZE Celoid Finish and KYANIZE Decals are what you need. In one day this combination will give you, for all practical purposes, a brand new set of furniture—harmonious and attractive and in keeping with the vogue for painted furniture.

It's really a pleasure to use KYANIZE Celoid Finish. So easy to apply! It is free from offensive odor, works easily under the brush and dries quickly with a velvet-like surface that is sturdy, elastic and waterproof. When the Celoid is dry, simply wet the Decals and apply them. The result is a thing of beauty

What a pleasant feeling of pride you experience in the change from the old to the new. You can buy or mix KYANIZE Celoid to just the right tint or shade you want. And among the many lovely Decal designs, you are certain to find the kind you most prefer. Start now to pick out those discarded pieces of furniture that need the magic of KYANIZE.

Send 10 cents for our new booklet "The Charm of Painted Things," or if your dealer cannot supply you with KYANIZE, send $1.00 for a special trial pint can with brush and booklet included.

Special $1.00 Offer

With your $1.00 send us your dealer's name and address and we will forward, prepaid, a full pint can of KYANIZE Celoid Finish a good brush to apply it and our new booklet, "The Charm of Painted Things." Yes, all for $1.00. State in your letter the color desired. The tints are: Sunset Pink, Orange, Havana Brown, Granite Gray, Gulf Blue, Mellow Cream, Niagara Green, Dove Gray, India Buff Chinese Red, Pure Gray, Black, Pure White, Twilight Blue

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44 Everett Station
Boston, Mass. U. S. A.

Kyanize

VARNISHES & ENAMELS *for Floors—Furniture—Woodwork*

A personal ambassador for travelers in Europe

BUSY AMONG the milling throngs at foreign ports, platforms and frontier points, you will see the kindly, energetic representative of the American Express

He is specially detailed to assist bewildered travelers. Foreign customs, currencies, time-tables are baffling obstacles to the uninitiated abroad The routing of baggage, selection of hotels, etc., can puzzle the most experienced of travelers. To the American Express representative they are simple details.

His courteous, intelligent help has often proved a blessing to thousands of travelers in times of need. *Your* automatic introduction to him is your

American Express Travelers Cheques

These sky-blue travel funds have enjoyed the confidence and support of travelers for almost two generations Their currency value, their safety and negotiability are firmly established But it is the added factor of Personal Service - perfected by long years of experience—which gives them their unique value.

Issued in denominations of
$10, $20, $50 *and* $100
Cost 75c for each $100

For sale at 22,000 banks, American Express and American Railway Express offices. Helpful, personal service *PLUS* money insurance are *yours* when you purchase the sky-blue

Safe anywhere Spendable everywhere

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travelers Cheques

ALL EXPRESS CHEQUES ARE BLUE

This year promises to be a greater travel season than any before. Plan now. Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, itineraries, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

CARRYOLA LASSIE

—a fine portable phonograph, smaller than the Carryola Master but with quality features usually found only in instruments costing far more. Comes in choice of three beautiful colors.

The Carryola Master

for *those who love* Fine Music

Carryola offers quality and appearance in keeping with the finest homes—at a price within reach of EVERYONE

CARRYOLA

You have only to look at a Carryola Master to realize that here is something new, something entirely different from the ordinary portable phonograph. It's an instrument you'll be proud to show your friends. Its colors can be chosen to harmonize with your furnishings—to reflect your own good taste.

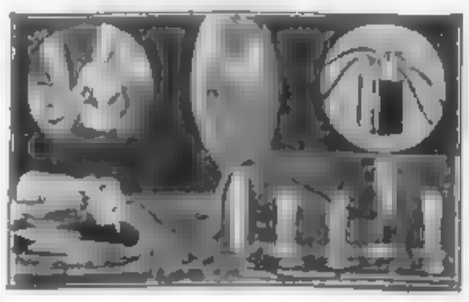
But the real thrill comes when you *hear* this marvelous little phonograph. Such TONE! Such rich, mellow bass—clear, ringing treble! You'll positively be astonished that such music can come from an instrument so small and so low in price.

By all means see and hear the Carryola Master! When you hear it and learn the price, you'll agree with us that there is no reason why any home should be denied the enjoyment of fine music.

If your dealer has not yet stocked the Carryola line, write us direct, giving us his name, and we'll see that you are supplied.

THE CARRYOLA COMPANY OF AMERICA
647 Clinton Street • Milwaukee, Wisconsin

and if you have a radio • • • here's how you can double your enjoyment of it . . .



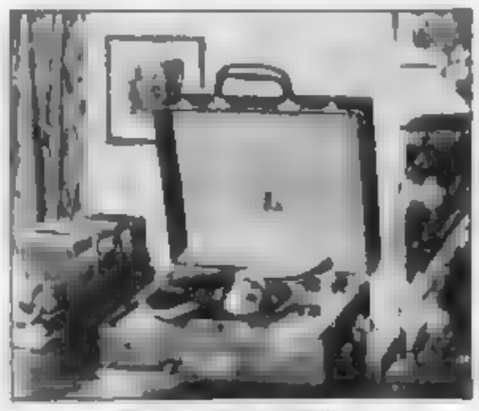
Carryola Electric Pick-up

Play records through your radio. Have the kind of music you want—when you want it. If you have a phonograph, the Carryola Electric Pick-up is all you need to reproduce records electrically through your radio set—with all its rich volume and tone.

If you do not have a phonograph, you can get the same results with the Carryola Porto Pick-up. It is complete with turntable and motor to operate the record. Either Electric Pick-up or Porto Pick-up can be attached or detached without tools.

You can have phonograph music one minute—radio reception the next.

If your radio dealer doesn't yet have Carryola Pick-ups, write us for booklet.



Carryola Porto Pick-up

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF PORTABLE PHONOGRAPHS

Carryola

BEYOND THIS YOU BUY FURNITURE

(Continued from Page 226)

only just begun. And those who knew him best feel this too. He had definitely finished with drawing pretty girls, had carried that period to its logical conclusion. It was as though Book 1 of his career was finished and Book 2 not yet begun. He had made his name known to the magazine public, but satisfying as that was for the time, it was only a phase, an apprenticeship.

There is no telling where that eager mind of his might have taken him—whether into sculpture, which he loved, or into some aspect of painting that he had not yet tried. Whatever it was, it would have been individual, authentically his own, stamped with *his* stamp. Potentially, I think, he was a great artist who died with the enormous reservoir of his personality untapped.

It was in the fall of 1924, upon our return from a trip abroad that was our reward for long years of work on his part and of care of children on mine, that we discovered that his illness, which had up till then been considered a not serious complication of an operation performed some years before, had taken a turn for the worse and that he was dangerously ill. The next two years and a half were spent in attempts to find, first in this country and then abroad, some doctor or treatment that could save him. In that time twenty-three specialists were consulted, but nothing could be done and he suffered excruciatingly.

I think there can never have been such gallantry, such high-headed defiance of illness and death, as he displayed in the last crucifying months. He never gave up, never once lowered his flag. Pain was a base antagonist whom you faced, it went without saying, with contempt and scorn and with a smile on your lips.

At the end his eyes went back on him and he could not paint. Very well, then, he would write. On a great yellow pad which he hardly looked at, in order to save his eyes, he started a mystery story. He had done 40,000 words when the last attack came. He also wrote an article, How Come Pigeons. It ended with the assertion that he was going back to his farm to get well there, and it came out in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the day before he died. I told him it was out and wanted to know if he would like to have me read it to him. He looked at me and smiled.

"No," he said. "I know what's in it. You see, I wrote it." He knew then that he could not live, but three days before that he said, "When I get well, we are going to do some really good covers. We haven't got started yet."

It was always "we" with him when he talked over his work with me or his models, but we all well knew how trifling was our share in it. He was the finest and bravest human being I have ever known, and he died as he lived—a gentleman unafraid.

DON'T Spend Another Cent For Temporary Repairs

Protect your house and your pocket book from Rust by installing gutters, rain-pipes and flashings of pure Anaconda Copper.

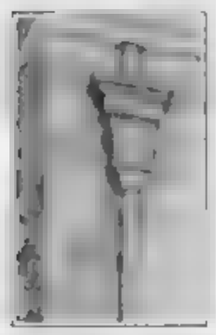
Note the pictured muss. Imagine the cost. Expensive repairs and replacements are the inevitable penalty of the false economy of using rustable metals.

Gutters and rain-pipes which rust and leak are not only a nuisance but very expensive. They cost the owner of the average house $24 every year.

They are far more expensive than gutters and rain-pipes of Anaconda Copper. For pure copper *cannot* rust....and Anaconda Copper is 99 9/10% pure. Its first cost is the final cost. No annual repair expense.

The slightly higher first cost of Anaconda Copper is soon absorbed by the yearly saving. Then for a lifetime you enjoy permanent satisfaction, free from annoying and costly repairs and replacements.

Learn all the facts about the economy of using Anaconda Copper for gutters, rain-pipes and flashings—likewise, Anaconda Brass Pipe for water supply, and screens of Anaconda Bronze Wire. These rust-proof metals save the owner of the average size house about $60 yearly by eliminating repairs and replacements due to rust. Complete information may be found in the booklet, "Rust-Proofed," sent free on request.



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April 7, 1928

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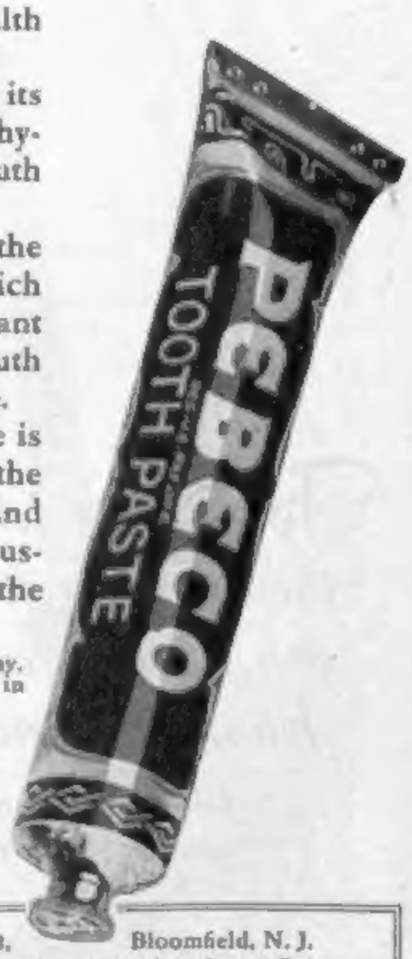

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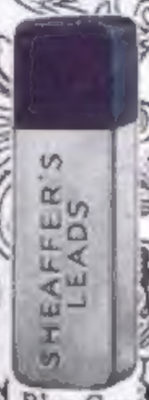

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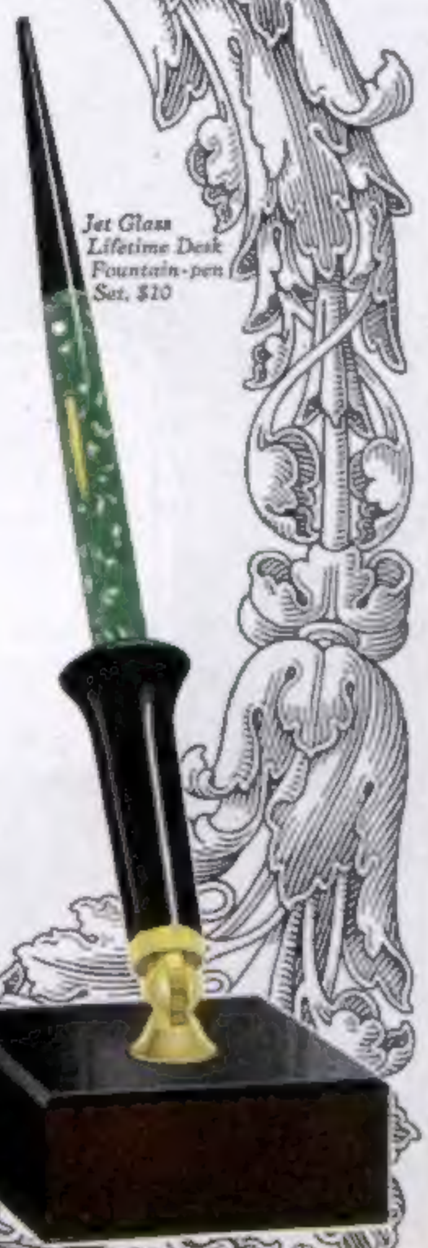

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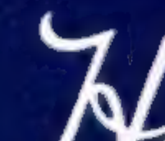

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